THE

BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. AND J. RIVINGTON;
W. J. AND J. RICHARDSON; J. NUNN; J. CUTHELL;
J. M'CREERY; J. MAWMAN; R. H. EVANS;
J. BOOKER; AND R. HUNTER.

1823.

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No. 43. TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1709.

— *Bene nummatum decorat Suadela Venusque.*
HOR. EPIST. I, 6, 38.

The goddess of persuasion forms his train,
And Venus decks the well-bemoney'd swain.
FRANCIS.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 18.

I WRITE from hence at present to complain, that wit and merit are so little encouraged by people of rank and quality, that the wits of the age are obliged to run within Temple-bar for patronage. There is a deplorable instance of this kind in the case of Mr. D'Urfey, who has dedicated his inimitable comedy, called 'The Modern Prophets,' to a worthy knight, to whom, it seems, he had before communicated his plan, which was, 'To ridicule the ridiculers of our established doctrine.' I have elsewhere celebrated the contrivance of this excellent drama; but was not, till I read the dedication, wholly let into the religious design of it. I am afraid, it has suffered discontinuance at this gay end of the town, for no other reason but the piety

of the purpose. There is, however, in this epistle, the true life of panegyrical performance; and I do not doubt, but if the patron would part with it, I can help him to others with good pretensions to it, viz. of 'uncommon understanding,' who will give him as much as he gave for it. I know perfectly well a noble person, whom these words, which are the body of the panegyric, would fit to a hair.

'Your easiness of humour, or rather your harmonious disposition, is so admirably mixed with your composure, that the rugged cares and disturbance that public affairs bring with it, which does so vexatiously affect the heads of other great men of business, &c. does scarce ever ruffle your unclouded brow so much as with a frown. And what above all is praise-worthy, you are so far from thinking yourself better than others, that a flourishing and opulent fortune, which, by a certain natural corruption in its quality, seldom fails to infect other possessors with pride, seems in this case as if only providentially disposed to enlarge your humility.

'But I find, Sir, I am now got into a very large field, where though I could with great ease raise a number of plants in relation to your merit of this plauditory nature; yet, for fear of an author's general vice, and that the plain justice I have done you should by my proceeding, and others' mistaken judgment, be imagined flattery, a thing the bluntness of my nature does not care to be concerned with, and which I also know you abominate*.'

It is wonderful to see how many judges of these fine things spring up every day by the rise of stocks, and other elegant methods of abridging the way to learning and criticism. But I do hereby forbid all dedications to any persons within the city of Lon-

* An extract from D'Urfey's dedication.

don, except Sir Francis *, Sir Stephen, and the Bank, will take epigrams and epistles as value received for their notes; and the East India Company accept of heroic poems for their sealed bonds. Upon which bottom our publishers have full power to treat with the city in behalf of us authors, to enable traders to become patrons and fellows of the Royal Society†, as well as receive certain degrees of skill in the Latin and Greek tongues, according to the quantity of the commodities which they take off our hands.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 18.

The learned have so long laboured under the imputation of dryness and dulness in their accounts of their phenomena, that an ingenious gentleman of our society has resolved to write a system of philosophy in a more lively method, both as to the matter and language, than has been hitherto attempted. He read to us the plan upon which he intends to proceed. I thought his account, by way of fable of the worlds about us, had so much vivacity in it, that I could not forbear transcribing his hypothesis, to give the reader a taste of my friend's treatise, which is now in the press.

'The inferior deities, having designed on a day to play a game at football, kneaded together a numberless collection of dancing atoms into the form of

* Sir Francis and Sir Stephen were evidently bankers of the times; and of those the two most eminent were Sir Francis Child and Sir Stephen Evance. The latter was ruined, it is thought, in the South-sea year.

† Mr. Whiston, alluded to in the following part of this paper, was at this time proposed as a member of the Royal Society, and rejected. The pretended account of his hypothesis that follows is mere pleasantry, and not a quotation from his book, or any true account of his 'Theory.'

seven rolling globes: and, that nature might be kept from a dull inactivity, each separate particle is endued with a principle of motion, or a power of attraction, whereby all the several parcels of matter draw each other proportionably to their magnitudes and distances into such a remarkable variety of different forms, as to produce all the wonderful appearances we now observe in empire, philosophy, and religion. But to proceed:

'At the beginning of the game, each of the globes, being struck forward with a vast violence, ran out of sight, and wandered in a straight line through the infinite spaces. The nimble deities pursue, breathless almost, and spent in the eager chace; each of them caught hold of one, and stamped it with his name; as, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, and so of the rest. To prevent this inconvenience for the future, the seven are condemned to a precipitation, which in our inferior style we call gravity. Thus the tangential and centripetal forces, by their counter-struggle, make the celestial bodies describe an exact ellipsis.'

There will be added to this an appendix, in defence of the first day of the term according to the Oxford almanack, by a learned knight of this realm, with an apology for the said knight's manner of dress; proving, that his habit, according to this hypothesis, is the true modern and fashionable; and that buckles are not to be worn by this system, until the tenth of March in the year 1714, which, according to the computation of some of our greatest divines, is to be the first year of the *millennium*; in which blessed age all habits will be reduced to a primitive simplicity; and whoever shall be found to have persevered in a constancy of dress, in spite of all the allurements of profane and heathen habits, shall be rewarded with a never-fading doublet of a

thousand years. All points in the system, which are doubted, shall be attested by the knight's extemporary oath, for the satisfaction of his readers.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 18.

We were upon the heroic strain this evening; and the question was, 'What is the true sublime?' Many very good discourses happened thereupon; after which a gentleman at the table, who is, it seems, writing on that subject, assumed the argument; and though he ran through many instances of sublimity from the ancient writers, said, 'he had hardly known an occasion wherein the true greatness of soul which animates a general in action is so well represented, with regard to the person of whom it was spoken, and the time in which it was writ, as in a few lines in a modern poem. There is,' continued he, 'nothing so forced and constrained, as what we frequently meet with in tragedies; to make a man under the weight of a great sorrow, or full of meditation upon what he is soon to execute, cast about for a simile to what he himself is, or the thing which he is going to act: but there is nothing more proper and natural for a poet, whose business is to describe, and who is spectator of one in that circumstance, when his mind is working upon a great image, and that the ideas hurry upon his imagination—I say, there is nothing so natural, as for a poet to relieve and clear himself from the burthen of thought at that time, by uttering his conception in simile and metaphor. The highest act of the mind of man is to possess itself with tranquillity in imminent danger, and to have its thoughts so free, as to act at that time without perplexity. The ancient authors have compared this sedate courage to a rock that remains immoveable amidst the rage of winds and waves; but that is too stupid and inanimate a similitude,

and could do no credit to the hero. At other times they are all of them wonderfully obliged to a Libyan lion, which may give indeed very agreeable terrors to a description, but is no compliment to the person to whom it is applied: eagles, tigers, and wolves, are made use of on the same occasion, and very often with much beauty: but this is still an honour done to the brute rather than the hero. Mars, Pallas, Bacchus, and Hercules, have each of them furnished very good similes in their time, and made, doubtless, a greater impression on the mind of a heathen, than they have on that of a modern reader. But the sublime image that I am talking of, and which I really think as great as ever entered into the thought of man, is in the poem called 'The Campaign *;' where the simile of a ministering angel sets forth the most sedate and the most active courage, engaged in an uproar of nature, a confusion of elements, and a scene of divine vengeance. Add to all, that these lines compliment the general and his queen at the same time, and have all the natural horrors heightened by the image that was still fresh in the mind of every reader †:

'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
That in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an Angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,

* By Addison, published in 1704.

† The author alludes here to the terrible tempests which happened in November 1703, and made sad havoc in England, and in several other parts of Europe.

Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm *.'

The whole poem is so exquisitely noble and poetic, that I think it an honour to our nation and language.

The gentleman concluded his critique on this work, by saying that 'he esteemed it wholly new, and a wonderful attempt so keep up the ordinary ideas of a march of an army, just as they happened, in so warm and great a style, and yet be at once familiar and heroic. Such a performance is a chronicle as well as a poem, and will preserve the memory of our hero, when all the edifices and statues erected to his honour are blended with common dust.'

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 18.

Letters from the Hague, of the twenty-third instant, N.S. say, that the allies were so forward in the siege of Tournay, that they were preparing for a general assault, which it was supposed would be made within a few days. Deserters from the town gave an account, that the garrison were carrying their ammunition and provisions into the citadel, which occasioned a tumult among the inhabitants of the town. The French army had laid bridges over the Scarp, and made a motion as if they intended to pass that river: but, though they are joined by the reinforcement expected from Germany, it was not believed they would make any attempt towards relieving Tournay. Letters from Brabant say, there has been a discovery made of a design to deliver up Antwerp to the enemy. The states of Holland have agreed to a general naturalization of all Protestants who shall fly into their dominions: to which purpose a proclamation was to be issued within a few days.

* Psalm cxlviii. 8.

They write from France, that the great misery and want under which that nation has so long laboured, has ended in a pestilence, which began to appear in Burgundy and Dauphiné. They add, that in the town of Macon, three hundred persons had died in the space of ten days. Letters from Lisle, of the twenty-fourth instant, advise, that great numbers of deserters came daily into that city, the most part of whom are dragoons. Letters from France say, that the Loire having overflowed its banks, hath laid the country under water for three hundred miles together.

No. 44. THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1709.

—— *Nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.*

OVID. MET. i. 523.

'No herb, alas! can cure the pangs of love.'

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 19.

THIS day, passing through Covent-garden, I was stopped in the piazza by Pacolet, to observe what he called the triumph of love and youth. I turned to the object he pointed at, and there I saw a gay gilt chariot, drawn by fresh prancing horses; the coachman with a new cockade, and the lacqueys with insolence and plenty in their countenance. I asked immediately, 'What young heir or lover owned that glittering equipage?' But my companion interrupted: 'Do not you see there the mourning Æsculapius *?' 'The mourning?' said I. 'Yes, Isaac,

* This paper was written in ridicule of a love affair which befel Dr. Radcliffe, who was at this time about sixty-

said Pacolet, 'he is in deep mourning, and is the languishing, hopeless lover of the divine Hebe, the emblem of youth and beauty. The excellent and learned sage you behold in that furniture is the strongest instance imaginable, that love is the most powerful of all things.

'You are not so ignorant as to be a stranger to the character of Æsculapius, as the patron and most successful of all who profess the art of medicine. But as most of his operations are owing to a natural sagacity or impulse, he has very little troubled himself with the doctrine of drugs, but has always given nature more room to help herself, than any of her learned assailants; and, consequently, has done greater wonders than is in the power of art to perform: for which reason he is half deified by the people; and has ever been justly courted by all the world, as if he were a seventh son.

'It happened that the charming Hebe was reduced by a long and violent fever, to the most extreme danger of death; and when all skill failed, they sent for Æsculapius. The renowned artist was touched with the deepest compassion to see the faded charms and faint bloom of Hebe; and had a generous concern in beholding a struggle, not between life, but rather between youth and death. All his skill and his passion tended to the recovery of Hebe, beautiful even in sickness; but, alas! the unhappy physician knew not that in all his care he was only sharpening darts for his own destruction. In a word, his fortune was the same with that of the statuary, who fell in love with the image of his own making; and the unfortunate Æsculapius is become the patient of her whom he lately recovered. Long before this disaster, Æsculapius was far gone in the unnecessary and superfluous amusements of old age, in increasing unwieldy stores, and provid-

ing in the midst of an incapacity of enjoyment of what he had, for a supply of more wants than he had calls for in youth itself. But these low considerations are now no more, and love has taken place of avarice, or rather is become an avarice of another kind, which still urges him to pursue what he does not want. But behold the metamorphosis; the anxious mean cares of an usurer are turned into the languishments and complaints of a lover. "Behold," says the aged Æsculapius, "I submit; I own, great Love, thy empire: pity, Hebe, the fop you have made. What have I to do with gilding but on pills? Yet, O fair! for thee I sit amidst a crowd of painted deities on my chariot, buttoned in gold, clasped in gold, without having any value for that beloved metal, but as it adorns the person, and laces the hat, of thy dying lover. I ask not to live, O Hebe! give me but gentle death: Εὐθανάσια, Εὐθανάσια *, that is all I implore."

When Æsculapius had finished his complaint, Pacolet went on in deep morals on the uncertainty of riches, with this remarkable exclamation: 'O wealth! how impotent art thou! and how little dost thou supply us with real happiness, when the usurer himself can forget thee for the love of what is as foreign to his felicity as thou art!'

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 19.

The company here, who have all a delicate taste for theatrical representations, had made a gathering to purchase the moveables of the neighbouring playhouse, for the encouragement of one which is setting up in the Hay-market. But the proceedings at the auction, by which method the goods have been sold

* A Greek word, that signifies easy death, which was the common wish of the emperor Augustus.

this evening, have been so unfair, that this generous design has been frustrated; for the imperial mantle made for Cyrus was missing, as also the chariot and two dragons: but upon examination it was found, that a gentleman of Hampshire had clandestinely bought them both, and is gone down to his country seat; and that on Saturday last he passed through Staines, attired in that robe, and drawn by the said dragons, assisted by two only of his own horses. This theatrical traveller has also left orders with Mr. Hall * to send the faded rainbow to the scourer's, and when it comes home, to dispatch it after him. At the same time Christopher Rich †, esquire, is invited to bring down his setting-sun himself, and be box-keeper to a theatre erected by this gentleman near Southampton. Thus there has been nothing but artifice in the management of this affair; for which reason I beg pardon of the town, that I inserted the inventory in my paper; and solemnly protest, I knew nothing of this artful design of vending these rarities; but I meant only the good of the world, in that, and all other things which I divulge.

And now I am upon this subject, I must do myself justice in relation to an article in a former paper ‡, wherein I made mention of a person who keeps a puppet-show in the town of Bath; I was tender of naming names, and only just hinted, that he makes larger promises, when he invites people to his dramatic representations than he is able to per-

* A noted *auctioneer* of those times.

† The patentee of Drury-lane playhouse, which was shut up about this time by an order from the Lord Chamberlain.

‡ All the papers and passages about Powel, the puppet-showman, relate to the controversy between Hoadly and Offspring Blackall, bishop of Exeter, on which they were intended as a banter; it is needless to say that the wit and raillery is employed on the side of Hoadly.

form: but I am credibly informed, that he makes a profane, lewd jester, whom he calls Punch, speak to the dishonour of Isaac Bickerstaff with great familiarity; and before all my learned friends in that place, takes upon him to dispute my title to the appellation of *esquire*. I think I need not say much to convince all the world, that this Mr. Powel, for that is his name, is a pragmatical and vain person, to pretend to argue with me on any subject. *Mecum certâsse feretur;* that is to say, it will be an honour to him to have it said he contended with me; but I would have him to know, that I can look beyond his wires, and know very well the whole trick of his art; and that it is only by these wires that the eye of the spectator is cheated, and hindered from seeing that there is a thread on one of Punch's chops, which draws it up, and lets it fall at the discretion of the said Powel, who stands behind and plays him, and makes him speak saucily of his betters. He! to pretend to make prologues against me!—But a man never behaves himself with decency in his own case; therefore I shall command myself, and never trouble me further with this little fellow, who is himself but a tall puppet, and has not brains enough to make even wood speak as it ought to do: and I, that have heard the *groaning board*, can despise all that his puppets shall be able to speak as long as they live. But *Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*. 'Every log of wood will not make a Mercury.' He has pretended to write to me also from the Bath, and says he thought to have deferred giving me an answer until he came to his books; but that my writings might do well with the waters: which are pert expressions, that become a school-boy better than one that is to teach others: and when I have said a civil thing to him, he cries, 'Oh! I thank you for that——I am your humble servant for that.' Ah! Mr. Powel, these smart

civilities will never run down men of learning: I know well enough your design is to have all men *automata*, like your puppets; but the world is grown too wise, and can look through these thin devices. I know your design to make a reply to this: but be sure you stick close to my words; for if you bring me into discourses concerning the government of your puppets, I must tell you, 'I neither am, nor have been, nor will be, at leisure to answer you.' It is really a burning shame this man should be tolerated in abusing the world with such representations of things: but his parts decay, and he is not much more alive than Partridge.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 14.

I must beg pardon of my readers, that for this time I have, I fear, huddled up my discourse, having been very busy in helping an old friend of mine out of town. He has a very good estate, is a man of wit; but he has been three years absent from town and cannot bear a jest; for which reason I have, with some pains, convinced him, that he can no more live here than if he were a downright bankrupt. He was so fond of dear London, that he began to fret, only inwardly; but being unable to laugh and be laughed at, I took a place in the northern coach for him and his family; and hope he has got to-night safe from all sneerers in his own parlour.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 20.

This morning we received by express the agreeable news of the surrender of the town of Tournay on the twenty-eighth instant, N.S. The place was assaulted by the attacks of General Schuylemberg, and that of General Lottum, at the same time. The action at both those parts of the town was very

obstinate, and the allies lost a considerable number in the beginning of the dispute; but the fight was continued with so great bravery, that the enemy, observing our men to be masters of all the posts which were necessary for a general attack, beat the *chamade*, and hostages were received from the town, and others sent from the besiegers, in order to come to a formal capitulation for the surrender of the place. We have also this day received advice, that Sir John Leake, who lies off Dunkirk, had intercepted several ships laden with corn from the Baltic; and that the Dutch privateers had fallen in with others, and carried them into Holland. The French letters advise, that the young son to the Duke of Anjou lived but eight days.

No. 45. SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1709.

Credo pudicitiam, Saturno rege, moratam
In terris—

JUV. SAT. vi. 1.

In Saturn's reign at nature's early birth,
There was that thing call'd chastity on earth.

DRYDEN.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 22.

THE other day I took a walk a mile or two out of town, and strolling wherever chance led me, I was insensibly carried into a by-road, along which was a very agreeable quickset, of an extraordinary height,

which surrounded a very delicious seat and garden. From one angle of the hedge, I heard a voice cry, 'Sir, Sir!'——This raised my curiosity, and I heard the same voice say, but in a gentle tone, 'Come forward, come forward!' I did so, and one through the hedge called me by my name, and bid me go on to the left, and I should be admitted to visit an old acquaintance in distress. The laws of knight errantry made me obey the summons without hesitation; and I was let in at the back-gate of a lovely house by a maid-servant, who carried me from room to room till I came into a gallery; at the end of which I saw a fine lady, dressed in the most sumptuous habit, as if she were going to a ball, but with the most abject and disconsolate sorrow in her face that I ever beheld. As I came near, she burst into tears, and cried, 'Sir, do not you know the unhappy Teraminta?' I soon recollected her whole person: 'But,' said I, 'Madam, the simplicity of dress, in which I have ever seen you at your good father's house, and the cheerfulness of countenance with which you always appeared, are so unlike the fashion and temper you are now in, that I did not easily recover the memory of you. Your habit was then decent and modest, your looks serene and beautiful: whence then this unaccountable change? Nothing can speak so deep a sorrow as your present aspect; yet your dress is made for jollity and revelling!'—'It is,' said she, 'an unspeakable pleasure to meet with one I know, and to bewail myself to any that is not an utter stranger to humanity.

'When your friend my father died, he left me to a wide world, with no defence against the insults of fortune; but rather a thousand snares to entrap me in the dangers to which youth and innocence are exposed, in an age wherein honour and virtue are

become mere words, and used only as they serve to betray those who understand them in their native sense, and obey them as the guides and motives of their being. The wickedest of all men living, the abandoned Decius, who has no knowledge of any good art or purpose of human life, but as it tends to the satisfaction of his appetites, had opportunities of frequently seeing and entertaining me at a house where mixed company boarded, and where he placed himself for the base intention which he has since brought to pass. Decius saw enough in me to raise his brutal desires, and my circumstances gave him hopes of accomplishing them. But all the glittering expectations he could lay before me, joined by my private terrors of poverty itself, could not for some months prevail upon me; yet, however I hated his intention, I still had a secret satisfaction in his courtship, and always exposed myself to his solicitations. See here the bane of our sex! Let the flattery be never so apparent, the flatterer never so ill thought of, his praises are still agreeable, and we contribute to our own deceit. I was, therefore, ever fond of all opportunities and pretences of being in his company. In a word I was at last ruined by him, and brought to this place, where I have been ever since immured; and from the fatal day after my fall from innocence, my worshipper became my master and my tyrant.

'Thus you see me habited in the most gorgeous manner, not in honour of me as a woman he loves, but as this attire charms his own eye and urges him to repeat the gratification he takes in me, as the servant of his brutish lusts and appetites. I know not where to fly for redress: but am here pining away life in the solitude and severity of a nun, but the conscience and guilt of an harlot. I live in this lewd practice with a religious awe of my minister of

darkness, upbraided with the support I receive from him, for the inestimable possesion of youth, of innocence, of honour, and of conscience. I see, Sir, my discourse grows painful to you; all I beg of you is, to paint in so strong colours, as to let Decius see I am discovered to be in his possession, that I may be turned out of this detestable scene of regular iniquity, and either think no more, or sin no more. If your writings have the good effect of gaining my enlargement, I promise you I will atone for this unhappy step, by preferring an innocent, laborious poverty to all the guilty affluence the world can offer me.'

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 21.

To show that I do not bear an irreconcilable hatred to my mortal enemy, Mr. Powel at Bath, I do his function the honour to publish to the world, that plays represented by puppets are permitted in our universities, and that sort of drama is not wholly thought unworthy the *critique* of learned heads; but, as I have been conversant rather with the greater ode, as I think the critics call it, I must be so humble as to make a request to Mr. Powel, and desire him to apply his thoughts to answering the difficulties with which my kinsman, the author of the following letter, seems to be embarrassed.

'To my honoured kinsman, ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

'FROM MOTHER GOURDON'S AT HEDINGTON, NEAR OXON, JUNE 16.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'Had the family of the Beadlestaffs, whereof I, though unworthy, am one, known of your being lately at Oxon, we had in our own name, and in the

university's, as it is our office, made you a compliment: but your short stay here robbed us of an opportunity of paying our due respects, and you of receiving an ingenious entertainment, with which we at present divert ourselves and strangers. A puppet-show at this time supplies the want of an act. And since the nymphs of this city are disappointed of a luscious music-speech, and the country ladies of hearing their sons or brothers speak verses: yet the vocal machines, like them, by the help of a prompter, say things as much to the benefit of the audience, and almost as properly their own. The licence of a *Terræ Filius* is refined to the well-bred satire of Punchenello. Now, cousin Bickerstaff, though Punch has neither a French night-cap, nor long pockets, yet you must own him to be a pretty fellow, a very pretty fellow: nay, since he seldom leaves the company without calling son of a whore, demanding satisfaction, and duelling, he must be owned a smart fellow, too. Yet by some indecencies towards the ladies, he seems to be of a third character distinct from any you have yet touched upon. A young gentleman who sat next me, for I had the curiosity of seeing this entertainment, in a tufted gown, red stockings, and long wig, which I pronounce to be tantamount to red heels, and a dangling cane, was enraged when Punchenello disturbed a soft love scene with his ribaldry. You would oblige us mightily by laying down some rules for adjusting the extravagant behaviour of this Almanzor of the play, and by writing a treatise on this sort of dramatic poetry, so much favoured and so little understood by the learned world.

'From its being conveyed in a cart after the Thespian manner, all the parts being recited by one person, as the custom was before Æschylus, and from the behaviour of Punch, as if he had won the

goal, you may possibly deduce its antiquity, and settle the chronology, as well as some of our modern critics. In its natural transitions from mournful to merry; as from the hanging of a lover to dancing upon the rope; from the stalking of a ghost to a lady's presenting you with a jig, you may discover such a decorum, as is not to be found elsewhere than in our tragi-comedies. But I forget myself; it is not for me to dictate: I thought fit, dear cousin, to give you these hints, to show you that the Beadle-staffs do not walk before men of letters to no purpose; and that though we do but hold up the train of arts and sciences, yet, like other pages, we are now and then let into our ladies' secrets. I am your affectionate kinsman,

'BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 22.

I am got hither safe, but never spent time with so little satisfaction as this evening; for you must know I was five hours with three merry, and two honest fellows. The former sang catches; and the latter even died with laughing at the noise they made. 'Well,' says Tom. Bellfrey, 'you scholars, Mr. Bickerstaff, are the worst company in the world.'—'Ay,' says his opposite, 'you are dull to-night; pr'ythee be merry.' With that I huzzaed, and took a jump across the table, then came clever upon my legs, and fell a laughing. 'Let Mr. Bickerstaff alone,' say one of the honest fellows; 'when he is in a good humour, he is as good company as any man in England.' He had no sooner spoke but I snatched his hat off his head, and clapped it upon my own, and burst out a-laughing again, upon which we all fell a-laughing for half an hour. One of the honest fellows got behind me in

the interim, and hit me a sound slap on the back; upon which he got the laugh out of my hands; and it was such a twang on my shoulders, that I confess he was much merrier than I. I was half angry; but resolved to keep up the good-humour of the company; and after hallooing as loud as I could possibly, I drank off a bumper of claret, that made me stare again. 'Nay,' says one of the honest fellows, 'Mr. Isaac is in the right, there is no conversation in this; what signifies jumping, or hitting one another on the back? let us drink about.' We did so from seven of the clock until eleven; and now I am come hither, and, after the manner of the wise Pythagoras, begin to reflect upon the passages of the day. I remember nothing but that I am bruised to death; and as it is my way to write down all the good things I have heard in the last conversation, to furnish my paper I can from this only tell you my sufferings and my bangs.

I named Pythagoras just now, and I protest to you, as he believed men after death entered into other species, I am now and then tempted to think other animals enter into men, and could name several on two legs, that never discover any sentiment above what is common with the species of a lower kind; as we see in these bodily wits with whom I was to night, whose parts consist in strength and activity; but their boisterous mirth gives me great impatience for the return of such happiness as I enjoyed in a conversation last week. Among others in that company we had Florio, who never interrupted any man living when he was speaking; or ever ceased to speak but others lamented that he had done. His discourse ever arises from a fulness of the matter before him, and not from ostentation or triumph of his understanding; for though he seldom delivers what he need fear being re-

peated, he speaks without having that end in view; and his forbearance of calumny or bitterness is owing rather to his good nature than his discretion; for which reason he is esteemed a gentleman perfectly qualified for conversation, in whom a general good-will to mankind takes off the necessity of caution and circumspection.

We had at the same time that evening the best sort of companion that can be, a good-natured old man. This person meets, in the company of young men, veneration for his benevolence; and is not only valued for the good qualities of which he is master, but reaps an acceptance from the pardon he gives to other men's faults: and the ingenuous sort of men with whom he converses, have so just a regard for him, that he rather is an example, than a check to their behaviour. For this reason, as Senecio never pretends to be a man of pleasure before youth, so young men never set up for wisdom before Senecio; so that you never meet, where he is, those monsters of conversation, who are grave or gay above their years. He never converses but with followers of nature and good sense, where all that is uttered is only the effect of a communicable temper, and not of emulation to excel their companions; all desire of superiority being a contradiction to that spirit which makes a just conversation, the very essence of which is mutual good will. Hence it is, that I take it for a rule, that the natural, and not the acquired man is the companion. Learning, wit, gallantry, and good-breeding are all but subordinate qualities in society, and are of no value, but as they are subservient to benevolence, and tend to a certain manner of being or appearing equal to the rest of the company; for conversation is composed of an assembly of men, as they are men, and not as they are distinguished by fortune: therefore

he that brings his quality with him into conversation, should always pay the reckoning; for he came to receive homage, and not to meet his friends ——But the din about my ears from the clamour of the people I was with this evening, has carried me beyond my intended purpose, which was to explain upon the order of merry fellows; but I think I may pronounce of them, as I heard good Senecio, with the spice of the wit of the last age, say, viz. 'That a merry fellow is the saddest fellow in the world.'

No. 46. TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1709.

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur,
Majestas et amor.—

OVID. MET. ii. 8. 46.

—'Love but ill agrees with kingly pride.'

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 25.

WE see every day volumes written against that tyrant of human life called Love; and yet there is no help found against his cruelties, or barrier against the inroads he is pleased to make into the mind of man. After this preface, you will expect I am going to give particular instances of what I have asserted. That expectation cannot be raised too high for the novelty of the history, and manner of life, of the emperor Aurengezebe, who has resided for some years in the cities of London and Westminster, with the air and mien indeed of his imperial qua-

lity, but the equipage and appointment only of a private gentleman. This potentate, for a long series of time, appeared from the hour of twelve until that of two at a coffee-house near the Exchange, and had a seat, though without a canopy, sacred to himself, where he gave diurnal audiences concerning commerce, politics, tare and tret, usury, and abatement, with all things necessary for helping the distressed, who were willing to give one limb for the better maintenance of the rest; or such joyous youths, whose philosophy is confined to the present hour, and were desirous to call in the revenue of the next half-year to double the enjoyment of this. Long did this growing monarch employ himself after this manner: and as alliances are necessary to all great kingdoms, he took particularly the interests of Lewis the XIVth into his care and protection. When all mankind were attacking that unhappy monarch, and those who had neither valour nor wit to oppose against him would be still showing their impotent malice, by laying wagers in opposition to his interests; Aurengezebe ever took the part of his contemporary, and laid immense treasures on his side in defence of his important magazine of Toulon. Aurengezebe also had all this while a constant intelligence with India; and his letters were answered in jewels which he soon made brilliant and caused to be affixed to his imperial castor, which he always wears cocked in front, to show his defiance; with an heap of imperial snuff in the middle of his ample visage, to show his sagacity. The zealots for this little spot called Great Britain fell universally into this emperor's policies, and paid homage to his superior genius, in forfeiting their coffers to his treasury.

But wealth and wisdom are possessions too solemn not to give weariness to active minds, without the

relief, in vacant hours, of wit and love, which are the proper amusements of the powerful and the wise. This emperor, therefore, with great regularity, every day at five in the afternoon, leaves his money-changers, his publicans, and little hoarders of wealth to their low pursuits, and ascends his chariot to drive to Will's; where the taste is refined, and a relish given to men's possessions, by a polite skill in gratifying their passions and appetites. There it is that the emperor has learned to live and to love, and not, like a miser, to gaze only on his ingots or his treasures; but, with a nobler satisfaction, to live the admiration of others, for his splendour and happiness in being master of them. But a prince is no more to be his own caterer in his love, than in his food; therefore Aurengezebe has ever in waiting two purveyors for his dishes, and his wenches for his retired hours, by whom the scene of his diversion is prepared in the following manner:

There is near Covent-garden a street known by the name of Drury, which, before the days of Christianity, was purchased by the queen of Paphos, and is the only part of Great Britain where the tenure of vassalage is still in being. All that long course of building is under particular districts or ladyships, after the manner of lordships in other parts, over which matrons of known abilities preside, and have, for the support of their age and infirmities, certain taxes paid out of the rewards of the amorous labours of the young. This seraglio of Great Britain is disposed into convenient alleys and apartments, and every house, from the cellar to the garret, inhabited by nymphs of different orders, that persons of every rank may be accomodated with an immediate consort, to allay their flames, and partake of their cares. Here it is that, when

Aurengezebe thinks fit to give a loose to dalliance, the purveyors prepare the entertainment; and what makes it more august is, that every person concerned in the interlude has his set part, and the prince sends beforehand word what he designs to say and directs also the very answer which shall be made to him.

It has been before hinted, that this emperor has a continual commerce with India; and it is to be noted that the largest stone that rich earth has produced, is in our Aurengezebe's possession.

But all things are now disposed for his reception. At his entrance into the seraglio, a servant delivers him his beaver of state and love, on which is fixed this inestimable jewel as his diadem. When he is seated, the purveyors, Pandarus and Nuncio, marching on each side of the matron of the house, introduce her into his presence. In the midst of the room, they bow altogether to the diadem. When the matron——

'Whoever thou art, as thy awful aspect speaks thee a man of power, be propitious to this mansion of love, and let nor the severity of thy wisdom disdain, that by the representation of naked innocence, or pastoral figures, we revive in thee the memory at least of that power of Venus, to which all the wise and the brave are some part of their lives devoted.' Aurengezebe consents by a nod, and they go out backward.

After this, an unhappy nymph, who is to be supposed just escaped from the hands of a ravisher, with her tresses dishevelled, runs into the room with a dagger in her hand, and falls before the emperor.

'Pity, oh! pity, whoever thou art, an unhappy virgin, whom one of thy train has robbed of her innocence; her innocence, which was all her por-

tion——Or rather let me die like the memorable Lucretia.'—Upon which she stabs herself. The body is immediately examined after the manner of our coroners. Lucretia recovers by a cup of right Nantz; and the matron, who is her next relation, stops all process at law.

This unhappy affair is no sooner over but a naked mad woman breaks into the room, calls for her duke, her lord, her emperor. As soon as she spies Aurengezebe, the object of all her fury and love, she calls for petticoats, is ready to sink with shame, and is dressed in all haste in new attire at his charge. This unexpected accident of the mad woman makes Aurengezebe curious to know, whether others who are in their senses can guess at his quality. For which reason the whole convent is examined one by one. The matron marches in with a tawdry country girl.—'Pray, Winifred,' says she, 'who do you think that fine man with those jewels and pearls is?'—'I believe,' says Winifred, 'it is our landlord—It must be the esquire himself.'—The emperor laughs at her simplicity—'Go, fool, says the matron: then turning to the emperor—'Your greatness will pardon her ignorance!' After her, several others of different characters are instructed to mistake who he is, in the same manner: then the whole sisterhood are called together, and the emperor rises, and cocking his hat, declares, he is the Great Mogul, and they his concubines. A general murmur goes through the assembly: and Aurengezebe, certifying that he keeps them for state rather than use, tells them, they are permitted to receive all men into their apartments; then proceeds through the crowd, among whom he throws medals shaped like half-crowns, and returns to his chariot.

This being all that passed the last day in which

Aurengezebe visited the women's apartments, I consulted Pacolet concerning the foundation of such strange amusements in old age: to which he answered, 'You may remember, when I gave you an account of my good fortune in being drowned on the thirtieth day of my human life, I told you of the disasters I should otherwise have met with before I arrived at the end of my *stamen*, which was sixty years. I may now add an observation to you, that all who exceed that period, except the latter part of it is spent in the exercise of virtue and contemplation of faturity must necessarily fall into an indecent old age; because with regard to all the enjoyments of the years of vigour and manhood, childhood returns upon them: and as infants ride on sticks, build houses in dirt, and make ships in gutters, by a faint idea of things they are to act hereafter; so old men play the lovers, potentates, and emperors, for the decaying image of the more perfect performances of their stronger years: therefore be sure to insert Æsculapius and Aurengezebe in your next bill of mortality of the metaphorically defunct.'

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 24.

As soon as I came hither this evening, no less than ten people produced the following poem, which they all reported was sent to each of them by the penny-post from an unknown hand. All the battle-writers in the room were in debate, who could be the author of a piece so martially written; and every body applauded the address and skill of the author in calling it a postcript: it being the nature of a postscript to contain something very material which was forgotten, or not clearly expressed in the letter itself. Thus the verses being occasioned by a march without beat of drum, and that circumstance

being no ways taken notice of in any of the stanzas, the author calls it a postcript; not that it is a postscript, but figuratively, because it wants a postscript. Common writers, when what they mean is not expressed in the book itself, supply it by a preface; but a postscript seems to me the more just way of apology; because otherwise a man makes an excuse before the offence is committed. All the heroic poets were guessed at for its author; but though we could not find out his name, yet one repeated a couplet in Hudibras, which spoke his qualifications:

'I' th' midst of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.'

The poem is admirably suited to the occasion: for to write without discovering your meaning, bears a just resemblance to marching without beat of drum.

'On the march to Tournay without beat of drum.

'THE BRUSSELS POSTSCRIPT.

'Could I with plainest words express
That great man's wonderful address,
His penetration, and his tow'ring thought;
It would the gazing world surprise,
To see one man at all times wise,
To view the wonders he with ease has wrought.

'Refining schemes approach his mind,
Like breezes of a southern wind,
To temperate a sultry glorious day;
Whose fannings, with an useful pride,
Its mighty heat do softly guide,
And, having clear'd the air, glide silently away.

'Thus his immensity of thought
Is deeply form'd, and gently wrought,

His temper always softening life's disease;
That Fortune, when she does intend
To rudely frown, she turns his friend,
Admires his judgment, and applauds his ea:

'His great address in this design
Does now, and will for ever shine,
And wants a Waller but to do him right;
The whole amusement was so strong,
Like fate he doom'd them to be wrong,
And Tournay's took by a peculiar sleight.

'Thus, Madam, all mankind behold
Your vast ascendant, not by gold,
But by your wisdom and your pious life;
Your aim no more, than to destroy
That which does Europe's ease annoy,
And supersede a reign of shame and strife.'

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 24.

My brethren of the quill, the ingenious society of news-writers, having with great spirit and elegance already informed the world, that the town of Tournay capitulated on the twenty-eighth instant; there is nothing left for me to say, but to congratulate the good company here, that we have reason to hope for an opportunity of thanking Mr. Withers next winter in this place, for the service he has done his country. No man deserves better of his friends than that gentleman, whose distinguishing character it is, that he gives his orders with a familiarity, and enjoys his fortune with the generosity, of a fellow-soldier. His grace the duke of Argyle had also an eminent part in the reduction of this important place. That illustrious youth discovers the peculiar turn of spirit and greatness of soul, which only make men of high birth and quality useful to their country; and considers nobility as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought

to be obtained. *But*, that our military glory is arrived at its present height, and that men of all ranks so passionately affect their share in it, is certainly owing to the merit and conduct of our glorious general: for as the great secret in chemistry, though not in nature, has occasioned many useful discoveries; and the fantastic notion of being wholly disinterested in friendship has made men do a thousand generous actions above themselves; so, though the present grandeur and fame of the duke of Marlborough is a station of glory to which no one hopes to arrive, yet all carry their actions to a higher pitch, by having that great example laid before them.

No. 47. THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1708.

Quicquid agunt homines—
—nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme POPE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 27.

My friend Sir Thomas has communicated to me his letters from Epsom of the twenty-fifth instant, which give, in general, a very good account of the present posture of affairs in that place; but that the tranquillity and correspondence of the company begins to be interrupted by the arrival of Sir

Taffety Trippit *, a fortune-hunter, whose follies are too gross to give diversion; and whose vanity is too stupid to let him be sensible that he is a public offence. If people will indulge a splenetic humour, it is impossible to be at ease, when such creatures as are the scandal of our species set up for gallantry and adventures. It will be much more easy, therefore, to laugh Sir Taffety into reason, than convert him from his foppery by any serious contempt. I knew a gentleman that made it a maxim to open his doors, and ever run into the way of bullies, to avoid their insolence. The rule will hold as well with coxcombs: they are never mortified, but when they see you receive and despise them; otherwise they rest assured, that it is your ignorance makes them out of your good graces; or, that it is only want of admittance prevents their being amiable where they are shunned and avoided. But Sir Taffety is a fop of so sanguine a complexion, that I fear it will be very hard for the fair one he at present pursues to get rid of the chace, without being so tired, as, for her own ease, to fall into the mouth of the mongrel she runs from. But the history of Sir Taffety is as pleasant as his character.

It happened that, when he first set up for a fortune-hunter, he chose Tunbridge for the scene of action, where were at that time two sisters upon the same design. The knight believed of course the elder must be the better prize; and consequently makes all his sail that way. People that want sense do always in an egregious manner want modesty, which made our hero triumph in making his amour as public as was possible. The adored lady was no

* Henry Cromwell, Esq. who died in 1728, was the original of the character here delineated under the name of Sir Taffety Trippit. *

less vain of his public addresses. An attorney with one cause is not half so restless as a woman with one lover. Wherever they met, they talked to each other aloud, chose each other partner at balls, saluted at the most conspicuous parts of the service at church, and practised, in honour of each other, all the remarkable particularities which are usual for persons who admire one another, and are contemptible to the rest of the world. These two lovers seemed as much made for each other as Adam and Eve, and all pronounced it a match of Nature's own making; but the night before the nuptials, so inversally approved, the younger sister, envious of the good fortune even of her sister, who had been present at most of their interviews, and had an equal taste for the charms of a fop, as there are a set of women made for that order of men; the younger, I say, unable to see so rich a prize pass by her, discovered to Sir Taffety, that a coquet air, much tongue, and three suits, was all the portion of his mistress. His love vanished that moment, himself and equipage the next morning. It is uncertain where the lover has been ever since engaged; but certain it is, he has not appeared in his character as a follower of love and fortune till he arrived at Epsom, where there is at present a young lady of youth, beauty, and fortune, who has alarmed all the vain and the impertinent to infest that quarter. At the head of this assembly Sir Taffety shines in the brightest manner, with all the accomplishments which usually ensnare the heart of woman; with this particular merit, which often is of great service, that he is laughed at for her sake. The friends of the fair-one are in much pain for the sufferings she goes through from the perseverance of this hero; but they may be much more so from the danger of his succeeding, toward which there

a helping hand, if they dissuade her with bitterness; for there is a fantastical generosity in the sex to approve creatures of the least merit imaginable, when they see the imperfections of their admirers are become marks of derision for their sakes; and there is nothing so frequent, as that he, who was contemptible to a woman in her own judgment, has won her by being too violently opposed by others.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 27.

In the several capacities I bear, of astrologer, civilian, and physician, I have with great application studied the public emolument; to this end serve all my lucubrations, speculations, and whatever other labours I undertake, whether nocturnal or diurnal. On this motive am I induced to publish a never-failing medicine for the spleen: my experience in this distemper came from a very remarkable cure on my ever worthy friend Tom Spindle, who, through excessive gaiety, had exhausted that natural stock of wit and spirits he had long been blessed with; he was sunk and flattened to the lowest degree imaginable, sitting whole hours over the 'Book of Martyrs, and 'Pilgrim's Progress;' his other contemplations never rising higher than the colour his urine or regularity of his pulse. In this condition I found him, accompanied by the learned Dr. Drachm, and a good old nurse. Drachm had prescribed magazines of herbs, and mines of steel. I soon discovered the malady, and descanted on the nature of it, till I convinced both the patient and his nurse, that the spleen is not to be cured by medicine, but by poetry. Apollo, the author of physic, shone with diffusive rays, the best of poets as well as of physicians; and it is in this double capacity that I have made my way; and have found sweet, easy, flowering numbers are oft superior to

our noblest medicines. When the spirits are low, and nature sunk, the muse, with sprightly and harmonious notes, gives an unexpected turn with a grain of poetry; which I prepare without the use of mercury. I have done wonders in this kind: for the spleen is like the tarantula, the effects of whose malignant poison are to be prevented by no other remedy but the charms of music; for you are to understand, that as some noxious animals carry antidotes for their own poisons, so there is something equally unaccountable in poetry; for though it is sometimes a disease, it is to be cured only by itself. Now I, knowing Tom Spindle's constitution, and that he is not only a pretty gentleman, but also a pretty poet, found the true cause of his distemper was a violent grief, that moved his affections too strongly; for during the late treaty of peace, he had writ a most excellent poem on that subject; and when he wanted but two lines in the last stanza for finishing the whole piece, there comes news that the French tyrant would not sign. Spindle in a few days took his bed, and had lain there still, had not I been sent for. I immediately told him there was great probability the French would now sue to us for peace. I saw immediately a new life in his eyes; and knew that nothing could help him forward so well, as hearing verses which he would believe worse than his own. I read him, therefore, the Brussels postscript; after which I recited some heroic lines of my own, which operated so strongly on the *tympanum* of his ear, that I doubt not but I have kept out all other sounds for a fortnight; and have reason to hope, we shall see him abroad the day before his poem.

This, you see, is a particular secret I have found out, viz. that you are not to choose your physician for his knowledge in your distemper, but for [illegible]

it himself. Therefore I am at hand for all maladies arising from poetical vapours, beyond which I never pretend. For being called the other day to one in love, I took indeed their three guineas, and gave them my advice, which was to send for Æsculapiús *. Æsculapius, as soon as he saw the patient, cries out, 'It is love! it is love! Oh! the unequal pulse! These are the symptoms a lover feels; such sighs, such pangs, attend the uneasy mind; nor can our art, or all our boasted skill avail—Yet, O fair! for thee'—Thus the sage ran on, and owned the passion which he pitied, as well as that he felt a greater pain than ever he cured: after which he concluded. 'All I can advise, is marriage: charms and beauty will give new life and vigour, and turn the course of nature to its better prospect.' This is the new way; and thus Æsculapius has left his beloved powders, and writes a *recipe* for a wife at sixty. In short, my friend followed the prescription, and married youth and beauty in its perfect bloom.'

'Supine in Sylvia's snowy arms he lies,
And all the busy care of life defies:
Each happy hour is fill'd with fresh delight,
While peace the day, and pleasure crowns the night.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 27.

Tragical passion was the subject of the discourse where I last visited this evening; and a gentleman who knows that I am at present writing a very deep tragedy, directed his discourse in a particular manner to me. 'It is the common fault,' said he, 'of you gentlemen who write in the buskin style, that you give us rather the sentiments of such who

* Dr. Radcliffe.

behold tragical events, than of such who bear a part in them themselves. I would advise all who pretend this way, to read Shakspeare with care; and they will soon be deterred from putting forth what is usually called tragedy. The way of common writers in this kind is rather the description than the expression of sorrow. There is no medium in these attempts, and you must go to the very bottom of the heart, or it is all mere language; and the writer of such lines is no more a poet, than a man is a physician for knowing the names of distempers, without the causes of them. Men of sense are professed enemies to all such empty labours: for he who pretends to be sorrowful, and is not, is a wretch yet more contemptible than he who pretends to be merry and is not. Such a tragedian is only maudlin drunk.' The gentleman went on with much warmth; but all he could say had little effect upon me: but when I came hither, I so far observed his counsel, that I looked into Shakspeare. The tragedy I dipped into was 'Harry the Fourth.' In the scene where Morton is preparing to tell Northumberland of his son's death, the old man does not give him time to speak, but says,

> 'The whiteness of thy cheeks
> Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand;
> Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
> So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
> Drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night,
> And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
> But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
> And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.'

The image in this place is wonderfully noble and great; yet this man in all this is but rising towards his great affliction, and is still enough himself, as you see, to make a simile. But when he is certain of his son's death, he is lost to all patience, and

gives up all the regards of this life; and since the last of evils is fallen upon him, he calls for it upon all the world.

'Now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined; let order die,
And let the world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
On bloody courses, the wide scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead.'

Reading but this one scene has convinced me, that he, who describes the concern of great men, must have a soul as noble, and as susceptible of high thoughts, as they whom he represents: I shall therefore lay by my drama for some time, and turn my thoughts to cares and griefs, somewhat below that of heroes, but no less moving. A misfortune, proper for me to take notice of, has too lately happened: the disconsolate Maria has three days kept her chamber for the loss of the beauteous Fidelia, her lap-dog. Lesbia herself did not shed more tears for her sparrow. What makes her the more concerned, is, that we know not whether Fidelia was killed or stolen; but she was seen in the parlour window when the train-bands went by, and never since. Whoever gives notice of her, dead or alive, shall be rewarded with a kiss of her lady.

No. 48. SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1709.

—Virtutem verba putant, ut
Lucum ligna—

HOR. EPIST. vi. 31.

'They look on virtue as an empty name.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 29.

THIS day I obliged Pacolet to entertain me with matters which regarded persons of his own character and occupation. We chose to take our walk on Tower-hill: and as we were coming from thence, in order to stroll as far as Garraway's*, I observed two men, who had but just landed, coming from the water-side. I thought there was something uncommon in their mien and aspect; but though they seemed by their visage to be related, yet was there a warmth in their manner, as if they differed very much in their sentiments of the subject on which they were talking. One of them seemed to have a natural confidence, mixed with an ingenuous freedom, in his gesture; his dress very plain, but very graceful and becoming: the other, in the midst of an over-bearing carriage, betrayed, by frequently looking round him, a suspicion that he was not enough regarded by those he met, or that he feared they would make some attack upon him. This person was much taller than his companion,

*. Garraway kept a coffee-house at that time, opposite to the Royal Exchange, probably in the place where there is now a coffee-house well known by the same name.

and added to that height the advantage of a feather in his hat, and heels to his shoes so monstrously high, that he had three or four times fallen down, had he not been supported by his friend. They made a full stop as they came within a few yards of the place where we stood. The plain gentleman bowed to Pacolet, the other looked on him with some displeasure; upon which I asked him who they both were; when he thus informed me of their persons and circumstances:

'You may remember, Isaac, that I have often told you, there are beings of a superior rank to mankind; who frequently visit the habitations of men, in order to call them from some wrong pursuits in which they are actually engaged, or divert them from methods which will lead them into errors for the future. He that will carefully reflect upon the occurrences of his life, will find he has been sometimes extricated out of difficulties, and received favours where he could never have expected such benefits; as well as met with cross some unseen hand, which have disappointed his best laid designs. Such accidents arrive from the interventions of aërial beings, as they are benevolent or hurtful to the nature of man; and attend his steps in the tracks of ambition, of business, and of pleasure. Before I ever appeared to you in the manner I do now, I have frequently followed you in your evening walks; and have often, by throwing some accident in your way, as the passing by of a funeral, or the appearance of some other solemn object, given your imagination a new turn, and changed a night you had destined to mirth and jollity, into an exercise of study and contemplation. I was the old soldier who met you last summer in Chelsea fields, and pretended that I had broken my wooden leg, and could not get home; but I snapped

it short off, on purpose that you might fall into the reflections you did on that subject, and take me into your hack. If you remember, you made yourself very merry on that fracture, and asked me whether I thought I should next winter feel cold in the toes of that leg! as is usually observed, that those who lose limbs are sensible of pains in the extreme parts, even after those limbs are cut off. However, my keeping you then in the story of the battle of the Boyne prevented an assignation, which would have led you into more disasters than I then related.

'To be short; those two persons you see yonder are such as I am; they are not real men, but are mere shades and figures; one is named Alethes, the other Verisimilis. Their office is to be the guardians and representatives of conscience and honour. They are now going to visit the several parts of the town, to see how their interests in the world decay or flourish, and to purge themselves from the many false imputations they daily meet with in the commerce and conversation of men. You observed Verisimilis frowned when he first saw me. What he is provoked at is, that I told him one day, though he strutted and dressed, with so much ostentation, if he kept himself within his own bounds, he was but a lacquey, and wore only that gentleman's livery whom he is now with. This frets him to the heart: for you must know, he has pretended a long time to set up for himself, and gets among a crowd of the more unthinking part of mankind, who take him for a person of the first quality; though his introduction into the world was wholly owing to his present companion.'

This encounter was very agreeable to me, and I was resolved to dog them, and desired Pacolet to accompany me. I soon perceived what he told me, in the gesture of the persons; for when they looked

at each other in discourse, the well-dressed man suddenly cast down his eyes, and discovered that the other had a painful superiority over him. After some further discourse, they took leave. The plain gentleman went down towards Thames-street, in order to be present, at least, at the oaths taken at the Custom-house; and the other made directly for the heart of the city. It is incredible how great a change there immediately appeared in the man of honour, when he got rid of his uneasy companion: he adjusted the cock of his hat a-new, settled his sword-knot, and had an appearance that attracted a sudden inclination for him and his interests in all who beheld him. 'For my part,' said I to Pacolet, 'I cannot but think you are mistaken in calling this person of the lower quality: for he looks much more like a gentleman than the other. Do not you observe all eyes are upon him, as he advances! how each sex gazes at his stature, aspect, address, and motion!' Pacolet only smiled, and shaked his head; as leaving me to be convinced by my own further observation. We kept on our way after him till we came to Exchange-alley, where the plain gentleman again came up to the other; and they stood together after the manner of eminent merchants, as if ready to receive application; but I could observe no man talk to either of them. The one was laughed at as a fop; and I heard many whispers against the other, as a whimsical sort of fellow, and a great enemy to trade. They crossed Cornhill together, and came into the full Exchange, where some bowed, and gave themselves airs in being known to so fine a man as Verisimilis, who, they said, had great interest in all princes' courts: and the other was taken notice of by several, as one they had seen somewhere long before. One more particularly said, he had formerly been a man of

consideration in the world; but was so unlucky, that they who dealt with him, by some strange infatuation or other, had a way of cutting off their own bills, and were prodigiously slow in improving their stock. But as much as I was curious to observe the reception these gentlemen met with upon the Exchange, I could not help being interrupted by one that came up towards us, to whom every body made their compliments. He was of the common height, and in his dress there seemed to be great care to appear no way particular, except in a certain exact and feat manner of behaviour and circumspection. He was wonderfully careful that his shoes and clothes should be without the least speck upon them; and seemed to think, that on such an accident depended his very life and fortune. There was hardly a man on Change who had not a note upon him; and each seemed very well satisfied that their money lay in his hands, without demanding payment. I asked Pacolet, what great merchant that was, who was so universally addressed to, yet made too familiar an appearance to command that extraordinary deference? Pacolet answered, 'This person is the dæmon or genius of credit; his name is Umbra. If you observe, he follows Alethes and Verisimilis at a distance; and indeed has no foundation for the figure he makes in the world, but that he is thought to keep their cash; though, at the same time, none who trust him would trust the others for a groat.' As the company rolled about, the three spectres were jumbled into one place: when they were so, and all thought there was an alliance between them, they immediately drew upon them the business of the whole Change. But their affairs soon increased to such an unwieldy bulk, that Alethes took his leave, and said, 'he would not engage further than he had

immediate fund to answer.' Verisimilis pretended, 'that though he had revenues large enough to go on his own bottom, yet it was below one of his family to condescend to trade in his own name;' therefore he also retired. I was extremely troubled to see the glorious mart of London left with no other guardian but him of credit. But Pacolet told me, 'that traders had nothing to do with the honour or conscience of their correspondents, provided they supported a general behaviour in the world, which could not hurt their credit or their purses: for,' said he, 'you may, in this one tract of building of London and Westminster, see the imaginary motives on which the greatest affairs move, as well as in rambling over the face of the earth. For though Mammon is the real governor, as well as legislator of mankind, he has very little business but to make up quarrels; and is only a general referee, to whom every man pretends to appeal, but is satisfied with his determinations no further than they promote his own interest. Hence it is, that the soldier and the courtier model their actions according to Verisimilis's manner, and the merchant according to that of Umbra. Among these men, honour and credit are not valuable possessions in themselves, or pursued out of a principle of justice; but merely as they are serviceable to ambition and to commerce. But the world will never be in any maner of order or tranquillity till men are firmly convinced, that conscience, honour, and credit are all in one interest; and that, without the concurrence of the former, the latter are but impositions upon ourselves and others. The force these delusive words have is not seen in the transactions of the busy world only, but also have their tyranny over the fair sex. Were you to ask the unhappy Laïs, what pangs of re-

to her conscience has given her? she could tell you, that it has forced her to drink up half a gallon this winter of Tom Dassapas's potions; that she still pines away for fear of being a mother; and knows not but, the moment she is such, she shall be a murderess: but if conscience had as strong a force upon the mind as honour, the first step to her unhappy condition had never been made: she had still been innocent, as she is beautiful. Were men so enlightened and studious of their own good, as to act by the dictates of their reason and reflection, and not the opinion of others, conscience would be the steady ruler of human life: and the words truth, law, reason, equity, and religion, would be but synonymous terms for that only guide which makes us pass our days in our own favour and approbation.'

No. 49. TUESDAY, AUGUST, 2, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—
—nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. POPE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUGUST 1.

THE imposition of honest names and words upon improper subjects, has made so regular a confusion among us, that we are apt to sit down with our errors, well enough satisfied with the methods we

are fallen into, without attempting to deliver ourselves from the tyranny under which we are reduced by such innovations. Of all the laudable motives of human life, none have suffered so much in this kind, as Love: under which revered name a brutal desire called Lust is frequently concealed and admitted; though they differ as much as a matron from a prostitute, or a companion from a buffoon. Philander the other day was bewailing this misfortune with much indignation, and upbraided me for having some time since quoted those excellent lines of the satirist:*

> 'To an exact perfection they have brought
> The action love, the passion is forgot.'

'How could you,' said he, 'leave such a hint so coldly? How could Aspasia and Sempronia enter into your imagination at the same time, and you never declare to us the different reception you gave them?'

The figures which the ancient mythologists and poets put upon Love and Lust in their writings are very instructive. Love is a beauteous blind child. adorned with a quiver and a bow, which he plays with, and shoots around him, without design or direction; to intimate to us, that the person beloved has no intention to give us the anxieties we meet with, but that the beauties of a worthy object are like the charms of a lovely infant; they cannot but attract your concern and fondness, though the child so regarded is as insensible of the value you put upon it, as it is that it deserves your benevolence. On the other side, the sages figured Lust in the form of a satyr; of shape, part human, part bestial; to signify that the followers of it prostitute the reason of a man to pursue the appetites of a beast. This satyr is made to haunt the paths and coverts

of the wood-nymphs and shepherdesses, to lurk on the banks of rivulets, and watch the purling streams, as the resorts of retired virgins; to show, that lawless desire tends chiefly to prey upon innocence, and has something so unnatural in it, that it hates its own make, and shuns the object it loved, as soon as it has made it like itself. Love, therefore, is a child that complains and bewails its inability to help itself, and weeps for assistance, without an immediate reflection or knowledge of the food it wants: Lust, a watchful thief, which seizes his prey, and lays snares for its own relief; and its principal object being innocence, it never robs, but it murders at the same time.

From this idea of a Cupid and a Satyr, we may settle our notion of these different desires, and accordingly rank their followers. Aspasia must therefore, be allowed to be the first of the beauteous order of Love, whose unaffected freedom, and conscious innocence, give her the attendance of the Graces in all her actions. That awful distance which we bear towards her in all our thoughts of her, and that cheerful familiarity with which we approach her, are certain instances of her being the truest object of love of any of her sex. In this accomplished lady, love is the constant effect, because it is never the design. Yet, though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; and to love her is a liberal education; for, it being the nature of all love to create an imitation of the beloved person in the lover, a regard for Aspasia naturally produces decency of manners, and good conduct of life in her admirers. If, therefore, the giggling Leucippe could but see her train of fops assembled, and Aspasia move by them, she would be mortified at the veneration with which she is

beheld, even by Leucippe's own unthinking equipage, whose passions have long taken leave of their understandings.

As charity is esteemed a conjunction of the good qualities necessary to a virtuous man, so love is the happy composition of all the accomplishments that make a fine gentleman. The motive of a man's life is seen in all his actions; and such as have the beauteous boy for their inspirer, have a simplicity of behaviour, and a certain evenness of desire, which burns like the lamp of life in their bosoms; while they who are instigated by the satyr, are ever tortured by jealousies of the object of their wishes; often desire what they scorn, and as often consciously and knowingly embrace where they are mutually indifferent.

Florio, the generous husband, and Limberham, the kind keeper, are noted examples of the different effects which these desires produce in the mind. Amanda, who is the wife of Florio, lives in the continual enjoyment of new instances of her husband's friendship, and sees it the end of all his ambition to make her life one series of pleasure and satisfaction; and Amanda's relish of the goods of life is all that makes them pleasing to Florio: they behave themselves to each other, when present, with a certain apparent benevolence, which transports above rapture; and they think of each other in absence with a confidence unknown to the highest friendship; their satisfactions are doubled, their sorrows lessened, by participation.

On the other hand, Corinna*, who is the mistress of Limberham, lives in constant torment: her

* The persons here alluded to under the names of Corinna and Limberham, were Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, junior, and Henry Cromwell, Esquire.

equipage is an old woman, who was what Corinna is now; an antiquated footman, who was pimp to Limberham's father; and a chambermaid, who is Limberham's wench by fits, out of a principle of politics, to make her jealous and watchful of Corinna. Under this guard, and in this conversation, Corinna lives in state: the furniture of her habitation, and her own gorgeous dress, make her the envy of all the strolling ladies in the town; but Corinna knows she herself is but part of Limberham's household stuff, and is as capable of being disposed of elsewhere, as any other moveable. But while her keeper is persuaded by his spies, that no enemy has been within his doors since his last visit, no Persian prince was ever so magnificently bountiful; a kind look or falling tear is worth a piece of brocade, a sigh is a jewel, and a smile is a cupboard of plate. All this is shared between Corinna and her guard in his absence. With this great economy and industry does the unhappy Limberham purchase the constant tortures of jealousy, the favour of spending his estate, and the opportunity of enriching one by whom he knows he is hated and despised. These are the ordinary and common evils which attend keepers; and Corinna is a wench but of common size of wickedness, were you to know what passes under the roof where the fair Messalina reigns with her humble adorer.

Messalina is the professed mistress of mankind; she has left the bed of her husband, and her beauteous offspring, to give a loose to want of shame and fulness of desire. Wretched Nocturnus, her feeble keeper! How the poor creature fribbles in his gait, and skuttles from place to place to dispatch his necessary affairs in painful daylight, that he may return to the constant twilight preserved in that scene of wantonness, Messalina's bed-chamber!

How does he, while he is absent from thence, consider in his imagination the breadth of his porter's shoulders, the spruce night-cap of his valet, the ready attendance of his butler! any of all whom he knows she admits, and professes to approve of. This, alas! is the gallantry, this the freedom of our fine gentlemen; for this they preserve their liberty, and keep clear of that bugbear, marriage. But he does not understand either vice or virtue, who will not allow, that life without the rules of morality is a wayward, uneasy being, with snatches only of pleasure; but under the regulation of virtue, a reasonable and uniform habit of enjoyment. I have seen in a play of old Haywood's a speech at the end of an act, which touched this point with much spirit. He makes a married man in the play, upon some endearing occasion, look at his spouse with an air of fondness, and fall into the following reflection on his condition:

Oh marriage! happiest, easiest, safest state;
Let debauchees and drunkards scorn thy rites,
Who, in their nauseous draughts and lusts, profane
Both thee and Heav'n, by whom thou wert ordain'd.
How can the savage call it loss of freedom,
Thus to converse with, thus to gaze at
A faithful, beauteous friend?
Blush not, my fair one, that thy love applauds thee,
Nor be it painful to my wedded wife
That my full heart o'erflows in praise of thee.
Thou art by law, by interest, passion, mine:
Passion and reason join in love of thee.
Thus, through a world of calumny and fraud,
We pass both unreproach'd, both undeceiv'd;
While, in each other's interest and happiness,
We without art all faculties employ,
And all our senses without guilt enjoy.

No. 50. THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—
—nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. POPE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUGUST 2.

THE HISTORY OF ORLANDO THE FAIR.

WHATEVER malicious men may say of our Lucubrations, we have no design but to produce unknown merit, or place in a proper light the actions of our contemporaries who labour to distinguish themselves, whether it be by vice or virtue. For we shall never give accounts to the world of any thing, but what the lives and endeavours of the persons, of whom we treat, make the basis of their fame and reputation. For this reason, it is to be hoped that our appearance is reputed a public benefit; and though certain persons may turn what we mean for panegyric into scandal, let it be answered once for all, that if our praises are really designed as raillery, such malevolent persons owe their safety from it, only to their being too inconsiderable for history. It is not every man who deals in ratsbane, or is unseasonably amorous, that can adorn story, like Æsculapius*; nor every stock-jobber of the India company can assume the port, and personate the figure of Aurengezebe. My noble an-

* Dr. Radcliffe.

cestor, Mr. Shakspeare, who was of the race of the Staffs, was not more fond of the memorable Sir John Falstaff than I am of those worthies: but the Latins have an admirable admonition expressed in two words, to wit, *Nequid nimis*, which forbids my indulging myself on those delightful subjects, and calls me to do justice to others, who make no less figures in our generation: of such, the first and most renowned is, that eminent hero and lover, Orlando* the handsome, whose disappointments in love, in gallantry, and in war, have banished him from public view, and made him voluntarily enter into a confinement to which the ungrateful age would othewise have forced him. Ten *lustra* and more are wholly passed since Orlando first appeared in the metropolis of this island: his descent noble, his wit humorous, his person charming. But to none of these recommendatory advantages was his title so undoubted, as that of his beauty. His complexion was fair, but his countenance manly; his stature of the tallest, his shape the most exact: and though in all his limbs he had a proportion as delicate as we see in the works of the most skilful statuaries, his body had a strength and firmness little inferior to the marble of which such images are formed. This made Orlando the universal flame of all the fair sex; innocent virgins sighed for him as Adonis; experienced widows, as Hercules. Thus did this figure walk alone the pattern and ornament of our species, but of course the envy of all who had the same passions without his superior merit, and pretences to the favour of that enchanting creature, woman.

* Robert Fielding, Esq. commonly known then by the name of Beau Fielding, a handsome and very comely gentleman, much distinguished in the 'Annals of Gallantry' at that time.

However, the generous Orlando believed himself formed for the world, and not to be engrossed by any particular affection. He sighed not for Delia, for Chloris, for Chloe, for Betty, nor my lady, nor for the ready chamber-maid, nor distant baroness: woman was his mistress, and the whole sex his seraglio. His form was always irresistible: and if we consider, that not one of five hundred can bear the least favour from a lady without being exalted above himself; if also we must allow, that a smile from a side-box has made Jack Spruce half mad; we cannot think it wonderful that Orlando's repeated conquests touched his brain: so it certainly did, and Orlando became an enthusiast in love; and in all his address contracted something out of the ordinary course of breeding and civility. However, powerful as he was, he would still add to the advantages of his person that of a profession which the ladies always favour, and immediately commenced soldier. Thus equipped for love and honour, our hero seeks distant climes and adventures, and leaves the despairing nymphs of Great Britain to the courtships of beaux and witlings till his return. His exploits in foreign nations and courts have not been regularly enough communicated unto us to report them with that veracity, which we profess in our narrations: but after many feats of arms, which those who were witnesses to them have suppressed out of envy, but which we have had faithfully related from his own mouth in our public streets, Orlando returns home full, but not loaded, with years. Beaux born in his absence made it their business to decry his furniture, his dress, his manner; but all such rivalry he suppressed, as the philosopher did the sceptic, who argued there was no such thing as motion, by only moving. The beauteous Vil-

laria *, who only was formed for his paramour, became the object of his affection. His first speech to her was as follows:

'MADAM,

'It is not only that Nature has made us two the most accomplished of each sex, and pointed to us to obey her dictates in becoming one; but that there is also an ambition in following the mighty persons you have favoured. Where kings and heroes, as great as Alexander, or such as could personate Alexander, have bowed, permit your general to lay his laurels.'

According to Milton;

The Fair with conscious majesty approv'd
His pleaded reason.———

Fortune having now supplied Orlando with necessaries for his high taste of gallantry and pleasure, his equipage and economy had something in them more sumptuous and gallant than could be received in our degenerate age; therefore his figure, though highly graceful, appeared so exotic, that it assembled all the Britons under the age of sixteen, who saw his grandeur, to follow his chariot with shouts and acclamations; which he regarded with the contempt which great minds affect in the midst of applauses. I remember, I had the honour to see him one day stop, and call the youths about him, to whom he spake as follows:

'Good bastards—Go to school, and do not lose your time in following my wheels: I am loth to hurt you, because I know not but you are all my own offspring: hark ye, you sirrah with the white hair,

* Barbara, daughter and heiress to William Villiers lord viscount Grandison of the kingdom of Ireland.

I am sure you are mine: there is half a crown. Tell your mother, this, with the half crown I gave her when I got you comes to five shillings. Thou hast cost me all that, and yet thou art good for nothing. Why you young dogs did you never see a man before?' 'Never such a one as you, noble general,' replied a truant from Westminster. 'Sirrah, I believe thee; there is a crown for thee. Drive on, coachman.'

This vehicle, though sacred to love was not adorned with doves; such an hieroglyphic denoted too languishing a passion. Orlando therefore gave the eagle, as being of a constitution which inclined him rather to seize his prey with talons, than pine for it with murmurs.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUGUST 2.

I have received the following letter from Mr. Powel of the Bath, who, I think, runs from the point between us; which I leave the whole world to judge.

"To ISAAC BICKERSAFF, Esquire.

"SIR, Bath, July 28.

"Having a great deal of more advantageous business at present on my hands, I thought to have defered answering your Tatler of the twenty-first instant till the company was gone, and season over; but having resolved not to regard any impertinences of your paper, except what relate particularly to me, I am the more easily induced to answer you, as I shall find time to do it. First, partly lest you should think yourself neglected, which I have reason to believe you would take heinously ill. Secondly, partly because it will increase my fame, and consequently my audience, when all the

quality shall see with how much wit and raillery I show you—I do not care a farthing for you. Thirdly, partly because being without books, if I do not show much learning, it will not be imputed to my having none.

"I have travelled Italy, France, and Spain, and fully comprehend whatever any German artist in the world can do; yet cannot I imagine, why you should endeavour to disturb the repose and plenty which, though unworthy, I enjoy at this place. It cannot be, that you take offence at my prologues and epilogues which you are pleased to miscall foolish and abusive. No, no, till you give a better, I shall not forbear thinking that the true reason of your picking a quarrel with me was, because it is more agreeable to your principles, as well as more to the honour of your assured victory, to attack a governor. Mr. Isaac, Mr. Isaac, I can see into a mill-stone as far as another, as the saying is; you are for sowing the seeds of sedition and disobedience among my puppets, and your zeal for the good old cause would make you persuade Punch to pull the string from his chops, and not move his jaw when I have a mind he should harangue. Now, I appeal to all men if this is not contrary to that uncontrolable unaccountable dominion, which by the laws of nature I exercise over them; for all sorts of wood and wire were made for the use and benefit of man; I have therefore an unquestionable right to frame, fashion, and put them together as I please; and having made them what they are, my puppets are my property, and therefore my slaves; nor is there in nature any thing more just, than the homage which is paid by a less to a more excellent being; so that by the right, therefore, of a superior genius, I am their supreme moderator, although you would insi-

nuate, agreeably to your levelling principles, that I am myself but a great puppet, and can therefore have but a co-ordinate jurisdiction with them. I suppose I have now sufficiently made it appear, that I have a paternal right to keep a puppet show; and this right I will maintain in my prologues on all occasions.

"And therefore, if you write a defence of yourself against this my self-defence, I admonish you to keep within bounds; for every day will not be so propitious to you as the twenty-ninth of April; and perhaps my resentment may get the better of my generosity, and I may no longer scorn to fight one who is not my equal, with unequal weapons; there are such things as *scandalums magnatums;* therefore, take heed hereafter how you write such things as I cannot easily answer, for that will put me in a passion.

"I order you to handle only these two propositions, to which our dispute may be reduced; the first, whether I have not an absolute power, whenever I please, to light a pipe with one of Punch's legs, or warm my fingers with his whole carcase? the second whether the devil would not be in Punch, should he by word or deed oppose my sovereign will and pleasure? and then, perhaps, I may, if I can find leisure for it, give you the trouble of a second letter.

"But if you intend to tell me of the original of puppet-shows, and the several changes and revolutions that have happened in them, since Thespis, and I do not care who, that is *Noli me tangere!* I have solemnly engaged to say nothing of what I cannot approve. Or, if you talk of certain contracts with the mayor and burgesses, or fees to the constables, for the privilege of acting, I will not write one single word about any such matters; but

shall leave you to be mumbled by the learned and very ingenious author of a late book, who knows very well what is to be said and done in such cases. He is now shuffling the cards and dealing to Timothy; but if he wins the game, I will send him to play at back-gammon with you; and then he will satisfy you that *deuce-ace* makes five.

"And so, submitting myself to be tried by my country, and allowing any jury of twelve good men and true, to be that country; not excepting any, unless Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, to be of the pannel, for you are neither good nor true: I bid you heartily farewell; and am, Sir,

"Your loving friend,

"POWEL."

ADVERTISEMENT.

Proper cuts for the historical part of this paper, are now almost finished, by an engraver lately arrived from Paris, and will be sold at all the toy-shops in London and Westminster.

No. 51. SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—
—nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUGUST 5.

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF ORLANDO THE FAIR*.

FORTUNE being now propitious to the gay Orlando, he dressed, he spoke, he moved, as a man might be supposed to do in a nation of pygmies, and had an equal value for our approbation or dislike. It is usual for those who profess a contempt of the world, to fly from it, and live in obscurity; but Orlando, with a greater magnanimity, contemned it, and appeared in it to tell them so. If, therefore, his exalted mien met with an unwelcome reception, he was sure always to double the cause which gave the distaste. You see our beauties affect a negligence in the ornament of their hair, and adjusting their headdresses, as conscious that they adorn whatever they wear. Orlando had not only this humour in common with other beauties, but also had a neglect whether things became him, or not, in a world he contemned. For this reason, a noble particularity appeared in all his economy, furniture, and equipage. And to convince the present little race, how unequal all their measures were to an antediluvian, as he

* See p. 54.

called himself, in respect of the insects which now appear for men, he sometimes rode in an open tumbril, of less size than ordinary, to show the largeness of his limbs, and the grandeur of his personage, to the greater advantage. At other seasons, all his appointments had a magnificence, as if it were formed by the genius of Trimalchio of old, which showed itself in doing ordinary things with an air of pomp and grandeur. Orlando therefore called for tea by beat of drum; his valet got ready to shave him by a trumpet to horse; and water was brought for his teeth, when the sound was changed to boots and saddle.

In all these glorious excesses from the common practice, did the happy Orlando live and reign in an uninterrupted tranquillity, till an unlucky accident brought to his remembrance, that one evening he was married before he courted the nuptials of Villaria. Several fatal memorandums were produced to revive the memory of this accident; and the unhappy lover was for ever banished her presence, to whom he owed the support of his just renown and gallantry. But distress does not debase noble minds; it only changes the scene, and gives them new glory by that alteration. Orlando therefore now raves in a garret, and calls to his neighbour-skies to pity his dolours, and to find redress for an unhappy lover. All high spirits, in any great agitation of mind, are inclined to relieve themselves by poetry: the renowned porter of Oliver had not more volumes around his cell in his college of Bedlam, than Orlando in his present apartment. And though inserting poetry in the midst of prose be thought a licence among correct writers not to be indulged, it is hoped the necessity of doing it, to give a just idea of the hero of whom we treat, will plead for the liberty we shall hereafter take, to

print Orlando's soliloquies in verse and prose, after the manner of great wits, and such as those to whom they are nearly allied.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 5.

A good company of us were this day to see, or rather to hear, an artful person do several feats of activity with his throat and windpipe. The first thing wherewith he presented us, was a ring of bells, which he imitated in a most miraculous manner; after that, he gave us all the different notes of a pack of hounds, to our great delight and astonishment. The company expressed their applause with much noise; and never was heard such a harmony of men and dogs: but a certain plump merry fellow, from an angle of the room, fell a crowing like a cock so ingeniously, that he won our hearts from the other operator in an instant. As soon as I saw him, I recollected I had seen him on the stage, and immediately knew it to be Tom Mirrour*, the comical actor. He immediately addressed himself to me and told me, 'he was surprised to see a virtuoso take satisfaction in any representations below that of human life;' and asked me, 'whether I thought this acting of bells and dogs was to be considered under the notion of wit, humour, or satire? Were it not better,' continued he, 'to have some particular picture of man laid before your eyes, that might incite your laughter?' He had no sooner spoke the word, but he immediately quitted his natural shape, and talked to me in a very different air and tone from what he had used before: upon which, all that sat near us laughed; but I saw no distortion in his countenance, or any thing that ap-

* Mr. Richard Estcourt, commonly called *Dick Estcourt*, celebrated for his mimic powers, in which he was inimitable.

peared to me disagreeable. I asked Pacolet, 'what meant that sudden whisper about us? for I could not take the jest.' He answered, 'The gentleman you were talking to assumed your air and countenance so exactly, that all fell a-laughing to see how little you knew yourself, and how much you were enamoured with your own image. But that person,' continued my monitor, 'if men would make the right use of him, might be as instrumental to their reforming errors in gesture, language, and speech, as a dancing-master, linguist, or orator. You see he laid yourself before you with so much address, that you saw nothing particular in his behaviour: he has so happy a knack of representing errors and imperfections, that you can bear your faults in him, as well as in yourself: he is the first mimic that ever gave the beauties, as well as the deformities, of the man he acted. What Mr. Dryden said of a very great man, may be well applied to him:

— "He seems to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

You are to know that this pantomime may be said to be a species of himself: he has no commerce with the rest of mankind, but as they are the objects of imitation; like the Indian fowl, called the mock-bird, who has no note of his own, but hits every sound in the wood as soon as he hears it; so that Mirrour is at once a copy and an original. Poor Mirrour's fate, as well as talent, is like that of the bird we just now spoke of; the nightingale, the linnet, the lark, are delighted with his company; but the buzzard, the crow, and the owl, are observed to be his mortal enemies. Whenever Sophronius meets Mirrour, he receives him with civility and respect, and well knows a good copy of

himself can be no injury to him; but Bathillus shuns the street where he expects to meet him; for he, that knows his every step and look is constrained and affected, must be afraid to be rivalled in his action, and of having it discovered to be unnatural, by its being practised by another as well as himself.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUGUST 5.

Letters from Coventry and other places have been sent to me, in answer to what I have said in relation to my antagonist Mr. Powel; and advise me, with warm language, to keep to subjects more proper for me than such high points. But the writers of these epistles mistake the use and service I proposed to the learned world by such observations: for you are to understand, that the title of this paper gives me a right in taking to myself, and inserting in it, all such parts of any book or letter which are foreign to the purpose intended, or professed, by the writer: so that suppose two great divines should argue, and treat each other with warmth, and levity unbecoming their subject or character, all that they say unfit for that place is very proper to be inserted here. Therefore, from time to time, in all writings which shall hereafter be published, you shall have from me extracts of all that shall appear not to the purpose; and for the benefit of the gentle reader, I will show what to turn over unread, and what to peruse. For this end I have a mathematical sieve preparing, in which I will sift every page and paragraph; and all that falls through I shall make bold with for my own use. The same thing will be as beneficial in speech; for all superfluous expressions in talk fall to me also: as when a pleader at the bar designs to be extremely impertinent and troublesome, and cries, 'Under favour of the court——with sub-

mission, my lord——I humbly offer'——and, 'I think I have well considered this matter; for I would be very far from trifling with your lordship's time, or trespassing upon your patience—however, thus I will venture to say'——and so forth. Or else when a sufficient self-conceited coxcomb is bringing out something in his own praise, and begins, 'Without vanity, I must take this upon me to assert.' There is also a trick which the fair sex have, that will greatly contribute to swell my volumes: as, when a woman is going to abuse her best friend, 'Pray,' says she, 'have you heard what is said of Mrs. Such-a-one? I am heartily sorry to hear any thing of that kind of one I have so great a value for; but they make no scruple of telling it; and it was not spoken of to me as a secret, for now all the town rings of it.' All such flowers in rhetoric, and little refuges for malice, are to be noted, and naturally belong only to Tatlers. By this method you will immediately find folios contract themselves into octavos, and the labour of a fortnight got over in half a day.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 5.

Last night arrived a mail from Lisbon, which gives a very pleasing account of the posture of affairs in that part of the world, the enemy having been necessitated wholly to abandon the blockade of Olivenza. These advices say, that Sir John Jennings is arrived at Lisbon. When that gentleman left Barcelona, His Catholic Majesty was taking all possible methods for carrying on an offensive war. It is observed with great satisfaction in the court of Spain, that there is a very good intelligence between the general officers: Count Staremberg and Mr. Stanhope acting in all things with such unanimity, that the public affairs receive great advantages from

their personal friendship and esteem to each other, and mut_ assistance in promoting the service of the common cause.

*** This is to give notice, that if any able-bodied Palatine will enter into the bonds of matrimony with Betty Pepin, the said Palatine shall be settled in a freehold of forty shillings per annum in the county of Middlesex.

No. 52. TUESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. POPE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUGUST 7.

DELAMIRA resigns her FAN.

LONG had the crowd of the gay and young stood in suspense, as to their fate in their passion to the beauteous Delamira; but all their hopes are lately vanished, by the declaration that she has made of her choice to take the happy Archibald * for her companion for life. Upon her making this known,

* The Honourable Lord Archibald Hamilton of Motherwell, son to William third Duke of Hamilton, was probably *the happy* Archibald here meant, who about this time married Lady Jane

the expense of sweet powder and jessamine are considerably abated; and the mercers milliners complain of her want of public spirit, in not concealing longer a secret which was so much the benefit of trade. But so it has happened; and no one was in confidence with her in carrying on this treaty, but the matchless Virgulta, whose despair of ever entering the matrimonial state made her some nights before Delamira's resolution was published to the world, address herself to her in the following manner:

'Delamira! you are now going into that state of life wherein the use of your charms is wholly to be applied to the pleasing only one man. That swimming air of your body, that janty bearing of your head over one shoulder, and that inexpressible beauty in your manner of playing your fan, must be lowered into a more confined behaviour; to show, that you would rather shun than receive addresses for the future. Therefore, dear Delamira, give me those excellences you leave off, and acquaint me with your manner of charming: for I take the liberty of our friendship to say, that when I consider my own stature, motion, complexion, wit, or breeding, I cannot think myself any way your inferior; yet do I go through crowds without wounding a man, and all my acquaintance marry round me, while I live a virgin unasked, and I think unregarded.'

Delamira heard her with great attention, and, with that dexterity which is natural to her, told her, that 'all she had above the rest of her sex and contemporary beauties, was wholly owing to a fan, which was left her by her mother, and had been long in the family, which whoever had in possession, and used with skill, should command the hearts of all her beholders: and since,' said she smiling, 'I

have no more to do with extending my conquests or triumphs, I will make you a present of this inestimable rarity.' Virgulta made her expressions of the highest gratitude for so uncommon a confidence in her, and desired she would 'show her what was peculiar in the management of that untensil, which rendered it of such general force while she was mistress of it.' Delamira replied, 'You see, madam, Cupid is the principal figure painted on it: and the skill in playing this fan is, in your several motions of it, to let him appear as little as possible; for honourable lovers fly all endeavours to ensnare them; and your Cupid must hide his bow and arrow, or he will never be sure of his game. You may observe,' continued she, 'that in all public assemblies, the sexes seem to separate themselves, and draw up to attack each other with eye-shot: that is the time when the fan, which is all the armour of a woman, is of most use in our defence; for our minds are construed by the waving of that little instrument, and our thoughts appear in composure or agitation, according to the motion of it. You may observe, when Will Peregrine comes into the side-box, Miss Gatty flutters her fan as a fly does its wings round a candle; while her eldest sister who is as much in love with him as she is, is as grave as a vestal at his entrance; and the consequence is accordingly. He watches half the play for a glance from her sister, while Gatty is overlooked and neglected. I wish you heartily as much success in the management of it as I have had: if you think fit to go on where I left off, I will give you a short account of the execution I have made with it.

'Cymon who is the dullest of mortals, and though a wonderful great scholar, does not only pause, but seems to take a nap with his eyes open between every other sentence in his discourse: him have I made a

leader in assemblies; and one blow on the shoulder as I passed by him has raised him to a downright impertinent in all conversations. The airy Will Sampler is become as lethargic by this my wand, as Cymon is sprightly. Take it, good girl, and use it without mercy; for the reign of beauty never lasted full three years, but it ended in marriage, or condemnation to virginity. As you fear, therefore, the one, and hope for the other, I expect an hourly journal of your triumphs; for I have it by certain tradition, that it was given to the first who wore it, by an enchantress, with this remarkable power, that it bestows a husband in half a year on her who does not overlook her proper minute; but assigns to a long despair the woman who is well offered, and neglects that proposal. May occasion attend your charms, and your charms slip no occasion! Give me, I say, an account of the progress of your forces at our next meeting; and you shall hear what I think of my new condition. I should meet my future spouse this moment. Farewell. Live in just terror of the dreadful words, SHE WAS.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUGUST 8.

I had the honour this evening to visit some ladies, where the subject of the conversation was modesty; which they commended as a quality quite as becoming in men as in women. I took the liberty to say, 'it might be as beautiful in our behaviour as in theirs, yet it could not be said, it was as successful in life; for as it was the only recommendation in them, so it was the greatest obstacle to us, both in love and business.' A gentleman present was of my mind, and said, that 'we must describe the difference between the modesty of women and that of men, or we should be confounded in our reason-

ings upon it; for this virtue is to be regarded with respect to our different ways of life. The woman's province is to be careful in her economy, and chaste in her affection: the man's to be active in the improvement of his fortune, and ready to undertake whatever is consistent with his reputation for that end.' Modesty, therefore, in a woman, has a certain agreeable fear in all she enters upon; and in men it is composed of a right judgment of what is proper for them to attempt. From hence it is, that a discreet man is always a modest one. It is to be noted that modesty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality, but a weakness, if it suppresses his virtue, and hides it from the world, when he has at the same time a mind to exert himself. A French author says very justly, that modesty is to the other virtues in a man, what shade in a picture is to the parts of the thing represented. It makes all the beauties conspicuous, which would otherwise be but a wild heap of colours. This shade in our actions must, therefore, be very justly applied; for if there be too much, it hides our good qualities, instead of showing them to advantage.

Nestor in Athens was an unhappy instance of this truth; for he was not only in his profession the greatest man of that age, but had given more proofs of it than any other man ever did; yet, for want of that natural freedom and audacity which is necessary in commerce with men, his personal modesty overthrew all his public actions. Nestor was in those days a skilful architect, and in a manner the inventor of the use of mechanic powers; which he brought to so great perfection, that he knew to an atom what foundation would bear such a superstructure: and they record of him, that he was so

he built an edifice of great beauty, and seeming strength; but contrived so as to bear only its own weight, and not to admit the addition of the least particle. This building was beheld with much admiration by all the *Virtuosi* of that time; but fell down with no other pressure, but the settling of a wren upon the top of it. Yet Nestor's modesty was such, that his art and skill were soon disregarded, for want of that manner with which men of the world support and assert the merit of their own performances. Soon after this instance of his art, Athens was, by the treachery of its enemies, burned to the ground. This gave Nestor the greatest occasion that ever builder had to render his name immortal, and his person venerable; for all the new city rose according to his disposition, and all the monuments of the glories and distresses of that people were erected by that sole artist: nay, all their temples, as well as houses, were the effects of his study and labour; insomuch that it was said by an old sage, 'Sure, Nestor will now be famous, for the habitations of gods, as well as men, are built by his contrivance.' But this bashful quality still put a damp upon his great knowledge, which has as fatal an effect upon men's reputations as poverty; for as it was said, 'the poor man saved the city, and the poor man's labour was forgot; so here we find, 'the modest man built the city, and the modest man's skill was unknown.'

Thus, we see, every man is the maker of his own fortune; and what is very odd to consider, he must in some measure be the trumpet of his own fame: not that men are to be tolerated who directly praise themselves: but they are to be endued with a sort of defensive eloquence, by which they shall be always capable of expressing the rules and arts by which they govern themselves.

Varillus was the man of all I have read of, the happiest in the true possession of this quality of modesty. My author says of him, modesty in Varillus is really a virtue, for it is a voluntary quality, and the effect of good sense. He is naturally bold and enterprising; but so justly discreet, that he never acts or speaks any thing, but those who behold him know he has forborne much more than he has performed or uttered, out of deference to the persons before whom he is. This makes Varillus truly amiable, and all his attempts successful; for as bad as the world is thought to be by those who are perhaps unskilled in it, want of success in our actions is generally owing to want of judgment in what we ought to attempt, or a rustic modesty, which will not give us leave to undertake what we ought. But how unfortunate this diffident temper is to those who are possessed with it, may be best seen in the success of such as are wholly unacquainted with it.

We have one peculiar elegance in our language above all others, which is conspicuous in the term 'fellow.' This word, added to any of our adjectives, extremely varies, or quite alters the sense of that with which it is joined. Thus though 'a modest man,' is the most unfortunate of all men, yet 'a modest fellow' is as superlatively happy. 'A modest fellow' is a ready creature, who, with great humility, and as great forwardness, visits his patrons at all hours, and meets them in all places, and has so moderate an opinion of himself, that he makes his court at large. If you will not give him a great employment, he will be glad of a little one. He has so great a deference for his benefactor's judgment, that as he thinks himself fit for any thing he can get, so he is above nothing which is offered. He is like the young bachelor of arts, who came to town recom-

mended to a chaplain's place; but none being vacant, modestly accepted of that of a postilion.

We have very many conspicuous persons of this undertaking yet modest turn: I have a grandson who is very happy in this quality: I sent him in the the time of the last peace into France. As soon as he landed in Calais, he sent me an exact account of the nature of the people, and the policies of the king of France. I got him since chosen a member of a corporation: the modest creature, as soon as he came into the common-council, told a senior burgess, he was perfectly out in the orders of their house. In other circumstances he is so thoroughly 'modest a fellow,' that he seems to pretend only to things he understands. He is a citizen only at court, and in the city a courtier. In a word, to speak the characteristical difference between 'a modest man' and 'a modest fellow:' the modest man is in doubt in all his actions; a modest fellow never has a doubt from his cradle to his grave.

No. 53. THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. POPE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUGUST 10.

THE CIVIL HUSBAND.

The fate and character of the inconstant Osmyn is a just excuse for the little notice taken by his widow of his departure out of this life, which was equally troublesome to Elmira, his faithful spouse, and to himself. That life passed between them after this manner, is the reason the town has just now received a lady with all that gaiety, after having been a relict but three months, which other women hardly assume under fifteen, after such a disaster. Elmira is the daughter of a rich and worthy citizen, who gave her to Osmyn, with a portion which might have obtained her an alliance with our noblest houses, and fixed her in the eye of the world, where her story had not been now to be related: for her good qualities had made her the object of universal esteem among the polite part of mankind, from whom she has been banished and immured till the death of her gaoler. It is now full fifteen years since that beauteous lady was given into the hands of the happy Osmyn, who, in the sense of all the world, received at that time a present more valuable than the possession of both the Indies. She

was then in her early bloom, with an understanding and discretion very little inferior to the most experienced matrons. She was not beholden to the charms of her sex, that her company was preferable to any Osmyn could meet with abroad; for were all she said considered without regard to her being a woman, it might stand the examination of the severest judges. She had all the beauty of her own sex with all the conversation-accomplishments of ours. But Osmyn very soon grew surfeited with the charms of her person by possession, and of her mind by want of taste; for he was one of that loose sort of men who have but one reason for setting any value upon the fair sex; who consider even brides but as new women, and consequently neglect them when they cease to be such. All the merit of Elmira could not prevent her becoming a mere wife within few months after her nuptials; and Osmyn had so little relish for her conversation, that he complained of the advantages of it. 'My spouse,' said he to one of his companions, 'is so very discreet, so good, so virtuous, and I know not what, that I think her person is rather the object of esteem than of love; and there is such a thing as a merit which causes rather distance than passion.' But there being no medium in the state of matrimony, their life began to take the usual gradations to become the most irksome of all beings. They grew in the first place very complaisant; and having at heart a certain knowledge that they were indifferent to each other, apologies were made for every little circumstance which they thought betrayed their mutual coldness. This lasted but few months when they showed a difference of opinion in every trifle; and, as a sign of certain decay of affection, the word 'perhaps' was introduced in all their discourse. 'I have a mind to go to the park,'

says she; 'but, *perhaps*, my dear, you will want the coach on some other occasion.' He 'would very willingly carry her to the play; but *perhaps* she had rather go to lady Centaur's and play at ombre.' They were both persons of good discerning, and soon found that they mortally hated each other by their manner of hiding it. Certain it is, that there are some genios which are not capable of pure affection, and a man is born with talents for it as much as for poetry or any other science.

Osmyn began too late to find the imperfection of his own heart; and used all the methods in the world to correct it, and argue himself into return of desire and passion for his wife, by the contemplation of her excellent qualities, his great obligations to her, and the high value he saw all the world except himself did put upon her. But such is man's unhappy condition, that though the weakness of the heart has a prevailing power over the strength of the head, yet the strength of the head has but small force against the weakness of the heart. Osmyn, therefore, struggled in vain to revive departed desire; and for that reason resolved to retire to one of his estates in the country, and pass away his hours of wedlock in the noble diversions of the field: and in the fury of a disappointed lover, made an oath to leave neither stag, fox, or hare living, during the days of his wife. Besides that country sports would be an amusement, he hoped also, that his spouse would be half killed by the very sense of seeing this town no more, and would think her life ended as soon as she left it. He communicated his design to Elmira, who received it, as now she did all things,

her as possible; and if he could not prevail upon himself to be kind, he took a resolution at least to act sincerely, and communicate frankly to her the weakness of his temper, to excuse the indifference of his behaviour. He disposed his household in the way to Rutland, so as he and his lady travelled only in the coach, for the convenience of discourse. They had not gone many miles out of town, when Osmyn spoke to this purpose.

'My dear, I believe I look quite as silly now I am going to tell you I do not love you, as when I first told you I did. We are now going into the country together, with only one hope for making this life agreeable, survivorship: desire is not in our power; mine is all gone for you. What shall we do to carry it with decency to the world, and hate one another with discretion?'

The lady answered, without the least observation on the extravagance of his speech:

'My dear, you have lived most of your days in a court, and I have not been wholly unacquainted with that sort of life. In courts, you see, good-will is spoken with great warmth, ill-will covered with great civility. Men are long in civilities to those they hate, and short in expressions of kindness to those they love. Therefore, my dear, let us be well-bred still; and it is no matter, as to all who see us, whether we love or hate: and to let you see how much you are beholden to me for my conduct, I have both hated and despised you, my dear, this half year; and yet neither in language or behaviour has it been visible but that I loved you tenderly. Therefore, as I know you go out of town to divert life in pursuit of beasts, and conversation with men just above them; so, my life, from this moment, I shall read all the learned cooks who have ever writ; study broths, plasters, and con-

serves, till from a fine lady I become a notable woman. We must take our minds a note or two lower, or we shall be tortured by jealousy, or anger. Thus, I am resolved to kill all keen passions, by employing my mind on little subjects, and lessening the easiness of my spirit; while you, my dear, with much ale, exercise, and ill company, are so good as to endeavour to be as contemptible, as it is necessary for my quiet I should think you.'

At Rutland they arrived, and lived with great but secret impatience for many successive years, till Osmyn thought of a happy expedient to give their affairs a new turn. One day he took Elmira aside, and spoke as follows:

'My dear, you see here the air is so temperate and serene; the rivulets, the groves, and soil, so extremely kind to nature, that we are stronger and firmer in our health since we left the town; so that there is no hope of a release in this place: but if you will be so kind as to go with me to my estate in the hundreds of Essex, it is possible some kind damp may one day or other relieve us. If you will condescend to accept of this offer, I will add that whole estate to your jointure in this county.'

Elmira, who was all goodness, accepted the offer, removed accordingly, and has left her spouse in that place to rest with his fathers.

This is the real figure in which Elmira ought to be beheld in this town: and not thought guilty of an indecorum, in not professing the sense, or bearing the habit of sorrow, for one who robbed her of all the endearments of life, and gave her only common civility instead of complacency of manners, dignity of passion, and that constant assemblage of soft desires and affections, which all feel who love, but none can express.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 10.

Mr. Trueman who is a mighty admirer of dramatic poetry, and knows I am about a tragedy, never meets me, but he is giving admonitions and hints for my conduct. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said he, 'I was reading last night your second act you were so kind to lend me: but I find you depend mightily upon the retinue of your hero to make him magnificent. You make guards, and ushers, and courtiers, and commons, and nobles, march before; and then enters your prince and says, they cannot defend him from his love. Why, pr'ythee, Isaac, who ever thought they could? Place me your loving monarch in a solitude, let him have no sense at all of his grandeur, but let it be eaten up with his passion. He must value himself as the greatest of lovers, not as the first of princes: and then let him say a more tender thing than ever man said before—for his *feather* and *eagle's beak* are nothing at all. The man is to be expressed by his sentiments and affections, and not by his fortune or equipage. You are also to take care, that at his first entrance he says something, which may give us an idea of what we are to expect in a person of his way of thinking. Shakspeare is your pattern. In the tragedy of Cæsar he introduces his hero in his night-gown. He had at that time all the power of Rome: deposed consuls, subordinate generals, and captive princes might have preceded him; but his genius was above such mechanic methods of showing greatness. Therefore, he rather presents that great soul debating upon the subject of life and death with his intimate friends, without endeavouring to prepossess his audience with empty show and pomp. When those who attend him talk of the many omens which had appeared that day, he answers:

" Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come."

'When the Hero has spoken this sentiment, there is nothing that is great, which cannot be expected from one, whose first position is the contempt of death to so high a degree, as making his exit a thing wholly indifferent, and not a part of his care, but that of heaven and fate.'

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 10,

Letters from Brussels, of the fifteenth instant, N.S. say that major-general Ravignan returned on the eighth, with the French king's answer to the intended capitulation for the citadel of Tournay; which is that he does not think fit to sign the capitulation, except the allies will grant a cessation of arms in general, during the time in which all acts of hostility were to have ceased between the citadel and the beseigers. Soon after the receipt of this news, the cannon on each side began to play. There are two attacks against the citadel, commanded by general Lottum and general Schuylemberg, which are both carried on with great success; and it is not doubted but the citadel will be in the hands of the allies before the last day of this month. Letters from Ipres say, that, on the ninth instant, part of the garrison of that place had mutinied in two bodies, each consisting of two hundred; who being dispersed the same day, a body of eight hundred appeared in the market-place at nine the night following, and seized all manner of provisions, but were with much difficulty quieted. The governor has not punished any of the offenders, the

dissatisfaction being universal in that place; and it is thought the officers foment those disorders, that the ministry may be convinced of the necessity of paying those troops, and supplying them with provisions. These advices add, that, on the fourteenth, the marquess d'Este passed express through Brussels from the duke of Savoy, with advice that the army of his royal highness had forced the retrenchments of the enemy in Savoy, and defeated that body of men which guarded those passes under the command of the marquis de Thouy.

No. 54. SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. POPE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUGUST 12.

OF THE GOVERNMENT OF AFFECTION.

WHEN labour was pronounced to be the portion of man, that doom reached the affections of his mind as well as his person, the matter on which he was to feed, and all the animal and vegetable world about him. There is, therefore, an assiduous care and cultivation to be bestowed upon our passions and affections; for they, as they are the excrescences of our souls, like our hair and beards, look horrid or

becoming, as we cut, or let them grow. All this grave preface is meant to assign a reason in nature for the unaccountable behaviour of Duumvir, the husband and keeper. Ten thousand follies had this unhappy man escaped, had he made a compact with himself to be upon his guard, and not permitted his vagrant eye to let in so many different inclinations upon him, as all his days he has been perplexed with. But indeed, at present, he has brought himself to be confined only to one prevailing mistress; between whom and his wife, Duumvir passes his hours in all the vicissitudes which attend passion and affection, without the intervention of reason. Laura his wife, and Phillis his mistress, are all with whom he has had, for some months, the least amorous commerce. Duumvir has passed the noon of life; but cannot withdraw from those entertainments which are pardonable only before that stage of our being, and which after that season are rather punishments than satisfactions: for palled appetite is humorous, and must be gratified with sauces rather than food. For which end Duumvir is provided with a haughty, imperious, expensive, and fantastic mistress, to whom he retires from the conversation of an affable, humble, discreet, and affectionate wife. Laura receives him, after absence, with an easy and unaffected complacency; but that he calls insipid: Phillis rates him for his absence and bids him return from whence he came; this he calls spirit and fire: Laura's gentleness is thought mean; Phillis's insolence, sprightly. Were you to see him at his own home, and his mistress's lodgings; to Phillis he appears an obsequious lover, to Laura an imperious master. Nay, so unjust is the taste of Duumvir, that he owns Laura has no ill quality, but that she is his wife; Phillis no good one, but that she is his mistress. And he has him-

self often said, where he married to any one else, he would rather keep Laura than any woman living; yet allows, at the same time, that Phillis, were she a woman of honour, would have been the most insipid animal breathing. The other day Laura, who has a voice like an angel, began to sing to him. 'Fie, madam,' he cried, 'we must be past all these gaieties.' Phillis has a note as rude and as loud as that of a milk-maid: when she begins to warble, 'Well,' says he, 'there is such a pleasing simplicity in all that wench does.' In a word, the affectionate part of his heart being corrupted, and his true taste that way wholly lost, he has contracted a prejudice to all the behaviour of Laura, and a general partiality in favour of Phillis. It is not in the power of the wife to do a pleasing thing, nor in the mistress to commit one that is disagreeable. There is something too melancholy in the reflection on this circumstance to be the subject of raillery. He said a sour thing to Laura at dinner the other day; upon which she burst into tears. 'What the devil, madam,' says he, 'cannot I speak in my own house?' He answered Phillis a little abruptly at supper the same evening, upon which she threw his periwig into the fire.' 'Well,' said he, 'thou art a brave termagant jade: do you know, hussy, that fair wig cost forty guineas?' Oh, Laura! is it for this that the faithful Cromius sighed for you in vain? How is thy condition altered, since crowds of youth hung on thy eye, and watched its glances? It is not many months since Laura was the wonder and pride of her own sex, as well as the desire and passion of ours. At plays and at balls, the just turn of her behaviour, the decency of her virgin charms chastised, yet added to diversions. At public devotions, her winning modesty, her resigned carriage, made virtue and re-

ligion appear with new ornaments, and in the natural apparel of simplicity and beauty. In ordinary conversations, a sweet conformity of manners, and an humility, which heightened all the complacencies of good-breeding and education, gave her more slaves than all the pride of her sex ever made women wish for. Laura's hours are now spent in the sad reflection on her choice, and that deceitful vanity, almost inseparable from the sex, of believing she could reclaim one that had so often ensnared others; as it now is, it is not even in the power of Duumvir himself to do her justice; for though beauty and merit are things real and independent on taste and opinion, yet agreeableness is arbitrary, and the mistress has much the advantage of the wife. But whenever fate is so kind to her and her spouse as to end her days, with all this passion for Phillis, and indifference for Laura, he has a second wife in view, who may avenge the injuries done to her predecessor. Aglaura is the destined lady, who has lived in assemblies, has ambition and play for her entertainment, and thinks of a man, not as the object of love, but the tool of her interest or pride. If ever Aglaura comes to the empire of this inconstant, she will endear the memory of her predecessor. But in the mean time it is melancholy to consider, that the virtue of a wife is like the merit of a poet, never justly valued till after death.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUGUST 11.

As we have professed that all the actions of men are our subject, the most solemn are not to be omitted, if there happens to creep into their behaviour any thing improper for such occasions. Therefore the offence mentioned in the following

place sacred from observation, is such, that it is our duty to remark upon it: for though he who does it is himself only guilty of an indecorum, he occasions a criminal levity in all others who are present at it.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"It being mine as well as the opinion of many others, that your papers are extremely well fitted to reform any irregular or indecent practice, I present the following as one which requires your correction. Myself and a great many good people who frequent the divine service at St. Paul's have been a long time scandalized by the imprudent conduct of Stentor * in that cathedral. This gentleman, you must know, is always very exact and zealous in his devotion, which I believe nobody blames; but then he is accustomed to roar and bellow so terribly loud in the responses, that he frightens even us of the congregation, who are daily used to him: and one of our petty canons, a punning Cambridge scholar, calls his way of worship a bull-offering. His harsh, untuneable pipe is no more fit than a raven's to join with the music of a choir; yet nobody having been enough his friend, I suppose, to inform him of it, he never fails, when present, to drown the harmony of every hymn and anthem, by an inundation of sound beyond that of the bridge at the ebb of the tide, or the neighbouring lions in the anguish of their hunger. This is a grievance, which, to my certain knowledge, several worthy people desire to see redressed; and if, by inserting this epistle in your paper, or by representing the matter your own way, you can convince Stentor, that discord in a

* Dr. William Stanley, Dean of St. Paul's.

choir is the same sin that schism is in the church in general, you would lay a great obligation upon us; and make some attonement for certain of your paragraphs, which have not been highly approved by us. I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"JEOFFRY CHANTICLEER."

St. Paul's Church Yard, August 11.

It is wonderful there should be such a general lamentation, and the grievance so frequent, and yet the offender never know any thing of it. I have received the following letter from my kinsman at the Herald's-office, near the same place.

"DEAR COUSIN,

"This office, which has had its share in the impartial justice of your censures, demands at present your vindication of their rights and privileges. There are certain hours when our young heralds are exercised in the faculties of making proclamation, and other vociferations, which of right belong to us only to utter: but at the same hours, Stentor in St. Paul's church, in spite of the coaches, carts, London cries, and all other sounds between us, exalts his throat to so high a key, that the most noisy of our order is utterly unheard. If you please to observe upon this, you will ever oblige," &c.

There have been communicated to me some other ill consequences from the same cause; as, the overturning of coaches by sudden starts of the horses as they passed that way, women pregnant frightened, and heirs to families lost; which are public disasters, though arising from a good intention; but it is hoped, after this admonition, that Stentor will avoid an act of so great supererogation, as singing without a voice.

But I am diverted from prosecuting Stentor's reformation, by an account, that the two faithful lovers, Lisander and Coriana, are dead; for, no longer ago than the first of the last month, they swore eternal fidelity to each other, and to love till death. Ever since that time, Lisander has been twice a day at the chocolate-house, visits in every circle, is missing four hours in four-and-twenty, and will give no account of himself. These are undoubted proofs of the departure of a lover; and consequently Coriana is also dead as a mistress. I have written to Stentor, to give this couple three calls at the church-door, which they must hear if they are living within the bills of mortality; and if they do not answer at that time, they are from that moment added to the number of my defunct.

No. 55. TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1709.

—'*Paŭlo majora canamus.*

VIRG. ECL. iv. 1.

'—Begin a loftier strain.'

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUGUST 15.

WHILE others are busied in relations which concern the interests of princes, the peace of nations, and revolutions of empire, I think, though these are very great subjects, my theme of discourse is sometimes to be of matters of a yet higher consideration. The slow steps of Providence and nature, and strange events which are brought about in an in-

stant, are what, as they come within our view and observation, shall be given to the public. Such things are not accompanied with show and noise, and therefore seldom draw the eyes of the unattentive part of mankind; but are very proper at once to exercise our humanity, please our imaginations, and improve our judgments. It may not, therefore, be unuseful to relate many circumstances, which were observable upon a late cure done upon a young gentleman who was born blind, and on the twenty-ninth of June last received his sight, at the age of twenty years, by the operation of an oculist. This happened no further off than Newington; and the work was prepared for in the following manner.

The operator, Mr. Grant, having observed the eyes of his patient, and convinced his friends, and relations, among others the reverend Mr. Caswell, minister of the place, that it was highly probable he should remove the obstacle which prevented the use of his sight; all his acquaintance, who had any regard for the young man, or curiosity to be present when one of full age and understanding received a new sense, assembled themselves on this occasion. Mr. Caswell being a gentleman particularly curious, desired the whole company, in case the blindness should be cured, to keep silence: and let the patient make his own observations, without the direction of any thing he had received by his other senses, or the advantage of discovering his friends by their voices. Among several others, the mother, brethren, sisters, and a young gentlewoman for whom he had a passion, were present. The work was performed with great skill and dexterity. When the patient first received the dawn of light, there appeared such an ecstasy in his action, that he seemed ready to swoon away in the surprise of joy and wonder. The surgeon

stood before him with his instruments in his hands. The young man observed him from head to foot; after which he surveyed himself as carefully, and seemed to compare him to himself; and observing both their hands, seemed to think they were exactly alike, except the instruments, which he took for parts of his hands. When he had continued in his amazement some time, his mother could not longer bear the agitations of so many passions as thronged upon her; but fell upon his neck, crying out, 'My son! my son!' The youth knew her voice, and could speak no more than, 'Oh me! are you my mother?' and fainted. The whole room, you will easily conceive, were very affectionately employed in recovering him; but, above all, the young gentlewoman who loved him, and whom he loved, shrieked in the loudest manner. That voice seemed to have a sudden effect upon him as he recovered, and he showed a double curiosity in observing her as she spoke and called to him; till at last he broke out, 'What has been done to me? Whither am I carried? Is all this about me, the thing I have heard so often of? Is this the light? Is this seeing? Were you always thus happy, when you said you were glad to see each other? Where is Tom, who used to lead me? But, I could now, methinks, go any where without him.' He offered to move, but seemed afraid of every thing around him. When they saw his difficulty, they told him, 'till he became better acquainted with his new being, he must let the servant still lead him.' The boy was called for, and presented to him. Mr. Caswell asked him, 'What sort of thing he took Tom to be before he had seen him?' He answered, 'he believed there was not so much of him as himself; but he fancied him the same sort of creature.' The noise of this sudden

change made all the neighbourhood throng to the place where he was. As he saw the crowd thickening, he desired Mr. Caswell to tell him how many there were in all to be seen. The gentleman, smiling, answered him, that 'it would be very proper for him to return to his late condition, and suffer his eyes to be covered, till they had received strength: for he might remember well enough, that by degrees he had from little and little come to the strength he had at present in his ability in walking and moving; and that it was the same thing with his eyes, which,' he said, 'would lose the power of continuing to him that wonderful transport he was now in, except he would be contented to lay aside the use of them, till they were strong enough to bear the light without so much feeling as, he knew, he underwent at present.' With much reluctance he was prevailed upon to have his eyes bound; in which condition they kept him in a dark room, till it was proper to let the organ receive its objects without further precaution. During the time of this darkness, he bewailed himself in the most distressed manner; and accused all his friends, complaining that 'some incantation had been wrought upon him, and some strange magic used to deceive him into an opinion that he had enjoyed what they called sight.' He added, 'that the impressions then let in upon his soul would certainly distract him, if he were not so at that present.' At another time, he would strive to name the persons he had seen among the crowd after he was couched, and would pretend to speak, in perplexed terms of his own making, of what he in that short time observed. But on the sixth instant it was thought fit to unbind his head, and the young woman whom he loved was instructed to open his eyes accordingly; as well to endear herself to

him by such a circumstance, as to moderate his ecstasies by the persuasion of a voice which had so much power over him as hers ever had. When this beloved young woman began to take off the binding of his eyes, she talked to him as follows:

'Mr. William, I am now taking the binding off, though when I consider what I am doing, I tremble with the apprehension, that, though I have from my very childhood loved you, dark as you were, and though you had conceived so strong a love for me, yet, you will find there is such a thing as beauty, which may ensnare you into a thousand passions of which you now are innocent, and take you from me for ever. But, before I put myself to that hazard, tell me in what manner that love, you always professed to me, entered into your heart; for its usual admission is at the eyes.'

The young man answered, 'Dear Lydia, if I am to lose by sight the soft pantings which I have always felt when I heard your voice; if I am no more to distinguish the step of her I love when she approaches me, but to change that sweet and frequent pleasure for such an amazement as I knew the little time I lately saw; or if I am to have any thing besides which may take from me the sense I have of what appeared most pleasing to me at that time, which apparition it seems was you; pull out these eyes, before they lead me to be ungrateful to you, or undo myself. I wished for them but to see you; pull them out, if they are to make me forget you.'

Lydia was extremely satisfied with these assurances; and pleased herself with playing with his perplexities. In all his talk to her, he showed but very faint ideas of any thing which had not been received at the ear; and closed his protestation to her, by saying, that if he were to see Valentia and Barcelona, whom he supposed the most esteemed of

all women, by the quarrel there was about them, he would never like any but Lydia.'

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 15.

We have repeated advices of the entire defeat of the Swedish army near Pultowa, on the twenty-seventh of June, O. S. and letters from Berlin give the following account of the remains of the Swedish army since the battle; Prince Menzikoff, being ordered to pursue the victory, came up with the Swedish army, which was left to the command of General Lewenhaupt, on the thirtieth of June, O. S. on the banks of the Boristhenes; whereupon he sent General Lewenhaupt a summons to submit himself to his present fortune: Lewenhaupt immediately despatched three general officers to that prince, to treat about a capitulation; but the Swedes, though they consisted of fifteen thousand men, were in so great want of provision and ammunition, that they were obliged to surrender themselves at discretion. His Czarish Majesty despatched an express to General Goltz, with an account of these particulars, and also with instructions to send out detachments of his cavalry, to prevent the King of Sweden's joining his army in Poland. That prince made his escape with a small party by swimming over the Boristhenes; and it was thought he designed to retire into Poland by the way of Volhinia. Advices from Bern of the eleventh instant say, that the general diet of the Helvetic body held at Baden concluded on the sixth; but the deputies of the six cantons, who are deputed to determine the affair of Tockenburg, continue their application to that business, notwithstanding some new difficulties started by the Abbot of St. Gall. Letters from Geneva, of the ninth, say that the Duke of Savoy's cavalry had joined Count Thaun, as had

also two imperial regiments of hussars; and that his royal highness's army was disposed in the following manner: the troops under the command of Count Thaun are extended from Conflans to St. Peter d'Albigni. Small parties are left in several posts from thence to Little St. Bernard, to preserve the communication with Piedmont by the valley of Aosta. Some forces are also posted at Taloir, and in the castle of Doin, on each side of the lake of Anneci. General Rhebinder is encamped in the valley of Oulx with ten thousand foot, and some detachments of horse: his troops are extended from Exilles to mount Genevre, so that he may easily penetrate into Dauphiné on the least motion of the enemy: but the Duke of Berwick takes all necessary precautions to prevent such an enterprize. That General's head quarters are at Francin; and he hath disposed his army in several parties, to preserve a communication with the Maurienne and Briancon. He hath no provisions for his army but from Savoy; Provence and Dauphiné being unable to supply him with necessaries. He left two regiments of dragoons at Annen, who suffered very much in the late action at Tessons, where they lost fifteen hundred, who were killed on the spot, four standards and three hundred prisoners, among whom were forty officers. The last letters from the Duke of Marlborough's camp at Orchies, of the nineteenth instant, advise that Monsieur Ravignon being returned from the French court with an account that the King of France refused to ratify the capitulation for the surrender of the citadel of Tournay, the approaches have been carried on with great vigour and success: our miners have discovered several of the enemy's mines, who have sprung divers others, which did little execution; but for the better security of the

troops, both assaults are carried on by the cautious way of sapping. On the eighteenth, the confederate army made a general forage without any loss. Marshal Villars continues in his former camp, and applies himself with great diligence in casting up new lines behind the old on the Scarp. The duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene designed to begin a general review of the army on the twentieth.

No. 56. THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill* —
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUGUST 17.

THERE is a young foreigner committed to my care, who puzzles me extremely in the questions he asks about the persons of figure we meet in public places. He has but very little of our language, and therefore I am mightily at a loss to express to him things for which they have no word in that tongue to which he was born. It has been often my answer upon his asking who such a fine gentleman is? That he is what we call a sharper: and he wants my explication. I thought it would be very unjust to tell him, he is the same the French call *Coquin ;*

the Latins *Nebulo;* or the Greeks, Ῥάσκαλ*: for, as custom is the most powerful of all laws, and that the order of men we call sharpers are received amongst us, not only with permission, but favour, I thought it unjust to use them like persons upon no establishment; besides that it would be an unpardonable dishonour to our country, to let him leave us with an opinion, that our nobility and gentry kept company with common thieves and cheats: I told him, 'they were a sort of tame hussars, that were allowed in our cities, like the wild ones in our camp, who had all the privileges belonging to us, but at the same time were not tied to our discipline or laws.' Aletheus, who is a gentleman of too much virtue for the age he lives in, would not let this matter be thus palliated, but told my pupil, 'that he was to understand that distinction, quality, merit, and industry, were laid aside among us by the incursions of these civil hussars, who had got so much countenance, that the breeding and fashion of the age turned their way to the ruin of order and economy in all places where they are admitted.' But Sophronius, who never falls into heat upon any subject, but applies proper language, temper, and skill, with which the thing in debate is to be treated, told the youth, 'that gentleman had spoken nothing but what was literally true; but fell upon it with too much earnestness to give a true idea of that sort of people he was declaiming against, or to remedy the evil which he bewailed: for the acceptance of these men being an ill which had crept into the conversation-part of our lives, and not into our constitution itself, it must be corrected where it began: and consequently is to be amended only by bringing raillery and derision upon the persons who are guilty, or those who con-

* The word 'rascai,' printed in Greek characters.

verse with them. For the sharpers,' continued he, 'at present are not as formerly under the acceptation of pick-pockets; but are by custom erected into a real and venerable body of men, and have subdued us to so very particular a deference to them, that though they are known to be men without honour or conscience, no demand is called a debt of honour so indisputably as theirs. You may lose your honour to them, but they lay none against you: as the priesthood in Roman catholic countries can purchase what they please for the church, but they can alienate nothing from it. It is from this toleration, that sharpers are to be found among all sorts of assemblies and companies; and every talent amongst men is made use of by some one or other of the society, for the good of their common cause: so that an unexperienced young gentleman is as often ensnared by his understanding as his folly; for who could be unmoved, to hear the eloquent Dromio explain the constitution, talk in the key of Cato, with the severity of one of the ancient sages, and debate the greatest question of state in a common chocolate or coffee-house? who could, I say, hear this generous declamator, without being fired at his noble zeal, and becoming his professed follower, if he might be admitted? Monoculus's gravity would be no less inviting to a beginner in conversation; and the snare of his eloquence would equally catch one who had never seen an old gentleman so very wise, and yet so little severe. Many other instances of extraordinary men among the brotherhood might be produced; but every man, who knows the town, can supply himself with such examples without their being named.'—Will Vafer, who is skilful at finding out the ridiculous side of a thing, and placing it in a new and proper light, though he very seldom talks, thought fit to enter into this subject. He

has lately lost certain loose sums, which half the income of his estate will bring in within seven years: besides which, he proposes to marry, to set all right. He was, therefore, indolent enough to speak of this matter with great impartiality. 'When I look around me,' said this easy gentleman, 'and consider in a just balance us *bubbles*, elder brothers, whose support our dull fathers contrived to depend upon certain acres, with the rooks, whose ancestors left them the wide world; I cannot but admire their fraternity, and contemn my own. Is not Jack Heyday much to be preferred to the knight he has bubbled? Jack has his equipage, his wenches, and his followers: the knight, so far from a retinue, that he is almost one of Jack's. However, he is gay, you see, still; a florid outside.——His habit speaks the man.—And since he must unbutton, he would not be reduced outwardly; but is stripped to his upper coat. But though I have great temptation to it, I will not at this time give the history of the losing side; but speak the effects of my thoughts, since the loss of my money, upon the gaining people. This ill fortune makes most men contemplative and given to reading; at least it has happened so to me; and the rise and fall of the family of sharpers in all ages has been my contemplation.'

I find, all times have had of this people: Homer, in his excellent heroic poem, calls them Myrmidons, who were a body that kept among themselves, and had nothing to lose; therefore never spared either Greek or Trojan, when they fell in their way, upon a party. But there is a memorable verse, which gives us an account of what broke that whole body, and made both Greeks and Trojans masters of the secret of their warfare and plunder. There is nothing so pedantic as many quotations;

therefore I shall inform you only that in this battalion there were two officers called Thersites and Pandarus: they were both less renowned for their beauty than their wit; but each had this particular happiness, that they were plunged over head and ears in the same water which made Achilles invulnerable: and had ever after certain gifts which the rest of the world were never to enjoy. Among others, they were never to know they were the most dreadful to the sight of all mortals, never to be diffident of their own abilities, never to blush, or ever to be wounded but by each other. Though some historians say, gaming began among the Lydians to divert hunger, I could cite many authorities to prove it had its rise at the siege of Troy: and that Ulysses won the sevenfold shield at hazard. But be that as it may, the ruin of the corps of the Myrmidons proceeded from a breach between Thersites and Pandarus. The first of these was leader of a squadron, wherein the latter was but a private man; but having all the good qualities necessary for a partisan, he was the favourite of his officer. But the whole history of the several changes in the order of sharpers, from those Myrmidons to our modern men of address and plunder, will require that we consult some ancient manuscripts. As we make these inquiries, we shall diurnally communicate them to the public, that the Knights of the Industry may be better understood by the good people of England. These sort of men, in some ages, were sycophants and flatterers only, and were endued with arts of life to capacitate them for the conversation of the rich and great; but now the bubble courts the impostor, and pretends at the utmost to be but his equal. To clear up the reasons and causes in such revolutions, and the different

conduct between fools and cheats, shall be one of our labours for the good of this kingdom. How therefore, pimps, footmen, fiddlers, and lackeys, are elevated into companions in this present age, shall be accounted for from the influence of the planet Mercury on this island; the ascendency of which sharper over Sol, who is a patron of the Muses and all honest professions, has been noted by the learned Job Gadbury*, to be the cause, that 'cunning and trick are more esteemed than art and science.' It must be allowed also, to the memory of Mr. Partridge, late of Cecil-street in the Strand, that in his answer to an horary question, At what hour of the night to set a fox-trap in June 1705? he has largely discussed, under the character of Reynard, the manner of surprising all sharpers as well as him. But of these great points, after more mature deliberation.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 17.

"TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

"SIR,

"We have nothing at present new, but that we understand by some owlers†, old people die in France. Letters from Paris, of the tenth instant, N.S. say, that Monsieur d'Andre, Marquis d'Oraison, died at eighty-five: Monsieur Brumars, at one hundred and two years, died for love of his wife, who was ninety-two at her death, after seventy years cohabitation. Nicholas de Boutheiller, parish-preacher of Sasseville, being a bachelor, held out to

* Gadbury was an almanack-maker and astrologer.

† Owler signifies one who carries contraband goods; the word is perhaps derived from the necessity of carrying on an illicit trade by night.

one hundred and sixteen. Dame Claud de Massy, relict of Monsieur Peter de Monceaux, Grand Audiencer of France, died on the seventh, aged one hundred and seven. Letters of the seventeenth say, Monsieur Chrestian de Lamoignon died on the seventh instant, a person of great piety and virtue; but having died young, his age is concealed for reasons of state. On the fifteenth, his Most Christian Majesty, attended by the Dauphin, the duke of Burgundy, the duke and duchess of Berry, assisted at the procession which he yearly performs in memory of a vow made by Lewis the Thirteenth, in 1638. For which act of piety his majesty received absolution of his confessor, for the breach of all inconvenient vows made by himself. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"HUMPHREY KIDNEY."

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUGUST 17.

I am to acknowledge several letters which I have lately received; among others, one subcribed Philanthropos, another Emilia, both which shall be honoured. I have a third from an officer in the army, wherein he desires I would do justice to the many gallant actions which have been done by men of private characters, or officers of lower stations, during this long war; that their families may have the pleasure of seeing we lived in an age, wherein men of all orders had their proper share in fame and glory. There is nothing I should undertake with greater pleasure than matters of this kind; if therefore they, who are acquainted with such facts, would please to communicate them, by letter directed to me at Mr. Morphew's, no pains should be spared to put them in a proper and distinguishing light.

*** This is to admonish Stentor, that it was not admiration of his voice, but my publication of it, which has lately increased the number of his hearers.

No. 57. SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*—
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 19.

I WAS this evening representing a complaint sent me out of the country from Emilia. She says, her neighbours there have so little sense of what a refined lady of the town is, that she, who was a celebrated wit in London, is in that dull part of the world in so little esteem, that they call her in their base style a tongue-pad. Old Truepenny bid me advise her to keep her wit till she comes to town again, and admonish her, that both wit and breeding are local; for a fine court-lady is as awkward among country housewives, as one of them would appear in a drawing-room. It is therefore the most useful knowledge one can attain at, to understand among what sort of men we make the best figure; for if there be a place where the beauteous and accomplished Emilia is unacceptable, it is cer-

tainly a vain endeavour to attempt pleasing in all conversations. Here is Will Ubi, who is so thirsty after the reputation of a companion, that his company is for any body that will accept of it; and for want of knowing whom to choose for himself, is never chosen by others. There is a certain chastity of behaviour which makes a man desirable; and which if he transgresses, his wit will have the same fate with Delia's beauty, which no one regards, because all know it is within their power. The best course Emilia can take is, to have less humility; for if she could have as good an opinion of herself for having every quality, as some of her neighbours have of themselves with one, she would inspire even them with a sense of her merit, and make that carriage, which is now the subject of their derision, the sole object of their imitation. Till she has arrived at this value of herself, she must be contented with the fate of that uncommon creature, a woman too humble.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUGUST 19.

Since my last, I have received a letter from Tom Trump, to desire that I would do the fraternity of gamesters the justice to own, that there are notorious sharpers, who are not of their class. Among others he presented me with the picture of Harry Coppersmith, in little, who, he says, is at this day worth half a plum *, by means much more indirect than by false dice. I must confess, there appeared some reason in what he asserted; and he met me since and accosted me in the following manner:

'It is wonderful to me, Mr. Bickerstaff, that you can pretend to be a man of penetration, and fall upon us Knights of the Industry as the wickedest

* A plum is a term in the city for 100,000*l*.

of mortals, when there are so many who live in the constant practice of baser methods unobserved. You cannot, though you know the story of myself and the North Briton, but allow I am an honester man than Will Coppersmith, for all his great credit among the Lombards. I get my money by men's follies, and he gets his by their distresses. The declining merchant communicates his griefs to him and he augments them by extortion. If, therefore, regard is to be had to the merit of the persons we injure, who is the more blameable, he that oppresses an unhappy man, or he that cheats a foolish one? All mankind are indifferently liable to adverse strokes of fortune; and he who adds to them, when he might relieve them, is certainly a worse subject, than he who unburdens a man whose prosperity is unwieldy to him. Besides all which, he that borrows of Coppersmith does it out of necessity; he that plays with me does it out of choice.'

I allowed Trump there are men as bad as himself, which is the height of his pretensions: and must confess that Coppersmith is the most wicked and impudent of all sharpers: a creature that cheats with credit, and is a robber in the habit of a friend. The contemplation of this worthy person made me reflect on the wonderful successes I have observed men of the meanest capacities meet with in the world, and recollect an observation I once heard a sage man make; which was, 'That he had observed that, in some professions, the lower the understanding, the greater the capacity.' I remember he instanced that of a banker, and said, that 'the fewer appetites, passions, and ideas a man had, he was the better for his business.'

There is little Sir Tristram, without connexion in his speech, or so much as common sense, has

arrived by his own natural parts at one of the greatest estates among us. But honest Sir Tristram knows himself to be but a repository for cash; he is just such an utensil as his iron chest, and may rather be said to hold money, than possess it. There is nothing so pleasant as to be in the conversation of these wealthy proficients. I had lately the honour to drink half a pint with Sir Tristram, Harry Coppersmith, and Giles Twoshoes. These wags give one another credit in discourse, according to their purses; they jest by the pound, and make answers as they honour bills. Without vanity, I thought myself the prettiest fellow of the company; but I had no manner of power over one muscle in their faces, though they smirked at every word spoken by each other. Sir Tristram called for a pipe of tobacco; and telling us 'tobacco was a pot-herb,' bid the drawer bring him the other half pint. Two-shoes laughed at the knight's wit, without moderation; I took the liberty to say, 'it was but a pun.' 'A pun!' says Coppersmith; 'you would be a better man by ten thousand pounds, if you could pun like Sir Tristram.' With that they all burst out together. The queer curs maintained this style of dialogue till we had drunk our quarts a-piece by half-pints. All I could bring away with me is that Twoshoes is not worth twenty thousand pounds; for his mirth, though he was as insipid as either of the others, had no more effect upon the company than if he had been a bankrupt.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUGUST 19.

I have heard, it has been advised by a diocesan to his inferior clergy, that, instead of broaching opinions of their own, and uttering doctrines which may lead themselves and hearers into errors, they would read some of the most celebrated sermons,

printed by others for the instruction of their congregations. In imitation of such preachers at second-hand, I shall transcribe from Bruyere one of the the most elegant pieces of raillery and satire which I have ever read. He describes the French as if speaking of a people not yet discovered, in the air and style of a traveller.

'I have heard talk of a country, where the old men are gallant, polite, and civil: the young men, on the contrary, stubborn, wild, without either manners or civility. They are free from passion for women at the age when, in other countries, they begin to feel it, and prefer beasts, victuals, and ridiculous amours before them. Amongst these people, he is sober who is never drunk with any thing but wine; the too frequent use of it has rendered it flat and insipid to them: they endeavour by brandy, or other strong liquors, to quicken their taste, already extinguished, and want nothing to complete their debauches, but to drink aqua-fortis. The women of that country hasten the decay of their beauty, by their artifices to preserve it: they paint their cheeks, eye-brows, and shoulders, which they lay open, together with their breasts, arms, and ears, as if they were afraid to hide those places which they think will please, and never think they show enough of them. The physiognomies of the people of that country are not at all neat, but confused and embarrassed with a bundle of strange hair, which they prefer before their natural: with this they weave something to cover their heads, which descends down half way their bodies, hides their features, and hinders you from knowing men by their faces. This nation has, besides this, their God and their king. The grandees go every day, at a certain hour, to a temple they call a church: at the upper end of that temple there stands an altar consecrated to their

God, where the priest celebrates some mysteries, which they call holy, sacred, and tremendous. The great men make a vast circle at the foot of the altar, standing with their backs to the priests and the holy mysteries, and their faces erected towards their king, who is seen on his knees upon a throne, and to whom they seem to direct the desires of their hearts, and all their devotion. However, in this custom there is to be remarked a sort of subordination; for the people appear adoring their prince, and their prince adoring God. The inhabitants of this region call it ——it is from forty-eight degrees of latitude, and more than eleven hundred leagues, by sea, from the Iroquois and Hurons.'

Letters from Hampstead say, there is a coxcomb arrived there, of a kind which is utterly new. The fellow has courage, which he takes himself to be obliged to give proofs of every hour he lives. He is ever fighting with the men, and contradicting the women. A lady, who sent him to me, superscribed him with this description out of Suckling:

'I am a man of war and might,
And know thus much, that I can fight,
Whether I am i' th' wrong or right,
Devoutly.

No woman under heaven I fear,
New oaths I can exactly swear;
And forty healths my brains will bear,
Most stoutly.'

No. 58. TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.
POPE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUGUST 22.

Poor Cynthio, who does me the honour to talk to me now and then very freely of his most secret thoughts, and tells me his most private frailties, owned to me, that though he is in his very prime of life, love had killed all his desires, and he was now as much to be trusted with a fine lady, as if he were eighty. 'That one passion for Clarissa has taken up,' said he, 'my whole soul; and all my idle flames are extinguished, as you may observe ordinary fires are often put out by the sunshine.'

This was a declaration not to be made but upon the highest opinion of a man's sincerity; yet as much a subject of raillery as such a speech would be, it is certain, that chastity is a nobler quality, and as much to be valued in men as in women. The mighty Scipio, 'who,' as Bluffe says in the comedy, 'was a pretty fellow in his time,' was of this mind, and is celebrated for it by an author of good sense. When he lived, wit, and humour, and raillery, and public success, were at as high a pitch at home, as at present in England; yet, I be-

lieve, there was no man in those days thought that general at all ridiculous in his behaviour in the following account of him.

Scipio, at four-and-twenty years of age, had obtained a great victory; and a multitude of prisoners, of each sex, and all conditions, fell into his possession: among others, an agreeable virgin, in her early bloom and beauty. He had too sensible a spirit to see the most lovely of all objects without being moved with passion: besides which, there was no obligation of honour or virtue to restrain his desires towards one who was his by the fortune of war. But a noble indignation, and a sudden sorrow, which appeared in her countenance, when the conqueror cast his eyes upon her, raised his curiosity to know her story. He was informed, that she was a lady of the highest condition in that country, and contracted to Indibilis, a man of merit and quality. The generous Roman soon placed himself in the condition of that unhappy man, who was to lose so charming a bride; and though a youth, a bachelor, a lover, and a conqueror, immediately resolved to resign all the invitations of his passion, and the rights of his power, to restore her to her destined husband. With this purpose he commanded her parents and relations, as well as her husband, to attend him at an appointed time. When they met, and were waiting for the general, my author frames to himself the different concern of an unhappy father, a despairing lover, and a tender mother, in the several persons who were so related to the captive. But, for fear of injuring the delicate circumstances with an old translation, I shall proceed to tell you that Scipio appears to them, and leads in his prisoner into their presence. The Romans, as noble as they were, seemed to allow themselves a little too much triumph over the conquered; these-

fore, as Scipio approached, they all threw themselves on their knees, except the lover of the lady: but Scipio, observing in him a manly sullenness, was the more inclined to favour him, and spoke to him in these words:

'It is not the manner of the Romans to use all the power they justly may: we fight not to ravage countries, or break though the ties of humanity. I am acquainted with your worth, and your interest in this lady: fortune has made me your master; but I desire to be your friend. This is your wife, take her, and may the gods bless you with her! but far be it from Scipio to purchase a loose and momentary pleasure at the rate of making an honest man unhappy.

'Indibilis's heart was too full to make him any answer; but he threw himself at the feet of the general, and wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the same posture, and they both remained so till the father burst into the following words: 'O divine Scipio! the gods have given you more than human virtue. O glorious leader! O wondrous youth! does not that obliged virgin give you, while she prays to the gods for your prosperity, and thinks you sent down from them, raptures, above all the transports which you could have reaped from the possession of her injured person?' The temperate Scipio answered him without much emotion, and, saying, 'Father, be a friend to Rome,' retired. An immense sum was offered as her ransom; but he sent it to her husband, and, smiling, said, 'This is a trifle after what I have given him already; but let Indibilis know, that chastity at my age is a much more difficult virtue to practise, than generosity.'

I observed Cynthio was very much taken with my narrative; but told me, 'this was a virtue that would bear but a very inconsiderable figure in our

days. However, I took the liberty to say that 'we ought not to lose our ideas of things, though we had debauched our true relish in our practice, for, after we have done laughing, solid virtue will keep its place in men's opinions: and though custom made it not so scandalous as it ought to be, to ensnare innocent women, and triumph in the falsehood; such actions, as we have here related, must be accounted true gallantry, and rise the higher in our esteem, the further they are removed from our imitation.'

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 22.

A man would be apt to think, in this laughing town, that it were impossible a thing so exploded as speaking hard words should be practised by any one that had ever seen good company; but, as if there were a standard in our minds as well as bodies, you see very many just where they were twenty years ago, and more they cannot, will not arrive at. Were it not thus, the noble Martius would not be the only man in England whom nobody can understand, though he talks more than any man else.

Will Dactyle the epigrammatist, Jack Comma the grammarian, Nick Cross-grain who writes anagrams, and myself, made a pretty company at a corner of this room, and entered very peaceably upon a subject fit enough for us, which was, the examination of the force of the particle For, when Martius joined us. He, being well known to us all, asked 'what we were upon? for he had a mind to consummate the happiness of the day, which had been spent among the stars of the first magnitude, among the men of letters; and therefore to put a period to it as he had commenced it, he should be glad to be allowed to participate of the pleasure of our society.' I told him the subject.

'Faith, gentlemen,' said Martius, 'your subject is humble: and if you will give me leave to elevate the conversation, I should humbly offer, that you would enlarge your inquiries to the word For-as-much; for though I take it, said he, 'to be but one word, yet the particle Much implying quantity, the particle As similitude, it will be greater, and more like ourselves, to treat of For-as-much.' Jack Comma is always serious, and answered, 'Martius, I must take the liberty to say, that you have fallen into all this error and profuse manner of speech by a certain hurry in your imagination, for want of being more exact in the knowledge of the parts of speech; and it is so with all men who have not well studied the particle For. You have spoken For without making any inference, which is the great use of that particle. There is no manner of force in your observation of quantity and similitude in the syllables As and Much. But it is ever the fault of men of great wit to be incorrect; which evil they run into by an indiscreet use of the word For. Consider all the books of controversy which have been written, and I will engage you will observe, that all the debate lies in this point, Whether they brought in For in a just manner; or forced it in for their own use, rather than as understanding the use of the word itself? There is nothing like familiar instances: you have heard the story of the Irishman who reading, "Money for live hair," took a lodging, and expected to be paid for living at that house. If this man had known, For was in that place of a quite different signification from the particle To, he could not have fallen into the mistake of taking *Live* for what the Latins call *Vivere*, or rather *Habitare*.'

Martius seemed at a loss; and, admiring his profound learning, wished he had been bred a scholar,

for he did not take the scope of his discourse. This wise debate, of which we had much more, made me reflect upon the difference of their capacities, and wonder that there could be as it were a diversity in men's genius for nonsense; that one should bluster, while another crept, in absurdities. Martius moves like a blind man, lifting his legs higher than the ordinary way of stepping; and Comma, like one who is only short-sighted, picking his way when he should be marching on. Want of learning makes Martius a brisk entertaining fool, and gives himself a full scope; but that which Comma has, and calls learning, makes him diffident, and curb his natural misunderstanding, to the great loss of the men of raillery. This conversation confirmed me in the opinion, that learning usually does but improve in us what nature endowed us with. He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 22.

We have undoubted intelligence of the defeat of the king of Sweden; and that prince, who for some years had hovered like an approaching tempest, and was looked up at by all the nations of Europe, which seemed to expect their fate according to the course he should take, is now, in all probability, an unhappy exile, without the common necessaries of life. His Czarish Majesty treats his prisoners with great gallantry and distinction. Count Rhensfeildt has had particular marks of his majesty's esteem, for his merit and services to his master; but Count Piper, whom his majesty believes author of the most violent counsels into which his prince entered, is disarmed, and entertained accordingly. That de-

cisive battle was ended at nine in the morning; and all the Swedish generals dined with the Czar that very day, and received assurances, that they should find Muscovy was not unacquainted with the laws of honour and humanity.

No. 59. THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—
—nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. POPE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUGUST 24.

Æsop has gained to himself an immortal renown for figuring the manners, desires, passions, and interests of men, by fables of beasts and birds. I shall, in my future accounts of our modern heroes and wits, vulgarly called sharpers, imitate the method of that delightful moralist; and think I cannot represent those worthies more naturally than under the shadow of a pack of dogs; for this set of men are, like them, made up of finders, lurchers, and setters. Some search for the prey, others pursue, others take it, and if it be worth it, they all come in at the death, and worry the carcass. It would require a most exact knowledge of the field and the harbours where the deer lie, to recount all the revolutions in the chase.

But I am diverted from the train of my discourse of the fraternity about this town, by letters from Hampstead, which give me an account, there is a late institution there, under the name of a raffling-shop, which is, it seems, secretly supported by a person who is a deep practitioner in the law, and out of tenderness of conscience has, under the name of his maid Sisly, set up this easier way of conveyancing and alienating estates from one family to another. He is so far from having an intelligence with the rest of the fraternity, that all the humbler cheats, who appear there, are faced by the partners in the bank, and driven off by the reflection of superior brass. This notice is given to all the silly faces that pass that way, that they may not be decoyed in by the soft allurement of a fine lady, who is the sign to the pageantry. And at the same time Signior Hawksly, who is the patron of the household, is desired to leave off this interloping trade, or admit, as he ought to do, the Knights of the Industry to their share in the spoil. But this little matter is only by way of digression. Therefore to return to our worthies.

The present race of terriers and hounds would starve, were it not for the enchanted Actæon, who has kept the whole pack for many successions of hunting seasons. Actæon has long tracts of rich soil; but had the misfortune in his youth to fall under the power of sorcery, and has been ever since, some parts of the year, a deer, and in some parts a man. While he is a man, such is the force of magic, he no sooner grows to such a bulk and fatness, but he is again turned into a deer, and hunted till he is lean; upon which he returns to his human shape. Many arts have been tried, and many resolutions taken by Actæon himself, to follow such methods

as would break the enchantment; but all have hitherto proved ineffectual. I have therefore, by midnight watchings and much care, found out, that there is no way to save him from the jaws of his hounds, but to destroy the pack, which, by astrological prescience, I find I am destined to perform. For which end I have sent out my familiar, to bring me a list of all the places where they are harboured, that I may know where to sound my horn, and bring them together, and take an account of their haunts and their marks, against another opportunity.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 24.

The author of the ensuing letter, by his name, and the quotations he makes from the ancients, seems a sort of spy from the old world, whom we moderns ought to be careful of offending; therefore I must be free, and own it a fair hit where he takes me, rather than disoblige him.

"SIR,

"Having a peculiar humour of desiring to be somewhat the better or wiser for what I read, I am always uneasy when, in any profound writer, for I read no others, I happen to meet with what I cannot understand. When this falls out, it is a great grievance to me that I am not able to consult the author himself about his meaning, for commentators are a sect that have little share in my esteem: your elaborate writings have, among many others, this advantage; that their author is still alive, and ready, as his extensive charity makes us expect, to explain whatever may be found in them too sublime for vulgar understandings. This, sir, makes me presume to ask you, how the Hampstead hero's character could be perfectly new when the last letters came away, and yet Sir John Suckling so well

acquainted with it sixty years ago? I hope, Sir, you will not take this amiss: I can assure you, I have a profound respect for you, which makes me write this with the same disposition with which Longinus bids us read Homer and Plato. When in reading, says he, any of those celebrated authors, we meet with a passage to which we cannot well reconcile our reasons, we ought firmly to believe, that were those great wits present to answer for themselves, we should to our wonder be convinced, that we only are guilty of the mistakes we before attributed to them. If you think fit to remove the scruple that now torments me, it will be an encouragement to me to settle a frequent correspondence with you; several things falling in my way which would not, perhaps, be altogether foreign to your purpose, and whereon your thoughts would be very acceptable to your most humble servant,

OBADIAH GREENHAT."

I own this is clean, and Mr. Greenhat has convinced me that I have writ nonsense, yet am I not at all offended at him.

Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 11.

'I own th' indulgence——Such I give and take.'

FRANCIS.

This is the true art of raillery, when a man turns another into ridicule, and shows at the same time he is in good humour, and not urged on by malice against the person he rallies. Obadiah Greenhat has hit this very well: for to make an apology to Isaac Bickerstaff, an unknown student and horary historian, as well as astrologer, and with a grave face to say, he speaks of him by the same rules with which he would treat Homer or Plato, is to

place him in company where he cannot expect to make a figure; and makes him flatter himself, that it is only being named with them which renders him most ridiculous.

I have not known, and I am now passed my grand climacteric, being sixty-four years of age, according to my way of life; or rather, if you will allow punning in an old gentleman, according to my way of *pastime:* I say, as old as I am, I have not been acquainted with many of the Greenhats. There is, indeed, one Zedekiah Greenhat, who is lucky also in his way. He has a very agreeable manner; for when he has a mind thoroughly to correct a man, he never takes from him any thing, but he allows him something for it; or else he blames him for things wherein he is not defective, as well as for matters wherein he is. This makes a weak man believe he is in jest in the whole. The other day he told Beau Prim, who is thought impotent, 'that his mistress had declared she would not have him, because he was a sloven, and had committed a rape.' The beau bit at the banter, and said very gravely, 'he thought to be clean was as much as was necessary; and that as to the rape, he wondered by what witchcraft that should come to her ears; but it had indeed cost him a hundred pounds to hush the affair.'

The Greenhats are a family with small voices and short arms, therefore they have power with none but their friends: they never call after those who run away from them, or pretend to take hold of you if you resist. But it has been remarkable that all who have shunned their company, or not listened to them, have fallen into the hands of such as have knocked out their brains, or broken their bones. I have looked over our pedigree upon the receipt of this epistle, and find the Greenhats are a-kin to the

Staffs. They descend from Maudlin, the left-handed wife of Nehemiah Bickerstaff, in the reign of Harry the Second. And it is remarkable, that they are all left-handed, and have always been very expert at single rapier. A man must be very much used to their play to know how to defend himself, for their posture is so different from that of the right-handed, that you run upon their swords if you push forward: and they are in with you, if you offer to fall back without keeping your guard.

There have been also letters lately sent to me which relate to other people: among the rest, some, whom I have heretofore declared to be so, are deceased. I must not therefore break through rules so far, as to speak ill of the dead. This maxim extends to all but the late Partridge, who still denies his death. I am informed indeed, by several, that he walks; but I shall, with all convenient speed, lay him.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 24.

We hear from Tournay, that, on the night between the twenty-second and twenty-third, they went on with their works in the enemy's mines, and levelled the earth which was taken out of them. The next day, at eight in the morning, when the French observed we were relieving our trenches, they sprung a larger mine than any they had fired during the siege, which killed only four private centinels. The ensuing night we had three men and two officers killed, as also seven men wounded. Between the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth, we repaired some works which the enemy had ruined. On the next day some of the enemy's magazines blew up; and it is thought they were destroyed on purpose by some of their men, who were impatient of the hardships of the present service. There happened

nothing remarkable for two or three days following. A deserter who came out of the citadel on the twenty-seventh, says, the garrison is brought to the utmost necessity; that their bread and water are both very bad: and that they were reduced to eat horse-flesh. The manner of fighting in this siege has discovered a gallantry in our men unknown to former ages; their meeting with adverse parties under ground, where every step is taken with apprehensions of being blown up with mines below them, or crushed by the fall of the earth above them, and all this acted in darkness, has something in it more terrible than ever is met with in any other part of a soldier's duty. However, this is performed with great cheerfulness. In other parts of the war we have also good prospects: Count Thaun has taken Annecy, and the Count de Merci marched into Franche Compté, while his Electoral Highness is much superior in number to Monsieur d'Harcourt; so that both on the side of Savoy and Germany, we have reason to expect very suddenly some great

No. 60. SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. POPE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUGUST 26.

To proceed regularly in the history of my worthies, I ought to give you an account of what has passed from day to day in this place; but a young fellow of my acquaintance has so lately been rescued out of the hands of the Knights of the Industry, that I rather chuse to relate the manner of his escape from them, and the uncommon way which was used to reclaim him, than to go on in my intended diary.

You are to know then, that Tom Wildair is a student of the Inner Temple, and has spent his time since he left the university for that place, in the common diversions of men of fashion; that is to say, in whoring, drinking, and gaming. The two former vices he had from his father; but was led into the last by the conversation of a partisan of the Myrmidons who had chambers near him. His allowance from his father was a very plentiful one for a man of sense, but as scanty for a modern fine gentleman. His frequent losses had reduced him to so necessitous a condition, that his lodgings were always haunted by impatient creditors, and all his thoughts employed in contriving low methods to support himself in a way of life from which he

knew not how to retreat, and in which he wanted means to proceed. There is never wanting some good-natured person to send a man an account of what he has no mind to hear; therefore many epistles were conveyed to the father of this extravagant, to inform him of the company, the pleasures, the distresses, and entertainments, in which his son passed his time. The old fellow received these advices with all the pain of a parent, but frequently consulted his pillow, to know how to behave himself on such important occasions, as the welfare of his son, and the safety of his fortune. After many agitations of mind, he reflected, that necessity was the usual snare which made men fall into meanness, and that a liberal fortune generally made a liberal and honest mind; he resolved therefore to save him from his ruin, by giving him opportunities of tasting what it is to be at ease, and enclosed to him the following order upon Sir Tristram Cash.

"SIR,

"Pray pay to Mr. Thomas Wildair, or order, the sum of one thousand pounds, and place it to the account of yours,

HUMPHRY WILDAIR."

Tom was so astonished at the receipt of this order, that though he knew it to be his father's hand, and that he had always large sums at Sir Tristram's; yet a thousand pounds was a trust of which his conduct had always made him appear so little capable, that he kept his note by him, till he writ to his father the following letter:

"HONOURED FATHER,

"I have received an order under your hand for a thousand pounds, in words at length, and I think

I could swear it is your hand. I have looked it over and over twenty thousand times. There is in plain letters, T,h,o,u,s,a,n,d; and after it, the letters P,o,u,n,d,s. I have it still by me, and shall, I believe, continue reading it till I hear from you."

The old gentleman took no manner of notice of the receipt of his letter; but sent him another order for three thousand pounds more. His amazement on this second letter was unspeakable. He immediately double-locked his door, and sat down carefully to reading and comparing both his orders. After he had read them till he was half mad, he walked six or seven turns in his chamber, then opens his door, then locks it again; and to examine thoroughly this matter, he locks his door again, puts his table and chairs against it; then goes into his closet, and, locking himself in, read his notes over again about nineteen times, which did but increase his astonishment. Soon after, he began to recollect many stories he had formerly heard of persons, who had been possessed with imaginations and appearances which had no foundation in nature, but had been taken with sudden madness in the midst of a seeming clear and untainted reason. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his wits; and, with a design to compose himself, he immediately betakes him to his night-cap, with a resolution to sleep himself into his former poverty and senses. To bed therefore he goes at noon-day; but soon rose again, and resolved to visit Sir Tristram upon this occasion. He did so, and dined with the knight, expecting he would mention some advice from his father about paying him money; but no such thing being said, 'Look you, Sir Tristram,' said he, 'you are to know that an affair has happened, which—'Look you,' says Tristram, 'I know Mr. Wildair, you are going to desire me

to advance; but the late call of the bank, where I have not yet made my last payment, has obliged me'— Tom interrupted him, by showing him the bill of a thousand pounds. When he had looked at it for a convenient time, and as often surveyed Tom's looks and countenance; 'Look you, Mr. Wildair, a thousand pounds'— Before he could proceed, he shows him the order for three thousand more—Sir Tristram examined the orders at the light, and finding at the writing the name, there was a certain stroke in one letter which the father and he had agreed should be to such directions as he desired might be more immediately honoured, he forthwith pays the money. The possession of four thousand pounds gave my young gentleman a new train of thoughts: he began to reflect upon his birth, the great expectations he was born to, and the unsuitable ways he had long pursued. Instead of that unthinking creature he was before, he is now provident, generous, and discreet. The father and son have an exact and regular correspondence, with mutual and unreserved confidence in each other. The son looks upon his father as the best tenant he could have in the country, and the father finds the son the most safe banker he could have in the city.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 26.

There is not any thing in nature so extravagant, but that you will find one man or other that shall practise or maintain it; otherwise Harry Spondee could not have made so long an harangue as he did here this evening, concerning the force and efficacy of well-applied nonsense. Among ladies, he positively averred, it was the most prevailing part of eloquence: and had so little complaisance as to say, 'a woman is never taken by her reason, but always by her passion.' He proceeded to assert,

'the way to move that, was only to astonish her. I know,' continued he, 'a very late instance of this; for being, by accident, in the next room to Strephon, I could not help over-hearing him, as he made love to a certain great lady's woman. The true method, in your application to one of this second rank of understanding, is not to elevate and surprise, but rather to elevate and amaze. Strephon is a perfect master in this kind of persuasion: his way is to run over, with a soft air, a multitude of words, without meaning or connexion: but such as do each of them apart give a pleasing idea, though they have nothing to do with each other as he assembles them. After the common phrases of salutation, and making his entry into the room, I perceived he had taken the fair nymph's hand, and kissing it said, 'Witness to my happines, ye groves! be still, ye rivulets! Oh! woods, caves, fountains, trees, dales, mountains, hills, and streams! Oh! fairest! could you love me?' To which I overheard her answer, with a very pretty lisp, 'Oh! Strephon you are a dangerous creature: why do you talk these tender things to me? but you men of wit'— 'Is it then possible,' said the enamoured Strephon, 'that she regards my sorrows! Oh! pity, thou balmy cure to a heart overloaded! if rapture, solicitation, soft desire, and pleasing anxiety—But still I live in the most afflicting of all circumstances, doubt — Cannot my charmer name the place and moment?

"There all those joys insatiably to prove,
With which rich beauty feeds the glutton love."

•

'Forgive me, madam; it is not that my heart is weary of its chain, but'— This incoherent stuff was answered by a tender sigh. 'Why do you put

your wit to a weak woman?' Strephon saw he had made some progress in her heart, and pursued it, by saying that, 'He would certainly wait upon her at such an hour near Rosamond's pond; and then—the sylvan deities, and rural powers of the place, sacred and inviolable to love, love the mover of all noble arts, should hear his vows repeated by the streams and echoes.' The assignation was accordingly made. This style he calls the unintelligible method of speaking his mind: and I will engage, had this gallant spoken plain English, she had never understood him half so readily: for we may take it for granted, that he will be esteemed as a very cold lover, who discovers to his mistress that he is in his senses.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUGUST 26.

The following letter came to my hand, with a request to have the subject recommended to our readers, particularly the smart fellows; who are desired to repair to Major Touch-hole, who can help them to firelocks that are only fit for exercise.

'Just ready for the press,

'Mars Triumphant; or London's Glory: being the whole art of encampment, with the method of embattling armies, marching them off, posting the officers, forming hollow squares, and the various ways of paying the salute with the half pike; as it was performed by the trained-bands of London this year, one thousand seven hundred and nine, in that nursery of Bellona the Artillery-ground. Wherein you have a new method how to form a strong line of foot, with large intervals between each platoon, very useful to prevent the breaking-in of horse. A civil way of performing the military cere-

mony; wherein the major alights from his horse, and at the head of his company salutes the lieutenant-colonel; and the lieutenant-colonel, to return the compliment, courteously dismounts, and after the same manner salutes his major; exactly as it was performed, with abundance of applause, on the fifth of July last. Likewise an account of a new invention, made use of in the red regiment, to quell mutineering captains; with several other things alike useful for the public. To which is added, an appendix by major Touch-hole; proving the method of discipline now used in our armies to be very defective: with an essay towards an amendment. Dedicated to the lieutenant-colonel of the first regiment.

*** Mr. Bickerstaff has now in the press, 'A defence of awkward fellows against the class of the smarts; with a dissertation upon the gravity which becomes weighty persons. Illustrated by way of fable, and a discourse on the nature of the elephant, the cow, the dray-horse, and the dromedary, which have motions equally steady and grave. To this is added a treatise written by an elephant, according to Pliny, against receiving foreigners into the forest. Adapted to some present circumstances. Together with allusions to such beasts as declare against the poor Palatines.'

GOVERNMENT HOME DEPT LIBRARY

No. 61. TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. POPE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUGUST 29.

AMONG many phrases which have crept into conversation, especially of such company as frequent this place, there is not one which misleads me more, than that of 'a Fellow of a great deal of fire.' This metaphorical term, Fire, has done much good in keeping coxcombs in awe of one another; but at the same time it has made them troublesome to every body else. You see, in the very air of 'a Fellow of Fire,' something so expressive of what he would be at, that if it were not for self-preservation, a man would laugh out.

I had last night the fate to drink a bottle with two of these Firemen, who are indeed dispersed, like the Myrmidons, in all quarters, and to be met with among those of the most different education. One of my companions was a scholar with Fire, and the other a soldier of the same complexion. My learned man would fall into disputes, and argue without any manner of provocation or contradiction; the other was decisive without words, and would give a shrug or an oath to express his opinion. My learned man was a mere scholar, and my man of war as mere a soldier. The particularity of the

first was ridiculous, that of the second terrible. They were relations by blood, which in some measure moderated their extravagances towards each other: I gave myself up merely as a person of no note in the company, but as if brought to be convinced that I was an inconsiderable thing, any otherwise than that they would show each other to me, and make me spectator of the triumph they alternately enjoyed. The scholar has been very conversant with books, and the other with men, only; which makes them both superficial: for the taste of books is necessary to our behaviour in the best company, and the knowledge of men is required for a true relish of books: but they have both Fire, which makes one pass for a man of sense, and the other for a fine gentleman. I found, I could easily enough pass my time with the scholar: for if I seemed not to do justice to his parts and sentiments, he pitied me and let me alone. But the warrior could not let it rest there; I must know all that happened within his shallow observations of the nature of the war: to all which he added an air of laziness, and contempt of those of his companions who were eminent for delighting in the exercise and knowledge of their duty. Thus it is, that all the young fellows of much animal life, and little understanding, who repair to our armies, usurp upon the conversation of reasonable men, under the notion of having Fire.

The word has not been of greater use to shallow lovers, to supply them with chat to their mistresses, than it has been to pretended men of pleasure, to support them in being pert and dull, and saying of every fool of their order, 'Such a one has Fire.' There is colonel Truncheon, who marches with divisions ready on all occasions; a hero who never doubted in his life, but is ever positively fixed in

the wrong, not out of obstinate opinion, but invincible stupidity.

It is very unhappy for this latitude of London, that it is possible for such as can learn only fashion, habit, and a set of common phrases of salutation, to pass with no other accomplishments, in this nation of freedom, for men of conversation and sense. All these ought to pretend to is, not to offend; but they carry it so far as to be negligent whether they offend or not; 'for they have Fire.' But their force differs from true spirit, as much as a vicious from a mettlesome horse. A man of Fire is a general enemy to all the waiters where you drink; is the only man affronted at the company's being neglected; and makes the drawers abroad, his *valet de chambre* and footman at home, know he is not to be provoked without danger.

This is not the Fire that animates the noble Marinus, a youth of good nature, affability, and moderation. He commands his ship as an intelligence moves its orb: he is the vital life, and his officers the limbs of the machine. His vicacity is seen in doing all the offices of life with readiness of spirit, and propriety in the manner of doing them. To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing character of a man of merit; while the common behaviour of every gay coxcomb of Fire is, to be confidently in the wrong, and dare to persist in it.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 29.

It is a common objection against writings of a satirical mixture, that they hurt men in their reputations, and consequently in their fortunes and possessions; but a gentleman who frequents this room declared he was of opinion it ought to be so, provided such performances had their proper restrictions. The greatest evils in human society are

such as no law can come at; as in the case of ingratitude, where the manner of obliging very often leaves the benefactor without means of demanding justice, though that very circumstance should be the more binding to the person who has received the benefit. On such an occasion, shall it be possible for the malefactor to escape? and is it not lawful to set marks upon persons who live within the law, and do base things? shall not we use the same protection of those laws to punish them, which they have to defend themselves? We shall therefore take it for a very moral action to find a good appellation for offenders, and to turn them into ridicule under feigned names.

I am advertised by a letter of August 25, that the name of Coppersmith has very much wanted explanation in the city, and by that means is unjustly given, by those who are conscious they deserve it themselves, to an honest and worthy citizen belonging to the Copper Office; but that word is framed out of a moral consideration of wealth amongst men, whereby he that has gotten any part of it by injustice and extortion, is to be thought in the eye of virtuous men so much the poorer for such gain. Thus, all the gold which is torn from our neighbours, by making advantage of their wants, is Copper; and I authorize the Lombards to distinguish themselves accordingly. All the honest, who make a reasonable profit, both for the advantage of themselves and those they deal with, are Goldsmiths; but those who tear unjustly all they can, Coppersmiths. At the same time, I desire him who is most guilty, to sit down satisfied with riches and contempt, and be known by the title of 'The Coppersmith;' as being the chief of that respected, contemptible fraternity.

This is the case of all others mentioned in our

Lucubrations: particularly of Stentor, who goes on in his vociferations at St. Paul's with so much obstinacy, that he has received admonition from St. Peter's for it, from a person of eminent wit and piety; but who is by old age reduced to the infirmity of sleeping at a service, to which he has been fifty years attentive; and whose death, whenever it happens, may, with that of the saints, well be called 'falling asleep:' for the innocence of his life makes him expect it as indifferently as he does his ordinary rest. This gives him a cheerfulness of spirit to rally his own weakness, and hath made him write to Stentor to hearken to my admonitions. 'Brother Stentor,' said he, 'for the repose of the church, hearken to Bickerstaff; and consider that while you are so devout at St. Paul's, we cannot sleep for you at St. Peter's.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUGUST 29.

There has been lately sent me a much harder question than was ever yet put to me since I professed astrology; to wit, how far, and to what age, women ought to make their beauty their chief concern? The regard and care of their faces and persons are as variously to be considered, as their complexions themselves differ; but if one may transgress against the careful practice of the fair sex so much as to give an opinion against it, I humbly presume, that less care, better applied, would increase their empire, and make it last as long as life. Whereas now, from their own example, we take our esteem of their merit from it; for it is very just that she who values herself only on her beauty, should be regarded by others on no other consideration.

There is certainly a liberal and pedantic education among women, as well as men; and the merit lasts

accordingly. She, therefore, that is bred with freedom, and in good company, considers men according to their respective characters and distinctions; while she, that is locked up from such observations, will consider her father's butler, not as a butler, but as a man. In like manner, when men converse with women, the well-bred and intelligent are looked upon with an observation suitable to their different talents and accomplishments, without respect to their sex; while a mere woman can be observed under no consideration but that of a woman; and there can be but one reason for placing any value upon her, or losing time in her company. Wherefore, I am of opinion, that the rule for pleasing long is, to obtain such qualifications as would make them so, were they not women.

Let the beauteous Clomira then show us her real face, and know that every stage of life has its peculiar charms, and that there is no necessity for fifty to be fifteen. That childish colouring of her cheeks is now as ungraceful, as that shape would have been when her face wore its real countenance. She has sense, and ought to know, that if she will not follow nature, nature will follow her. Time then has made that person which had when I visited her grandfather, an agreeable bloom, sprightly air, and soft utterance, now no less graceful in a lovely aspect, an awful manner, and maternal wisdom. But her heart was so set upon her first character, that she neglects and repines at her present; not that she is against a more stayed conduct in others, for she recommends gravity, circumspection, and severity of countenance to her daughter. Thus, against all chronology, the girl is the sage, the mother the fine lady.

But these great evils proceed from an unaccountably wild method in the education of the better half

of the world, the women. We have no such thing as a standard for good-breeding. I was the other day at my lady Wealthy's, and asked one of her daughters how she did? She answered, 'She never conversed with men.' The same day I visited at lady Plantwell's, and asked her daughter the same question. She answers, 'What is that to you, you old thief?' and gives me a slap on the shoulders.

I defy any man in England, except he knows the family before he enters, to be able to judge whether he shall be agreeable or not when he comes into it. You find either some odd old woman, who is permitted to rule as long as she lives, in hopes of her death, and to interupt all things; or some impertinent young woman, who will talk sillily upon the strength of looking beautifully. I will not answer for it, but it may be, that I, like all other old fellows, have a fondness for the fashions and manners which prevailed when I was young, and in fashion myself. But certain it is, that the taste of grace and beauty is very much lowered. The fine women they show me now-a-days are at best but pretty girls to me who have seen Sacharissa, when all the world repeated the poems she inspired; and Villaria *, when a youthful king was her subject. The *things* you follow, and make songs on now, should be sent to knit, or sit down to bobbins or bone-lace; they are indeed neat, and so are their sempstresses; they are pretty, and so are their handmaids. But that graceful motion, that awful mien, and that winning attraction, which grew upon them from the thoughts and conversations they met with in my time, are now no more seen. They tell me I am old: I am glad I am so; for I do not like your present young ladies.

* The Duchess of Cleveland.

Those among us who set up for any thing of decorum, do so mistake the matter, that they offend on the other side. Five young ladies, who are of no small fame for their great severity of manners, and exemplary behaviour, would lately go no where with their lovers but to an organ-loft in a church; where they had a cold treat, and some few opera songs to their great refreshment and edification. Whether these prudent persons had not been as much so if this had been done at a tavern, is not very hard to determine. It is such silly starts and incoherences as these, which *undervalue* the beauteous sex, and puzzle us in our choice of sweetness of temper and simplicity of manners, which are the only lasting charms of woman. But I must leave this important subject, at present, for some matters which press for publication: as you will observe in the following letter:

"DEAR SIR,

"It is natural for distant relations to claim kindred with a rising family; though at this time zeal to my country, not interest, calls me out. The city-forces being shortly to take the field, all good protestants would be pleased that their arms and valour should shine with equal lustre. A council of war was lately held, the honourable Colonel Mortar being president. After many debates, it was unanimously resolved, That Major Blunder, a most expert officer, should be detached for Birmingham, to buy arms, and to prove his firelocks on the spot, as well to prevent expense, as disappointment in the day of battle. The major being a person of consummate experience, was invested with a discretionary power. He knew from ancient story, that securing the rear, and making a glorious retreat,

was the most celebrated piece of conduct. Accordingly such measures were taken to prevent surprise in the rear of his arms, that even Pallas herself, in the shape of rust, could not invade them. They were drawn into close order, firmly embodied, and arrived securely without touch-holes. Great and national actions deserve popular applause; and as praise is no expense to the public, therefore, dearest kinsman, I communicate this to you, as well to oblige this nursery of heroes, as to do justice to my native country. I am,

"Your most affectionate kinsman.

"OFFSPRING TWIG."

"London, August 26, Artillery Ground."

*** A war-horse belonging to one of the colonels of the artillery, to be let or sold. He may be seen adorned with ribbands, and set forth to the best advantage, the next training day.

No. 62. THURSDAY, SEPT. 1, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*—
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 31.

THIS place being frequented by persons of condition, I am desired to recommend a dog-kennel to any who shall want a pack. It lies not far from Suffolk-street, and is kept by two who were formerly dragoons in the French service; but left plundering for the more orderly life of keeping dogs: besides that, according to their expectation, they find it more profitable, as well as more conducing to the safety of their skin, to follow this trade, than the beat of drum. Their residence is very convenient for the dogs to whelp in, and bring up a right breed to follow the scent. The most eminent of the kennel are blood-hounds, which lead the van, and are as follow:

A LIST OF THE DOGS.

Jowler, of a right Irish breed, called Captain.

Rockwood, of French race, with long hair, by the courtesy of England, called also Captain.

Pompey, a tall hound, kennelled in a convent in France, and knows a rich soil.

These two last hunt in couple, and are followed by Ringwood, a French black whelp of the same breed, a fine open-mouthed dog; and an old sick

hound always in kennel, but of the true blood, with a good nose, French breed.

There is also an Italian grey-hound, with good legs, and knows perfectly the ground from Ghent to Paris.

Ten setting dogs, right English.

Four Mongrels of the same nation.

And twenty whelps fit for any game.

These curs are so extremely hungry, that they are too keen at the sport, and worry their game before the keepers can come in. The other day a wild boar from the north rushed into the kennel, and at first, indeed, defended himself against the whole pack; but they proved at last too many for him, and tore twenty-five pounds of flesh from off his back, with which they filled their bellies, and made so great a noise in the neighbourhood, that the keepers are obliged to hasten the sale. That quarter of the town where they are kennelled is generally inhabited by strangers, whose blood the hounds have often sucked in such a manner, that many a German count, and other virtuosi, who came from the Continent, have lost the intention of their travels, and been unable to proceed on their journey.

If these hounds are not very soon disposed of to some good purchaser, as also those at the kennels nearer St. James's, it is humbly proposed, that they may be altogether transported to America, where the dogs are few, and the wild beasts many; or that, during their stay in these parts, some eminent justice of the peace may have it in particular direction to visit their harbours; and that the sheriff of Middlesex may allow him the assistance of the common hangman to cut off their ears, or part of them, for distinction-sake, that we may know the bloodhounds from the mongrels and setters.

Till these things are regulated, you may inquire at a house belonging to Paris, at the upper-end of Suffolk-street, or a house belonging to Ghent, opposite to the lower end of Pall-mall and know further.

It were to be wished that these curs were disposed of; for it is a very great nuisance to have them tolerated in cities. That of London takes care, that the 'common hunt,' assisted by the serjeants and bailiffs, expel them wherever they are found within the walls; though it is said, some private families keep them to the destruction of their neighbours: but it is desired, that all who know of any of these curs, or have been bit by them, would send me their marks, and the houses where they are harboured; and I do not doubt but I shall alarm the people so well, as to have them used like mad dogs wherever they appear. In the mean time, I advise all such as entertain this kind of vermin, that if they give me timely notice that their dogs are dismissed, I shall let them go unregarded; otherwise am obliged to admonish my fellow-subjects in this behalf and instruct them how to avoid being worried, when they are going about their lawful professions and callings. There was lately a young gentleman bit to the bone; who has now indeed recovered his health, but is as lean as a skeleton. It grieved my heart to see a gentleman's son run among the hounds; but he is, they tell me, as fleet and as dangerous as the best of the pack.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 31.

This evening was spent at our table in discourse of propriety of words and thoughts, which is Mr. Dryden's definition of wit; but a very odd fellow, who would intrude upon us, and has a briskness of imagination more like madness than regular thought, said, that 'Harry Jacks was the first who told him

of the taking of the citadel of Tournay; and,' says he, 'Harry deserves a statue more than the boy who ran to the senate with a thorn in his foot, to tell of of a victory.' We were astonished at the assertion, and Spondee asked him, 'What affinity is there between that boy and Harry, that you say their merit resembles so much as you just now told us?' 'Why,' says he, 'Harry, you know, is in the French interest; and it was more pain to him to tell the story of Tournay, than to the boy to run upon a thorn to relate a victory which he was glad of.' The gentleman who was in the chair upon the subject of propriety of words and thoughts, would by no means allow, that there was wit in his comparison; and urged, that 'to have any thing gracefully said, it must be natural; but that whatsoever was introduced in common discourse with so much premeditation was insufferable.' That critic went on: 'Had Mr. Jacks,' said he, 'told him the citadel was taken, and another had answered, he deserves a statue as well as the Roman boy, for he told it with as much pain,' it might have passed for a sprightly expression; but there is a wit for discourse, and a wit for writing. The easiness and familiarity of the first is not to savour in the least of study; but the exactness of the other is to admit of something like the freedom of discourse, especially in treatises of humanity, and what regards the *belles lettres*. I do not in this allow, that Bickerstaff's Tatlers, or discourses of wit by retail, and for the penny, should come within the description of writing.' I bowed at his compliment, and—But he would not let me proceed.

You see in no place of conversation the perfection of speech so much as in an accomplished woman. Whether it be that there is a partiality irresistible

when we judge of that sex, or whatever it is, you may observe a wonderful freedom in their utterance, and an easy flow of words, without being distracted as we often are who read much, in the choice of dictions and phrases. My lady Courtly is an instance of this. She was talking the other day of dress, and did it with so excellent an air and gesture, that you would have sworn she had learned her action from our Demosthenes. Besides which, her words were so well adapted to the matter she talked of, that though dress was a new thing to us men, she avoided the terms of art in it, and described an unaffected garb and manner, in so proper terms, that she came up to that of Horace's, '*simplex munditiis*;' which whoever can translate in two words, has as much eloquence as lady Courtly. I took the liberty to tell her, that 'all she had said with so much good grace, was spoken in two words in Horace; but would not undertake to translate them:' upon which she smiled, and told me, 'she believed me a very great scholar;' and I took my leave.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUGUST 31.

I have been just now reading the introduction to the history of Catiline, by Sallust, an author who is very much in my favour; but when I reflect upon his professing himself wholly disinterested, and at the same time see how industriously he has avoided saying any thing to the praise of Cicero, to whose vigilance the commonwealth owed its safety, it very much lessens my esteem for that writer; and is one argument, among others, for laughing at all who pretend to be out of the interests of the world, and profess purely to act for the service of mankind, without the least regard to themselves. I do not deny but that the rewards are different; some aim

as riches, others at honour, by their public services. However, they are all pursuing some end to themselves, though indeed those ends differ as much as right and wrong. The most graceful way then, I should think, would be to acknowledge, that you aim at serving yourselves: but at the same time make it appear, it is for the service of others that you have these opportunities.

Of all the disinterested professors I have ever heard of, I take the boatswain of Dampier's ship to be the most impudent, but the most excusable. You are to know that, in the wild searches that navigator was making, they happened to be out at sea, far distant from any shore, in want of all the necessaries of life; insomuch that they began to look, not without hunger, on each other. The boatswain was a fat, healthy, fresh fellow, and attracted the eyes of the whole crew. In such an extreme necessity, all forms of superiority were laid aside: the captain and lieutenant were safe only by being carrion, and the unhappy boatswain in danger only by being worth eating. To be short, the company were unanimous, and the boatswain must be cut up. He saw their intention, and desired he might speak a few words before they proceeded: which being permitted, he delivered himself as follows:

'GENTLEMEN SAILORS,

'Far be it that I should speak it for any private interest of my own; but I take it that I should not die with a good conscience, if I did not confess to you, that I am not sound. I say, gentlemen, justice, and the testimony of a good conscience, as well as love of my country, to which I hope you will all return, oblige me to own, that black Kate at Deptford has made me very unsafe to eat; and, I speak

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it with shame, I am afraid, gentlemen, I should poison you.'

This speech had a good effect in the boatswain's favour; but the surgeon of the ship protested he had cured him very well, and offered to eat the first steak of him himself.

The boatswain replied like an orator, with a true notion of the people, and in hopes to gain time, that 'he was heartily glad if he could be for their service;' and thanked the surgeon for his information. 'However,' said he, 'I must inform you for your own good, that I have, ever since my cure, been very thirsty and dropsical; therefore I presume it would be much better to tap me, and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no man in the ship fit to be drank.' As he was going on with his harangue, a fresh gale arose and gave the crew hopes of a better repast at the nearest shore, to which they arrived next morning.

Most of the self-denials we meet with are of this sort; therefore, I think he acts fairest who owns he hopes at least to have brother's fare without professing that he gives himself up with pleasure to be devoured for the preservation of his fellows.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 31.

Letters from the Hague, of the sixth of September, N.S. say that the governor of the citadel of Tournay having offered their Highnesses the Duke of Marlborough and the Prince of Savoy to surrender that place on the thirty-first of the last month, on terms which were not allowed them by those princes, hostilities were thereupon renewed; but that on the third the place was surrendered with a seeming condition granted to the besieged above that of being

ducted to Condé, but were to be exchanged for prisoners of the allies, and particularly those of Warneton were mentioned in the demand. Both armies having stretched towards Mons with the utmost diligence, that of the allies, though they passed the much more difficult road, arrived first before that town, which they have now actually invested; and the quarter-master-general was, at the time of despatching these letters, marking the ground for the encampment of the covering army.

'TO THE BOOKSELLERS, OR OTHERS WHOM THIS ADVERTISEMENT MAY CONCERN.

'Mr. Omicron*, the unborn poet gives notice, that he writes all treatises, as well in verse as prose, being a ninth son, and translates out of all languages without learning or study.

'If any bookseller will treat for his pastoral on the siege and surrender of the citadel of Tournay, he must send in his proposals before the news of a capitulation for any other town.

'The undertaker for either play-house may have an opera written by him; or, if it shall suit their design, a satire upon operas; both ready for next winter.'

*** This is to give notice, that Richard Fairloe, M.A. well known for his acuteness in dissection of dead bodies, and his great skill in Osteology, has now laid by that practice; and having, by great study, and much labour, acquired the knowledge of an antidote for all the most common maladies of the stomach, is removed and may be applied to, at any time of the day, in the south entrace from Newgate-Street into Christ's-Hospital.

* Mr. Oldmixon was probably here ridiculed under the name of Mr. Omicron.

No. 63. SATURDAY, SEPT. 3, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. POPE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 2.

OF THE ENJOYMENT OF LIFE WITH REGARD TO OTHERS.

I HAVE ever thought it the greatest diminution to the Roman glory imaginable, that in their institution of public triumphs, they led their enemies in chains when they were prisoners. It is to be allowed that doing all honour to the superiority of heroes above the rest of mankind must needs conduce to the glory and advantage of a nation; but what shocks the imagination to reflect upon is, that a polite people should think it reasonable, that an unhappy man who was no way inferior to the victor but by the chance of war, should be led like a slave at the wheels of his chariot. Indeed, these other circumstances of a triumph, that it was not allowed in a civil war, lest one part should be in tears, while the other was making acclamations; that it should not be granted, except such a number were slain in battle; that the general should be disgraced who made a false muster of his dead; these, I say, had great and politic ends in their being established, and tended to the apparent benefit of the common wealth. But this behaviour to the conquered had no foun-

dation in nature or policy, only to gratify the insolence of a haughty people, who triumphed over barbarous nations, by acting what was fit only for those very barbarians to practise. It seems wonderful, that they who were so refined as to take care, that, to complete the honour done to the victorious officer, no power should be known above him in the empire on the day of his triumph, but that the consuls themselves should be but guests at his table that evening, could not take it into thought to make the man of chief note among his prisoners one of the company. This would have improved the gladness of the occasion; and the victor had made a much greater figure, in that no other man appeared unhappy on his day, than because no other man appeared great.

But we will wave at present such important incidents, and turn our thoughts rather to the familiar part of human life, and we shall find, that the great business we contend for is in a less degree what those Romans did on more solemn occasions, to triumph over our fellow-creatures; and there is hardly a man to be found, who would not rather be in pain to appear happy, than be really happy and thought miserable. This men attempt by sumptuous equipages, splendid houses, numerous servants, and all the cares and pursuits of an ambitious or fashionable life.

Bromeo and Tabio are particularly ill-wishers to each other, and rivals in happiness. There is no way in nature so good to procure the esteem of the one, as to give him little notices of certain secret points wherein the other is uneasy. Gnatho has the skill of doing this, and never applauds the improvements Bromeo has been many years making, and ever will be making, but he adds, 'Now this very thing was my thought when Tabio was pulling

up his underwood, yet he never would hear of it; but now your gardens are in this posture, he is ready to hang himself. Well, to be sincere, that situation of his can never make an agreeable seat; he may make his house and appurtenances what he pleases, but he cannot remove them to the same ground where Bromeo's stands; and of all things under the sun, a man that is happy at second-hand is the most monstrous.' 'It is a very strange madness,' answers Bromeo, 'if a man on these occasions can think of any end but pleasing himself. As for my part, if things are convenient, I hate all ostentation. There is no end of the folly of adapting our affairs to the imagination of others.' Upon which, the next thing he does is to enlarge whatever he hears his rival has attempted to imitate him in; but their misfortue is, that they are in their time of life, in their estates, and in their understandings, equal; so that the emulation may continue to the last day of their lives. As it stands now, Tabio has heard, that Bromeo has lately purchased two hundred a year in the annuities since he last settled the account of their happiness, in which he thought himself to have the balance. This may seem a very fantastical way of thinking in these men; but there is nothing so common, as a man's endeavouring rather to go further than some other person towards an easy fortune, than to form any certain standard that would make himself happy.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 2.

Mr. Dactyle has been this evening very profuse of his eloquence upon the talent of turning things into ridicule; and seemed to say very justly, that, 'there was generally in it something too disengenuous for the society of liberal men, except it were governed by the circumstances of persons, time, and place.

This talent,' continued he, 'is to be used as a man does his sword, not to be drawn but in his own defence, or to bring pretenders and impostors in society to a true light. But we have seen this faculty so mistaken, that the burlesque of Virgil himself has passed, among men of little taste, for wit; and the noblest thoughts that can enter into the heart of men levelled with ribaldry and baseness: though by the rules of justice, no man ought to be ridiculed for any imperfection, who does not set up for eminent sufficiency in that way wherein he is defective. Thus cowards, who would hide themselves by an affected terror in their mien and dress; and pedants, who would show the depth of their knowledge by a supercilious gravity, are equally the objects of laughter. Not that they are in themselves ridiculous, for their want of courage, or weakness of understanding; but that they seem insensible of their own place in life, and unhappily rank themselves with those whose abilities, compared to their defects, make them contemptible. At the same time it must be remarked, that risibility being the effect of reason, a man ought to be expelled from sober company who laughs without it.' 'Ha! ha! says Will Truby, who sat by, 'will any man pretend to give me laws when I should laugh, or tell me what I should laugh at?' 'Look ye,' answered Humphrey Slyboots, 'you are mightily mistaken; you may, if you please, make what noise you will, and nobody can hinder an English gentleman from putting his face into what posture he thinks fit; but take my word for it, that motion which you now make with your mouth open, and the agitation of your stomach, which you relieve by holding your sides, is not laughter: laughter is a more weighty thing than you imagine; and I will tell you a secret, you never did laugh in your

life: and truly I am afraid you never will, except you take great care to be cured of those convulsive fits.' Truby left us, and when he had got two yards from us, 'Well,' said he, 'you are strange fellows!' and was immediately taken with another fit.

The Trubies are a well-natured family, whose particular make is such, that they have the same pleasure out of good-will, which other people have in that scorn which is the cause of laughter; therefore their bursting into the figures of men when laughing, proceeds only from a general benevolence they are born with; as the Slyboots smile only on the greatest occasion of mirth: which difference is caused rather from a different structure of their organs, than that one is less moved than the other. I know Sourly frets inwardly, when Will Truby laughs at him; but when I meet him and he bursts out, I know it is out of his abundant joy to see me, which he expresses by that vociferation which is in others laughter. But I shall defer considering this subject at large, till I come to my treatise of oscitation, laughter and ridicule.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPTEMBER 2.

The following letter being a panegyric upon me for a quality which every man may attain, an acknowledgment of his faults; I thought it for the good of my fellow-writers to publish it.

"SIR,

"It must be allowed, that Esquire Bickerstaff is of all authors the most ingenuous. There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake, though all the world see them to be in downright nonsense. You will be pleased, Sir, to pardon this expression, for the same reason for which desired us to excuse you, when you any

thing dull. Most writers, like the generality of Paul Lorraine's Saints, seem to place a peculiar vanity in dying hard. But you, Sir, to show a good example to your brethren, have not only confessed, but of your own accord mended the indictment. Nay, you have been so good-natured as to discover beauties in it, which, I will assure you, he that drew it never dreamed of. And, to make your civility the more accomplished, you have honoured him with the title of your kinsman, which, though derived by the left-hand, he is not a little proud of. My brother, for such Obadiah is, being at present very busy about nothing, has ordered me to return you his sincere thanks for all these favours; and, as a small token of his gratitude, to communicate to you the following piece of intelligence, which, he thinks, belongs more properly to you, than to any others of our modern historians.

"Madonella, who, as it was thought, had long since taken her flight towards the etherial mansions, still walks, it seems, in the regions of mortality; where she has found, by deep reflections on the revolution mentioned in yours of June the twenty-third, that where early instructions have been wanting to imprint true ideas of things on the tender souls of those of her sex, they are never after able to arrive at such a pitch of perfection, as to be above the laws of matter and motion; laws which are considerably enforced by the principles usually imbibed in nurseries and boarding schools. To remedy this evil, she has laid a scheme of a college for young damsels; where, instead of scissors, needles, and samplers, pens, compasses, quadrants, books, manuscripts, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, are to take up their whole time. Only on holidays the students will, for moderate exercise, be allowed to divert themselves with the use of some of the

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lightest and most voluble weapons: and proper care will be taken to give them at least a superficial tincture of the ancient and modern Amazonian tactics. Of these military performances, the direction is undertaken by Epicene*, the writer of 'Memoirs from the Mediterranean,' who, by the help of some artificial poisons conveyed by smells, has within these few weeks brought many persons of both sexes to an untimely fate; and what is more surprising, has, contrary to her profession, with the same odours, revived others who had long since been drowned in the whirlpools of Lethe. Another of the professors is to be a certain lady, who is now publishing two of the choicest Saxon novels, which are said to have been in as great repute with the ladies of queen Emma's court, as the 'Memoirs from the New Atalantis' are with those of ours. I shall make it my business to inquire into the progress of this learned institution, and give you the first notice of their 'Philosophical Transactions, and Searches after Nature.'

"Yours, &c.

"Tobiah Greenhat."

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 2.

This day we have received advices by the way of Ostend, which give an account of an engagement betwęen the French and the allies, on the eleventh instant, N. S. Marshal Boufflers arrived in the enemy's camp on the fifth, and acquainted marshal Villars, that he did not come in any character, but to receive his commands for the king's service and communicate to him his orders upon the present posture of affairs. On the ninth both armies advanced towards each other, and cannonaded all the

* Epicene means Mrs. D. Manly.

ensuing day, till the close of the evening, and stood on their arms all that night. On the day of battle, the cannonading was renewed about seven: the duke of Argyle had orders to attack the wood Sart on the right, which he executed so successfully, that he pierced through it, and won a considerable post. The prince of Orange had the same good fortune in a wood on the left: after which the whole body of the confederates, joined by the forces from the siege, marched up and engaged the enemy, who were drawn up at some distance from these woods. The dispute was very warm for some time; but towards noon, the French began to give ground from one wing to the other; which advantage being observed by our generals, the whole army was urged on with fresh vigour, and in a few hours the day ended with the entire defeat of the enemy.

No. 64. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1709.

Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?

HOR. OD. ii. 1. 36.

What coast encircled by the briny flood,
Boasts not the glorious tribute of our blood?

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPTEMBER 5.

WHEN I lately spoke of triumphs, and the behaviour of the Romans on those occasions, I knew, by my skill in astrology, that there was a great event approaching to our advantage; but not having yet taken upon me to tell fortunes, I thought fit to defer

the mention of the battle near Mons till it happened; which moderation was no small pain to me: but I should wrong my art, if I concealed that some of my aërial intelligencers had signified to me the news of it even from Paris, before the arrival of lieutenant-colonel Graham in England *. All nations as well as persons, have their good and evil genius attending them; but the kingdom of France has three, the last of which is neither for it nor against it in reality; but has for some months past acted an ambiguous part, and attempted to save its ward from the incursion of its powerful enemies, by little subterfuges and tricks, which a nation is more than undone, when it is reduced to practise. Thus instead of giving exact accounts and representations of things, they tell what is indeed true, but at the same time a falsehood when all the circumstances come to be related. Pacolet was at the court of France, on Friday night last, when this genius of that kingdom came thither in the shape of a post-boy, and cried out that Mons was relieved, and the duke of Marlborough marched. Pacolet was much astonished at this account, and immediately changed his form, and flew to the neighbourhood of Mons, from whence he found the allies had really marched; and began to inquire into the reasons of this sudden change, and half feared he had heard a truth of the posture of the French affairs, even in their own country. But, upon diligent inquiry among the aërials who attend those regions, and consultation with the neighbouring peasants, he was able to bring me the following account of the motions of the armies since they retired from about that place, and the action which followed thereupon.

* Lieut.-col. Graham came express with an account of the battle of Malplaquet.

On Saturday, the seventh of September, N. S. the confederate army was alarmed in their camp at Havre by intelligence, that the enemy were marching to attack the prince of Hesse. Upon this advice, the duke of Marlborough commanded that the troops should immediately move; which was accordingly performed, and they were all joined on Sunday the eighth at noon. On that day in the morning it appeared, that instead of being attacked, the advanced guard of the detachment commanded by the prince of Hesse, had dispersed and taken prisoners a party of the enemy's horse, which was sent out to observe the march of the confederates. The French moved from Quiverain on Sunday in the morning, and inclined to the right from thence all that day. The ninth, the Monday following, they continued their march, till, on Tuesday, the tenth, they possessed themselves of the woods of Dour and Blaugies. As soon as they came into that ground, they threw up intrenchments with all expedition. The allies arrived within few hours after the enemy was posted; but the duke of Marlborough thought fit to wait for the arrival of the reinforcement which he expected from the siege of Tournay. Upon notice that these troops were so far advanced as to be depended on for an action the next day, it was accordingly resolved to engage the enemy.

It will be necessary for understanding the greatness of the action, and the several motions made in the time of the engagement, that you have in your mind an idea of the place. The two armies on the eleventh instant were both drawn up before the woods of Dour, Blaugies, Sart, and Jansart; the army of the prince of Savoy on the right before that of Blaugies; the forces of Great Britain in the centre on his left; those of the high allies with

the wood Sart, as well as a large interval of plain ground, and Jansart on the left of the whole. The enemy were intrenched in the paths of the woods, and drawn up behind two intrenchments over-against them, opposite to the armies of the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene. There were also two lines intrenched in the plains over-against the army of the States. This was the posture of the French and confederate forces when the signal was given, and the whole line moved on to the charge.

The Dutch army, commanded by the prince of Hesse, attacked with the most undaunted bravery, and, after a very obstinate resistance, forced the first intrenchment of the enemy in the plain between Sart and Jansart; but were repulsed in their attack on the second with great slaughter on both sides. The duke of Marlborough, while this was transacting on the left, had with very much difficulty marched through Sart, and beaten the enemy from the several intrenchments they had thrown up in it. As soon as the duke had marched into the plain, he observed the main body of the enemy drawn up and intrenched in the front of his army. This situation of the enemy, in the ordinary course of war, is usually thought an advantage hardly to be surmounted; and might appear impracticable to any, but that army which had just overcome greater difficulties. The duke commanded the troops to form, but to forbear charging till further order. In the mean time he visited the left of our line, where the troops of the States had been engaged. The slaughter on this side had been very great, and the Dutch incapable of making further progress, except they were suddenly reinforced. The right of our line was at-

they drove back the enemy with such bravery, that the victory began to incline to the allies by the precipitate retreat of the French to their works, from whence they were immediately beaten. The duke, upon observing this advantage on the right, commanded the earl of Orkney to march with a sufficient number of battalions, to force the enemy from their intrenchments on the plain between the woods of Sart and Jansart; which being performed, the horse of the allies marched into the plains, covered by their own foot, and, forming themselves in good order, the cavalry of the enemy attempted no more but to cover the foot in their retreat. The allies made so good use of the beginning of the victory that all their troops moved on with fresh resolution, till they saw the enemy fly before them towards Condé and Maubeuge; after whom proper detachments were sent, who made a terrible slaughter in the pursuit.

In this action, it is said, prince Eugene was wounded, as also the duke of Aremburg, and lieutenant-general Webb. The count of Oxenstern, colonel Lalo, and sir Thomas Pendergrass, were killed.

This wonderful success, obtained under all the difficulties that could be opposed in the way of an army, must be acknowledged as owing to the genius, courage, and conduct, of the duke of Marlborough, a consummate hero; who has lived not only beyond the time in which Cæsar said he was arrived at a satiety of life and glory; but also been so long the subject of panegyric, that it is as hard to say any thing new in his praise, as to add to the merit which requires such eulogiums.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 5.

The following letter being very explanatory of the true design of our lucubrations, and at the same

time an excellent model for performing it, it is absolutely necessary for the better understanding our works to publish it.

"TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

"SIR,

"Though I have not the honour to be of the family of the Staffs, nor related to any branch of it, yet I applaud your wholesome project of making wit useful.

"This is what has been, or should have been, intended by the best comedies. But nobody, I think, before you, thought of a way to bring the stage, as it were into the coffee-house, and there attack those gentleman who thought themselves out of the reach of raillery, by prudently avoiding its chief walks and districts. I smile when I see a solid citizen of threescore read the article from Will's Coffee-house, and seem to be just beginning to learn his alphabet of wit in spectacles; and to hear the attentive table sometimes stop him with pertinent queries, which he is puzzled to answer, and then join in commending it the sincerest way, by freely owning he does not understand it.

"In pursuing this design, you will always have a large scene before you, and can never be at a loss for characters to entertain a town so plentifully stocked with them. The follies of the finest minds, which a philosophic surgeon knows how to dissect, will best employ your skill: and of this sort, I take the liberty to send you the following sketch.

"Cleontes is a man of good family, good learning, entertaining conversation, and acute wit. He talks well, is master of style, and writes not contemptibly in verse. Yet all this serves but to make him politely ridiculous; and he is above the rank of common characters only to have the privilege

of being laughed at by the best. His family makes him proud and scornful; his learning, assuming and absurd; and his wit, arrogant and satirical. He mixes some of the best qualities of the head with the worst of the heart. Every body is entertained by him, while nobody esteems him. I am, Sir, your most affectionate monitor,

"JOSIAH COUPLET."

*** Lost, from the Tree, in Pall-Mall, two Irish dogs, belonging to the pack of London; one a tall white wolf dog; the other a black nimble greyhound, not very sound, and supposed to be gone to the Bath, by instinct, for cure. The man of the inn from whence they ran, being now there, is desired if he meets either of them, to tie them up. Several others are lost about Tunbridge and Epsom; which whoever will maintain may keep.

No. 65. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER, 8, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—
—nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill* ——
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 7.

I CAME hither this evening, and expected nothing else but mutual congratulations in the company on

the late victory; but found our room, which one would have hoped to have seen full of good humour and alacrity upon so glorious an occasion, full of sour animals, inquiring into the action, in doubt of what had happened, and fearful of the success of their countrymen. It is natural to believe easily what we wish heartily; and a certain rule, that they are not friends to a glad occasion who speak all they can against the truth of it, who end their argument against our happiness, that they wish it otherwise. When I came into the room a gentleman was declaiming: 'If,' says he, 'we have so great and complete a victory, why have we not the names of the prisoners? Why is not an exact relation of the conduct of our generals laid before the world? Why do we not know where and whom to applaud? If we are victorious, why do we not give an account of our captives and our slain? But we are to be satisfied with general notices we are conquerors, and to believe it so. Sure this is approving the despotic way of treating the world, which we pretend to fight against, if we sit down satisfied with such contradictory accounts, which have the words of triumph, but do not bear the spirit of it.' I whispered Mr. Greenhat, 'Pray, what can that dissatisfied man be?' 'He is,' answered he, 'a character you have not yet perhaps observed. You have heard of battle-painters, have mentioned a battle-poet; but this is a battle-critic. He is a fellow that lives in a government so gentle, that, though it sees him an enemy, suffers his malice, because they know his impotence. He is to examine the weight of an advantage before the company will allow it.' Greenhat was going on in his explanation, when Sir George England thought fit to take up the discourse in the following manner:

'Gentlemen, the action you are in so great

doubt to approve of, is greater than ever has been performed in any age; and the value of it I observe from your dissatisfaction: for battle-critics are like all others; you are the more offended, the more you ought to be, and are convinced you ought to be, pleased. Had this engagement happened in the time of the old Romans, and such things been acted in their service, there would not be a foot of the wood which was pierced but had been consecrated to some deity, or made memorable by the death of him who expired in it for the sake of his country. It had been said on some monument at the entrance: here the Duke of Argyle drew his sword, and said 'March.' Here Webb, after having an accomplished fame for gallantry, exposed himself like a common soldier. Here Rivett, who was wounded at the beginning of the day, and carried off as dead, returned to the field, and received his death. Medals had been struck for our general's behaviour when he first came into the plain. Here was the fury of the action, and here the hero stood as fearless as if invulnerable. Such certainly had been the cares of that state for their own honour, and in gratitude to their heroic subjects. But the wood intrenched, the plain made more impassable than the wood, and all the difficulties opposed to the most gallant army and most intrepid leaders that ever the sun shone upon, are treated by the talk of some in this room as objections to the merit of our general and our army: but,' continued he, 'I leave all the examination of this matter, and a proper discourse on our sense of public actions, to my friend Mr. Bickerstaff; who may let beaux and gamesters rest, till he has examined into the reason of men's being malecontents, in the only nation that suffers professed enemies to breathe in open air.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPTEMBER 7.

The following letters are sent to me from relations; and though I do not know who and who are intended, I publish them. I have only writ nonsense, if there is nothing in them; and done a good action, if they alarm any heedless men against the fraternity of the knights, whom the Greeks call Ῥάσκαλς.

"MR BICKERSTAFF.

"It is taken very ill by several gentlemen here, that you are so little vigilant as to let the dogs run from their kennels to this place. Had you done your duty, we should have had notice of their arrival; but the sharpers are now become so formidable here, that they have divided themselves into nobles and commons: beau Bogg, beau Pert, Rake, and Tallboy, are of their upper house; broken captains, ignorant attorneys, and such other bankrupts from industrious professions, compose their lower order. Among these two sets of men, there happened here lately some unhappy differences. 'Squire Humphry came down among us with four hundred guineas; his raw appearance, and certain signals in the good-natured muscles of Humphry's countenance, alarmed the societies; for sharpers are as skilful as beggars in physiognomy, and know as well where to hope for plunder, as the others to ask for alms. Pert was the man exacty fitted for taking with Humphry, as a fine gentleman; for a raw fool is ever enamoured with his contrary, a coxcomb; and a coxcomb is what the booby, who wants experience, and is unused to company, regards as the first of men. He ever looks at him with envy, and would certainly be such, if he were not oppressed by his rusticity or bashfulness. There

arose an entire friendship by this sympathy Pert and Humphry, which ended in latter. We now could see this forlorn youth for some days moneyless, without sword, and one day without his hat, and with secret melancholy pining for his snuff-box—the jest of the whole town, but most of those who robbed him.

"At last fresh bills came down, when immediately their countenances cleared up, ancient kindnesses and familiarity renewed, and to dinner he was invited by the fraternity. You are to know, that while he was in his days of solitude, a commoner, who was excluded from his share of the prey, had whispered the 'squire that he was bit, and cautioned him of venturing again. However, hopes of recovering his snuff-box, which was given him by his aunt, made him fall to play after dinner; yet, mindful of what he was told, he saw something that provoked him to tell them they were a company of sharpers. Presently Tallboy fell on him, and being too hard at fisty-cuffs, drove him out of doors. The valiant Pert followed and kicked him in his turn; which the 'squire resented as being nearer his match: so challenged him; but differing about time and place, friends interposed, for he had still money left, and persuaded him to ask pardon for provoking them to beat him, and they asked his for doing it. The house, consulting whence Humphry could have his information, concluded it must be from some malicious commoner; and, to be revenged, beau Bogg watched their haunts, and in a shop where some of them were at play with ladies, showed dice which he found, or pretended to find, upon them; and, declaring how false they were, warned the company to take care whom they played with. By his seeming candour, he cleared his reputation, at least to fools and some

silly women; but it was still blasted by the 'Squire's story with thinking men: however, he gained a great point by it; for the next day he got the company shut up with himself and fellow-members, and robbed them at discretion.

"I cannot express to you with what indignation I behold the noble spirit of gentlemen degenerated to that of private cut-purses. It is in vain to hope a remedy, while so many of the fraternity get and enjoy estates, of twenty, thirty, and fifty thousand pounds with impunity, creep into the best conversations, and spread the infectious villany through the nation, while the lesser rogues, that rob for hunger or nakedness, are sacrificed by the blind and, in this respect, partial and defective law. Could you open men's eyes against the occasion of all this, the great corrupter of our manners and morality, the author of more bankrupts than the war, and sure bane of all industry, frugality, and good-nature; in a word, of all virtues; I mean, public or private play at cards or dice; how willingly would I contribute my utmost, and possibly send you some memoirs of the lives and politics of some of the fraternity of great figure, that might be of use to you in setting this in a clear light against next session; that all who care for their country or posterity, and see the pernicious effects of such a public vice, may endeavour its destruction by some effectual laws. In concurrence to this good design, I remain your humble servant," &c.

"Bath, Aug. 30."

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"I heartily join with you in your laudable design against the Myrmidons, as well as your late insinuations against Coxcombs of Fire; and I take this opportunity to congratulate you on the success of

your labours, which I observed yesterday in one of the hottest fire-men in town; who not only affects a soft smile, but was seen to be thrice contradicted without showing any sign of impatience. These, I say, so happy beginnings promise fair, and on this account I rejoice you have undertaken to unkennel the curs; a work of such use, that I admire it so long escaped your vigilance; and exhort you by the concern you have for the good people of England, to pursue your design: and, that these vermin may not flatter themselves that they pass undiscovered, I desire you would acquaint Jack Haughty, that the whole secret of his bubbling his friend with the Swiss at the Thatched-house is well known, as also his sweetening the knight; and I shall acknowledge the favour.

"Your most humble servant," &c.

"Friday, Sept. 2."

No. 66. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. POPE.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 9.

THE subject of the discourse this evening was eloquence and graceful action. Lysander, who is something particular in his way of thinking and

speaking, told us, 'a man could not be eloquent without action: for the deportment of the body, the turn of the eye, and an apt sound to every word that is uttered, must all conspire to make an accomplished speaker. Action in one that speaks in public, is the same thing as a good mien in ordinary life. Thus, as a certain insensibility in the countenance recommends a sentence of humour and jest, so it must be a very lively consciousness that gives grace to great sentiments. The jest is to be a thing unexpected: therefore your undesigning manner is a beauty in expressions of mirth; but when you are to talk on a set subject, the more you are moved yourself, the more you will move others.

'There is,' said he, 'a remarkable example of that kind. Æschines, a famous orator of antiquity, had pleaded at Athens in a great cause against Demosthenes; but having lost it, retired to Rhodes.' Eloquence was then the quality most admired among men; and the magistrates of that place, having heard he had a copy of the speech of Demosthenes, desired him to repeat both their pleadings. After his own, he recited also the oration of his antagonist. The people expressed their admiration of both, but more of that of Demosthenes. 'If you are,' said he, 'thus touched with hearing only what that great orator said, how would you have been affected had you seen him speak? For he who hears Demosthenes only, loses much the better part of the oration.' Certain it is that they who speak gracefully are very lamely represented in having their speeches read or repeated by unskilful people; for there is something native to each man, so inherent to his thoughts and sentiments, which it is hardly possible for another to give a true idea of. You may observe in common talk, when a sentence of any man's is repeated, an acquaintance of his

shall immediately observe, 'that is so like him, methinks I see how he looked when he said it.'

But of all the people on the earth, there are none who puzzle me so much as the clergy of Great Britain, who are, I believe, the most learned body of men now in the world; and yet this art of speaking, with the proper ornaments of voice and gesture, is wholly neglected among them; and I will engage, were a deaf man to behold the greater part of them preach, he would rather think they were reading the contents only of some discourse they intended to make, than actually in the body of an oration, even when they are upon matters of such a nature, as one would believe it were impossible to think of without emotion.

I own there are exceptions to this general observation, and that the Dean we heard the other day together is an orator*. He has so much regard to his congregation, that he commits to his memory what he has to say to them; and has so soft and graceful a behaviour, that it must attract your attention. His person, it is to be confessed, is no small recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not losing that advantage, and adding to the propriety of speech, which might pass the criticism of Longinus, an action which would have been approved by Demosthenes. He has a peculiar force in his way, and has many of his audience † who could not be intelligent hearers of his discourse, were there not explanation as well as grace in his action. This art of his is used with the most exact and honest skill: he never attempts your passions till he has convinced your reason. All the objec-

* Dr. Atterbury.

† At the chapel of Bridewell Hospital, where he was twenty years minister and preacher.

tions which he can form are laid open and dispersed, before he uses the least vehemence in his sermon; but when he thinks he has your head, he very soon wins your heart; and never pretends to show the beauty of holiness, till he hath convinced you of the truth of it.

Would every one of our clergymen be thus careful to recommend truth and virtue in their proper figures, and show so much concern for them as to give them all the additional force they were able, it is not possible that nonsense should have so many hearers, as you find it has in dissenting congregations, for no reason in the world, but because it is spoken *extempore:* for ordinary minds are wholly governed by their eyes and ears, and there is no way to come at their hearts, but by power over their imaginations.

There is my friend and merry companion Daniel*. He knows a great deal better than he speaks, and can form a proper discourse as well as any orthodox neighbour. But he knows very well that to bawl out 'My beloved!' and the words 'grace!' 'regeneration!' 'sanctification!' 'a new light!' 'the day! the day! ay, my beloved, the day! or rather the night! the night is coming!' and 'judgement will come, when we least think of it!' and so forth—He knows to be vehement is the only way to come at his audience. Daniel, when he sees my friend Greenhat come in, can give a good hint, and cry out, 'this is only for the saints! the regenerated!' By this force of action, though mixed with all the incoherence and ribaldry imaginable, Daniel can laugh at his diocesan, and grow fat by volun-

* Dr. Daniel Burgess, who preached to a congregation of Independents at the meeting-house in a court adjoining to Carey-street, near Lincoln's Inn.

tary subscription, while the parson of the parish goes to law for half his dues. Daniel will tell you, 'it is not the shepherd, but the sheep with the bell, which the flock follows.'

Another thing, very wonderful this learned body should omit, is, learning to read; which is a most necessary part of eloquence in one who is to serve at the altar: for there is no man but must be sensible, that the lazy tone, and inarticulate sound of our common readers, depreciates the most proper form of words that were ever extant, in any nation or language, to speak our own wants, or His power from whom we ask relief.

There cannot be a greater instance of the power of action, than in little parson Dapper, who is the common relief to all the lazy pulpits in town. This smart youth has a very good memory, a quick eye, and a clean handkerchief. Thus equipped he opens his text, shuts his book fairly, shows he has no notes in his Bible, opens both palms, and shows all is fair there too. Thus, with a decisive air, my young man goes on without hesitation: and though from the beginning to the end of his pretty discourse he had not used one proper gesture, yet at the conclusion the churchwarden pulls his gloves from off his hands; 'Pray who is this extraordinary young man?' Thus the force of action is such, that it is more prevalent, even when improper, than all the reason and argument in the world without it. This gentleman concluded his discourse by saying, 'I do not doubt but if our preachers would learn to speak and our readers to read, within six months time we should not have a dissenter, within a mile of a church in Great-Britain.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPTEMBER 9.

I have a letter from a young fellow, who complains to me that 'he was bred a mercer, and is now just out of his time; but unfortunately, for he has no manner of education suitable to his present estate, an uncle has left him one thousand pounds *per annum*.' The young man is sensible, that he is so spruce, that he fears he shall never be genteel as long as he lives; but applies himself to me to know what method to take, to help his air and be a fine gentleman.

He says, 'that several of those ladies who were formerly his customers, visit his mother on purpose to fall in his way, and fears he shall be obliged to marry against his will; for,' says he, 'if any of them should ask me, I shall not be able to deny her. 'I am,' says he further, 'utterly at a loss how to deal with them: for though I was the most pert creature in the world when I was foreman, and could hand a woman of the first quality to her coach as well as her own gentleman usher, I am now quite out of my way, and speechless in their company. They commend my modesty to my face. No one scruples to say, I certainly should make the best husband in the world, a man of my sober education. Mrs. Would-be watches all opportunities to be alone with me: therefore good Mr. Bickerstaff, here are my writings inclosed: if you can find any flaw in my title, so as it may go to the next heir, who goes to St. James's Coffee-house and White's, and could enjoy it, I should be extremely well pleased with two thousand pounds to set up my trade, and live in a way I know I should become, rather than be laughed at all my life among too good company. If

you could send for my cousin, and persuade him to take the estate on these terms, and let nobody know it, you would extremely oblige me.'

Upon first sight, I thought this a very whimsical proposal; however, upon more mature consideration, I could not but admire the young gentleman's prudence and good sense; for there is nothing so irksome as living in a way a man knows he does not become. I consulted Mr. Obadiah Greenhat* on this occasion, and he is so well pleased with the man, that he has half a mind to take the estate himself; but, upon second thoughts, he proposed this expedient; 'I should be very willing,' said he, 'to keep the estate where it is, if we could make the young man any way easy; therefore I humbly propose, he should take to drinking for one half year, and make a sloven of him, and from thence begin his education a-new: for it is a maxim, that one who is ill-taught is in a worse condition than he who is wholly ignorant; therefore a spruce mercer is further off the air of a fine gentleman than a down-right clown. To make our patient any thing better, we must unmake him what he is.' I indeed proposed to flux him; but Greenhat answered, 'that if he recovered, he would be as prim and feat as ever he was.' Therefore he would have it his way, and our friend is to drink till he is carbuncled and tun-bellied, after which we will send him down to smoke and be buried with his ancestors in Derbyshire. I am indeed, desirous he should have his life in the estate, because he has such a just sense of himself and his abilities, to know that it is an unhappiness to him to be a man of fortune.

This youth seems to understand that a gentle-

* Mr. Obadiah Greenhat means Addison.

man's life is that of all others the hardest to pass through with propriety of behaviour; for though he has a support without art or labour, yet his manner of enjoying that circumstance is a thing to be considered; and you see, among men, who are honoured with the common appellation of gentlemen, so many contradictions to that character, that it is the utmost ill fortune to bear it: for which reason I am obliged to change the circumstances of several about this town. Harry Lacker is so very exact in his dress, that I shall give his estate to his younger brother, and make him a dancing-master. Nokes Lightfoot is so nimble, and values himself so much upon it, that I have thoughts of making him huntsman to a pack of beagles, and giving his land to somebody that will stay upon it.

Now I am upon the topic of becoming what we enjoy, I forbid all persons who are not of the first quality, or who do not bear some important office that requires so much distinction, to go to Hyde-Park with six horses; for I cannot but esteem it the highest insolence. Therefore hereafter no man shall do it merely because he is able, without any other pretension. But, what may serve all purposes quite as well, it shall be allowed all such who think riches the chief distinction, to appear in the ring with two horses only, and a rent roll hanging out of each side of their coach. This is a thought of Mr. Greenhat's, who designs very soon to publish a sumptuary discourse upon the subject of equipage, wherein he will give us rules on that subject, and assign the proper duties and qualifications of masters and servants, as well as that of husbands and wives; with a treatise of economy without doors, or the complete art of appearing in the world. This will be very useful to all who are suddenly rich, or ashamed of being poor.

— Sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recrearc libello.

HOR. EP. i. 1. 36.

And like a charm to th' upright mind and pure,
If thrice read o'er, will yield a certain cure.

I have notice of a new pack of dogs, of quite another sort than hitherto mentioned. I have not an exact account of their way of hunting, the following letter giving only a bare notice of them.

"SIR,

"There are another pack of dogs to be disposed of, who kennel about Charing Cross, at the old Fat Dog's at the corner of Buckingham Court, near Spring Garden: two of them are said to be whelped in Alsatia*, now in ruins; but they, with the rest of the pack, are as pernicious, as if the old kennel had never been broken down. The ancients distinguished this sort of curs by the name of *Hæredipetes*, the most pernicious of all biters, for seizing young heirs, especially when their estates are entailed; whom they reduce by one good bite to such a condition, that they cannot ever after come to the use of their teeth, or get a smelling of a crust. You are desired to dispose of these as soon as you can, that the breed may not increase; and your care in tying them up will be acknowledged by, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"September 7." "PHILANTHROPOS."

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 9.

We have received letters from the duke of Marlborough's camp, which bring us further particulars of the great and glorious victory obtained over the enemy on the eleventh instant, N.S. The number

* White Friars.

of the wounded and prisoners is much greater than was expected from our first account. The day was doubtful till after twelve of the clock; but the enemy made little resistance after their first line on the left began to give way. An exact narration of the whole affair is expected next post. The French have had two days allowed them to bury their dead, and carry off their wounded men upon parole. Those regiments of Great Britain which suffered most are ordered into garrison, and fresh troops commanded to march into the field. The States have also directed troops to march out of the towns, to relieve those who lost so many men in attacking the second intrenchment of the French in the plain between Sart and Jansart.

No. 67. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.
POPE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPTEMBER 12.

No man can conceive, till he comes to try it, how great a pain it is to be a public-spirited person. I am sure I am unable to express to the world how great anxiety I have suffered, to see of how little benefit my Lucubrations have been to my fellow-subjects. Men will go on in their own way, in

spite of all my labour. I gave Mr. Didapper a private reprimand for wearing red-heeled shoes, and at the same time was so indulgent as to connive at him for fourteen days, because I would give him the wearing of them out; but after all this, I am informed he appeared yesterday with a new pair of the same sort. I have no better success with Mr. What-d'ye call, as to his buttons; Stentor still roars; and box and dice rattle as loud as they did before I writ against them. Partridge walks about at noon day, and Æsculapius thinks of adding a new lace to his livery. However, I must still go on in laying these enormities before men's eyes, and let them answer for going on in their practice.

My province is much larger than at first sight men would imagine, and I shall lose no part of my jurisdiction, which extends not only to futurity, but also is retrospect to things past; and the behaviour of persons who have long ago acted their parts is as much liable to my examination, as that of my own contemporaries.

In order to put the whole race of mankind in their proper distinctions, according to the opinion their cohabitants conceived of them, I have, with very much care and depth of meditation, thought fit to erect a chamber of Fame, and established certain rules, which are to be observed in admitting members into this illustrious society.

In this chamber of Fame, there are to be three tables, but of different lengths: the first is to contain exactly twelve persons; the second twenty; and the third an hundred. This is reckoned to be the full number of those who have any competent share of fame. At the first of these tables are to be placed in their order, the twelve most famous persons in the world; not with regard to the things they are famous for, but according to the degree of

their fame, whether in valour, wit, or learning. Thus, if a scholar be more famous than a soldier, he is to sit above him. Neither must any preference be given to virtue, if the person be not equally famous.

When the first table is filled, the next in renown must be seated at the second, and so on in like manner to the number of twenty; as also in the same order at the third, which is to hold a hundred. At these tables, no regard is to be had to seniority; for if Julius Cæsar shall be judged more famous than Romulus and Scipio, he must have the precedence. No person who has not been dead a hundred years must be offered to a place at any of these tables: and because this is altogether a lay-society, and that sacred persons move upon greater motives than that of fame, no persons celebrated in holy writ, or any ecclesiastical men whatsoever, are to be introduced here.

At the lower end of the room is to be a side-table for persons of great fame, but dubious existence; such as Hercules, Theseus, Æneas, Achilles, Hector, and others. But, because it is apprehended that there may be great contention about precedence, the proposer humbly desires the opinion of the learned towards his assistance in placing every person according to his rank, that none may have just occasion of offence.

The merits of the cause shall be judged by plurality of voices.

For the more impartial execution of this important affair, it is desired, that no man will offer his favourite hero, scholar, or poet; and that the learned will be pleased to send to Mr. Bickerstaff's, at Mr. Morphew's, near Stationers'-hall, their several lists for the first table only, and in the order they would have them placed; after which the proposer will

compare the several lists, and make another for the wherein every name shall be ranked according to the voices it has had. Under this chamber is to be a dark vault for the same number of persons of evil fame.

It is humbly submitted to consideration, whether the project would not be better if the persons of true fame meet in a middle room, those of dubious existence in an upper room, and those of evil fame in a lower dark room.

It is to be noted, that no historians are to be admitted at any of these tables; because they are appointed to conduct the several persons to their seats, and are to be made use of as ushers to the assemblies.

I call upon the learned world to send me their assistance towards this design, it being a matter of too great moment for any one person to determine. But I do assure them, their lists shall be examined with great fidelity, and those that are exposed to the public, made with all the caution imaginable.

In the mean time, while I wait for these lists, I am employed in keeping people in a right way, to avoid the contrary to fame and applause, to wit, blame and derision. For this end I work upon that useful project of the penny-post, by the benefit of which it is proposed that a charitable society be established: from which society there shall go every day, circular letters to all parts within the bills of mortality, to tell people of their faults in a friendly and private manner, whereby they may know what the world thinks of them, before it is declared to the world that they are thus faulty. This method cannot fail of universal good consequences: for it is further added, that they who will not be reformed by it, must be contented to see the several letters printed, which were not regarded by them, that

when they will not take private reprehension, they may be tried further by a public one. I am very sorry I am obliged to print the following epistles of that kind to some persons, and the more because they are of the fair sex.

This went on Friday last to a very fine lady.

MADAM,

I am highly sensible, that there is nothing of so tender a nature as the reputation and conduct of ladies; and that when there is the least stain got into their fame, it is hardly ever to be washed out. When I have said this you will believe I am extremely concerned to hear, at every visit I make, that your manner of wearing your hair is a mere affectation of beauty, as well as that of your neglect of powder has been a common evil to your sex. It is to you an advantage to show that abundance of fine tresses; but I beseech you to consider, that the force of your beauty, and the imitation of you, costs Eleonora great sums of money to her tire-woman for false locks, besides what is allowed to her maid for keeping the secret, that she is grey. I must take leave to add to this admonition, that you are not to reign above four months and odd days longer. Therefore I must desire you to raise and friz your hair a little, for it is downright insolence to be thus handsome without art; and you will forgive me for intreating you to do now out of compassion, what you must soon do out of necessity. I am, madam,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant.

This person dresses just as she did before I writ; as does also the lady to whom I addressed the following billet the same day:

MADAM,

Let me beg of you to take off the patches at the

lower end of your left cheek, and I will allow two more under your left eye, which will contribute more to the symmetry of your face; except you would please to remove the ten black atoms on your ladyship's chin, and wear one large patch instead of them. If so, you may properly enough retain the three patches above mentioned. I am, &c.

This I thought had all the civility and reason in the world in it: but whether my letters are intercepted, or whatever it is, the lady patches as she used to do. It is to be observed by all the charitable society, as an instruction in their epistles, that they tell people of nothing but what is in their power to mend. I shall give another instance of this way of writing: two sisters in Essex-street are eternally gaping out of the window, as if they knew not the value of time, or would call in companions. Upon which I writ the following line:

DEAR CREATURES,

On the receipt of this shut your casements.

But I went by yesterday, and found them still at the window. What can a man do in this case, but go on and wrap himself up in his own integrity, with satisfaction only in this melancholy truth, that virtue is its own reward: and that if no one is the better for his admonitions, yet he is himself the more virtuous in that he gave those advices?

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 12.

Letters of the thirteenth instant from the duke of Marlborough's camp at Havre advise, that the necessary dispositions were made for opening the trenches before Mons. The direction of the siege is to be committed to the Prince of Orange, who designed to take his post accordingly with thirty bat-

talions and thirty squadrons on the day following. On the seventeenth lieutenant-general Cadogan set out for Brussels, to hasten the ammunition and artillery which is to be employed in this enterprize; and the confederate army was extended from the Haisne to the Trouille, in order to cover the siege. The loss of the confederates in the late battle is not exactly known; but it appears by a list transmitted to the States-general, that the number of the killed and wounded in their service amounts to above eight thousand. It is computed, that the English have lost fifteen hundred men, and the rest of the allies above five thousand including the wounded. The States-general have taken the most speedy and effectual measures for reinforcing their troops; and it is expected that in eight or ten days the army will be as numerous as before the battle. The affairs in Italy afford us nothing remarkable; only that it is hoped the difference between the courts of Vienna and Turin will be speedily accommodated. Letters from Poland present us with a near prospect of seeing king Augustus re-established on the throne, all parties being very industrious to reconcile themselves to his interests.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 12.

Of all the pretty arts in which our modern writers excel, there is not any which is more to be recommended to the imitation of beginners, that the skill of transition from one subject to another. I know not whether I make myself well understood; but it is certain, that the way of stringing a discourse, used in the Mercure Gallant, the Gentleman's Journal *, and other learned writings; not to mention how naturally things present themselves to

* Published about the end of the seventeenth century in 4to.

ch as harangue in pulpits, and other occasions which occur to the learned; are methods worthy commendation. I shall attempt this style myself in a few lines. Suppose I was discoursing upon the king of Sweden's passing the Boristhenes. The Boristhenes is a great river, and puts me in mind of the Danube and the Rhine. The Danube I cannot think of without reflection on that unhappy prince who had such fair territories on the banks of it; I mean, the duke of Bavaria, who by our last letters is retired from Mons. Mons is as strong a fortification as any which has no citadel: and places which are not completely fortified, are, methinks, lessons to princes, that they are not omnipotent, but liable to the strokes of fortune. But as all princes are subject to such calamities, it is the part of men of letters to guard them from the observations of all small writers: for which reason I shall conclude my present remarks, by publishing the following advertisement to be taken notice of by all who dwell in the suburbs of learning:

Whereas the king of Sweden has been so unfortunate to receive a wound in his heel; we do hereby prohibit all epigrammatists in either language and both Universities, as well as all other poets, of what denomination soever, to make any mention of Achilles having received his death's wound in the same part.

We do likewise forbid all comparisons in coffee-houses between Alexander the Great and the said king of Sweden, and from making any parallels between the death of Patkul and Philotas; we being very apprehensive of the reflections that several politicians have ready by them to produce on this occasion, and being willing, as much as in us lies, to free the town of all impertinences of this nature.

No. 68. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. POPE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPTEMBER 14.

THE progress of our endeavours will of necessity be very much interrupted, except the learned world will please to send their lists to the chamber of Fame with all expedition. There is nothing can so much contribute to create a noble emulation in our youth, as the honourable mention of such whose actions have outlived the injuries of time, and recommended themselves so far to the world that it is become learning to know the least circumstance of their affairs. It is a great incentive to see, that some men have raised themselves so highly above their fellow-creatures, that the lives of ordinary men are spent in inquiries after the particular actions of the most illustrious. True it is, that without this impulse to fame and reputation, our industry would stagnate, and that lively desire of pleasing each other die away. This opinion was so established in the heathen world, that their sense of living appeared insipid, except their being was enlivened with a consciousness that they were esteemed by the rest of the world.

Upon examining the proportion of men's fame for my table of twelve, I thought it no ill way,

since I had laid it down for a rule that they were to be ranked simply as they were famous, without regard to their virtue, to ask my sister Jenny's advice; and particularly mention to her the name of Aristotle. She immediately told me, he was a very great scholar, and that she had read him at the boarding-school. She certainly means a trifle, sold by the hawkers called 'Aristotle's Problems.' But this raised a great scruple in me, whether a fame increased by imposition of others is to be added to his account, or that these excrescences, which grow out of his real reputation, and give encouragement to others to pass things under the covert of his name, should be considered in giving him his seat in the chamber? This punctilio is referred to the learned. In the mean time, so ill-natured are mankind, that I believe I have names already sent me sufficient to fill up my list for the dark room, and every one is apt enough to send in their accounts of ill deservers. This malevolence does not proceed from a real dislike of virtue, but diabolical prejudice against it, which makes men willing to destroy what they care not to imitate. Thus you see the greatest characters among your acquaintance, and those you live with, are traduced by all below them in virtue, who never mention them but with an exception. However, I believe I shall not give the world much trouble about filling my tables for those of evil fame; for I have some thoughts of clapping up the sharpers there as fast as I can lay hold of them.

At present, I am employed in looking over the several notices which I have received of their manner of dexterity, and the way at dice of making all *rugg*, as the cant is. The whole art of securing a die has lately been sent me, by a person who was of the fraternity, but is disabled by the loss of a finger; by which means he cannot practice that trick as he used

to do. But I am very much at a loss how to c[illegible] some of the fair sex, who are accomplices with the Knights of Industry; for my metaphorical dogs are easily enough understood; but the feminine gender of dogs has so harsh a sound, that we know not how to name it. But I am credibly informed, that there are female dogs as voracious as the males, and make advances to young fellows, without any other design but coming to a familiarity with their purses. I have also long lists of persons of condition, who are certainly of the same regiment with these banditti, and instrumental to their cheats upon undiscerning men of their own rank. These add their good reputation to carry on the impostures of others, whose very names would else be defence enough against falling into their hands. But, for the honour of our nation, these shall be unmentioned: provided we hear no more of such practices, and that they shall not from henceforward suffer the society of such as they know to be the common enemies of order, discipline, and virtue. If it appear that they go on in encouraging them, they must be proceeded against according to the severest rules of history, where all is to be laid before the world with impartiality, and without respect to persons,

'So let the stricken deer go weep.'

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 14.

I find left here for me the following epistle:

'SIR,

'Having lately read your discourse about the family of Trubies, wherein you observe, that there are some who fall into laughter out of a certain benevolence in their temper, and not out of the ordinary motive, viz. contempt, and triumph over the

imperfections of others; I have conceived a good idea of your knowledge of mankind. And, as you have a tragi-comic genius, I beg the favour of you to give us your thoughts of a quite different effect, which also is caused by other motives than what are commonly taken notice of. What I would have you treat of is the cause of shedding tears. I desire you would discuss it a little, with observations upon the various occasions which provoke us to that expression of our concern,' &c.

To obey this complaisant gentleman, I know no way so short as examining the various touches of my own bosom, on several occurrences in a long life, to the evening of which I am arrived, after as many various incidents as any body has met with. I have often reflected, that there is a great similitude in the motions of the heart in mirth and in sorrow; and I think the usual occasion of the latter, as well as the former, is something which is sudden and unexpected. The mind has not a sufficient time to recollect its force, and immediately gushes into tears before we can utter ourselves by speech or complaint. The most notorious causes of these drops from our eyes are, pity, sorrow, joy, and reconciliation.

The fair sex, who are made of man and not of earth, have a more delicate humanity than we have: and pity is the most common cause of their tears: for as we are inwardly composed of an aptitude to every circumstance of life, and every thing that befals any one person might have happened to any other of human race; self-love and a sense of the pain we ourselves should suffer in the circumstances of any whom we pity, is the cause of that compassion. Such a reflection in the breast of a woman immediately inclines her to tears: but in a man, it makes him think how such a one ought to

act on that occasion suitably to the dignity of his nature. Thus a woman is ever moved for those whom she hears lament, and a man for those whom he observes to suffer in silence. It is a man's own behaviour in the circumstances he is under, which procures him the esteem of others, and not merely the affliction itself which demands our pity; for we never give a man that passion which he falls into for himself. He that commends himself never purchases our applause; nor he who bewails himself, our pity.

Going through an alley the other day I observed a noisy, impudent beggar bawl out, 'that he was wounded in a merchant-man; that he had lost his poor limbs;' and showed a leg clouted up. All that passed by made what haste they could out of his sight and hearing; but a poor fellow at the end of the passage, with a rusty coat, a melancholy air, and soft voice, desired them 'to look upon a man not used to beg.' The latter received the charity of almost every one that went by. The strings of the heart which are to be touched to give us compassion, are not so played on but by the finest hand. We see in tragical representations, it is not the pomp of language or the magnificence of dress, in which the passion is wrought, that touches sensible spirits; but something of a plain and simple nature, which breaks in upon our souls, by that sympathy which is given us for our mutual good-will and service.

In the tragedy of 'Macbeth,' where Wilks acts the part of a man whose family has been murdered in his absence, the wildness of his passion, which is run over in a torrent of calamitous circumstances, does but raise my spirits, and give me the alarm; but when he skilfully seems to be out of breath, and is brought too low to say more: and upon a se-

cond reflection, cry, only wiping his eyes, 'What both children! Both, both my children gone!' there is no resisting a sorrow which seems to have cast about for all the reasons possible for its consolation, but has no resource. 'There is not one left; but both, both are murdered!' Such sudden starts from the thread of the discourse, and a plain sentiment expressed in an artless way, are the irresistible strokes of eloquence and poetry. The same great master, Shakspeare, can afford us instances of all the places where our souls are accessible, and ever commands our tears. But it is to be observed, that he draws them from some unexpected source, which seems not wholly of a piece with the discourse. Thus, when Brutus and Cassius had a debate in the tragedy of 'Cæsar,' and rose to warm language against each other, insomuch that it had almost come to something that might be fatal, till they recollected themselves; Brutus does more than make an apology for the heat he had been in, by saying, 'Portia is dead.' Here Cassius is all tenderness, and ready to dissolve, when he considers that the mind of his friend had been employed on the greatest affliction imaginable, when he had been adding to it by a debate on trifles; which makes him, in the anguish of his heart, cry out, 'How 'scaped I killing when I thus provoked you?' This is an incident which moves the soul in all its sentiments; and Cassius's heart was at once touched with all the soft pangs of pity, and remorse, and reconciliation. It is said, indeed, by Horace, 'If you would have me weep, you must first weep yourself.' This is not literally true: for it would have been as rightly said, if we observe nature, That I shall certainly weep if you do not: but what is intended by that expression is, that it

is not possible to give passion, except you show that you suffer yourself. Therefore, the true art seems to be, that when you would have the person you represent pitied, you must show him at once in the highest grief; and struggling to bear it with decency and patience. In this case, we sigh for him, and give him every groan he suppresses.

I remember, when I was young enough to follow the sports of the field, I have more than once rode off at the death of a deer, when I have seen the animal, in an affliction which appeared human, without the least noise, let fall tears when he was reduced to extremity; and I have thought of the sorrow I saw him in, when his haunch came to the table. But our tears are not given only to objects of pity but the mind has recourse to that relief in all occasions which gives us much emotion. Thus, to be apt to shed tears is a sign of a great as well as little spirit. I have heard say, the present pope* never passes through the people, who always kneel in crowds, and ask his benediction, but the tears are seen to flow from his eyes. This must proceed from an imagination that he is the father of all those people: and that he is touched with so extensive a benevolence, that it breaks out into a passion of tears. You see friends, who have been long absent transported in the same manner: a thousand little images crowd upon them at their meeting, as all the joys and griefs they have known during their separation; and in one hurry of thought they conceive how they should have participated in those occasions: and weep, because their minds are too full to wait the slow expression of words.

* Pope Clement XI.

His lacrymis vitam damus, et miserescimus ultro.

VIRG. ÆN. ii. 145.

With tears the wretch confirm'd his tale of woe.
And soft-ey'd pity pleaded for the foe.

R. WYNNE.

*** There is lately broke loose from the London pack, a very tall, dangerous biter. He is now at the Bath, and it is feared will make a dammable havoc amongst the game. His manner of biting is new, and he is called the Top. He secures one die betwixt his two fingers: the other is fixed, by help of a famous wax invented by an apothecary, since a gamester; a little of which he puts upon his fore-finger, and that holds the die in the box at his devotion. Great sums have been lately won by these ways; but it is hoped, that this hint of his manner of cheating will open the eyes of many who are every day imposed upon.

†††† There is now in the press, and will be suddenly published, a book, entitled, 'An Appendix to the Contempt of the Clergy*;' wherein will be set forth at large, that all our dissentions are owing to the laziness of persons in the sacred ministry, and that none of the present schisms could have crept into the flock, but by the negligence of the pastors. There is a digression in this treatise, proving, that the pretences made by the priesthood, from time to time, that the church was in danger, is only a trick to make the laity passionate for that of which they themselves have been negligent. The whole concludes with an exhortation to the clergy, to the study of eloquence, and practice of piety, as the only method to support the highest of all honours, that of a priest who lives and acts according to his character.

* A celebrated book, written by Dr. John Eachard, and published in 1670.

No. 69. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1709.

— *Quid oportet*
Nos facere, a vulgo longè latèque remotos?

HOR. SAT. i. 6. 17.

But how shall we, who differ far and wide
From the mere vulgar, this great point decide?

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPTEMBER 16.

It is, as far it relates to our present being, the great end of education to raise ourselves above the vulgar; but what is intended by the vulgar is not, methinks, enough understood. In me, indeed, that word raises a quite different idea from what it usually does in others; but perhaps that proceeds from my being old, and beginning to want the relish of such satisfactions as are the ordinary entertainment of men. However, such as my opinion is in this case, I will speak it; because it is possible that turn of thought may be received by others, who may reap as much satisfaction from it as I do myself.

It is to me a very great meanness, and something much below a philosopher, which is what I mean by a gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behaviour, his thoughts, and sentiments, in that condition. For if a man be loaded with riches and honours, and in that state of life has thoughts and inclinations below the meanest artificer; is not such an artificer, who within his power is good to

his friends, moderate in his demands for his labour, and cheerful in his occupation, very much superior to him who lives for no other end but to serve himself, and assumes a preference in all his words and actions to those who act their part with much more grace than himself? Epictetus has made use of the similitude of a stage-play to human life with much spirit. 'It is not,' says he 'to be considered, among the actors, who is prince, or who is beggar, but who acts prince or beggar best.' The circumstance of life should not be that which gives us place, but our behaviour in that circumstance is what should be our solid distinction. Thus, a wise man should think no man above him or below him, any further than it regards the outward order and discipline of the world; for if we take too great an idea of the eminence of our superiors, or subordination of our inferiors, it will have an ill effect upon our behaviour to both. He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.

This sense of mankind is so far from a levelling principle, that it only sets us upon a true basis of distinction, and doubles the merit of such as become their condition. A man in power, who can, without the ordinary prepossessions which stop the way to the true knowledge and service of mankind, overlook the little distinctions of fortune, raise obscure merit, and discountenance successful indesert, has, in the minds of knowing men, the figure of an angel rather than a man; and is above the rest of men in the highest character he can be, even that of their benefactor.

light to me to receive advice from Felicia, that Eboracensis was appointed a governor of one of their plantations. As I am a great lover of mankind, I took part in the happiness of that people who were to be governed by one of so great humanity, justice, and honour. Eboracensis has read all the schemes which writers have formed of government and order, and been long conversant with men who have the reins in their hands; so that he can very well distinguish between chimerical and practical politics. It is a great blessing, when men have to deal with such different characters in the same species, as those of freemen and slaves, that they who command have a just sense of human nature itself, by which they can temper the haughtiness of the master, and soften the servitude of the slave—*'Hæ tibi erunt artes.'* This is the notion with which those of the plantation receive Eboracensis: and, as I have cast his nativity, I find there will be a record made of this person's administration; and on that part of the shore from whence he embarks to return from his government, there will be a monument, with these words: 'Here the people wept, and took leave of Eboracensis, the first governor our mother Felicia sent, who, during his command here, believed himself her subject.'

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 16.

The following letter wants such sudden despatch, that all things else must wait for this time:

"SIR,

"There are two ladies, who having a good opinion of your taste and judgment, desire you to make use of them in the following particular, which perhaps you may allow very extraordinary. The two ladies before mentioned have a considerable time

since, contracted a more sincere and constant friendship than their adversaries, the men, will allow consistent with the frailty of female nature; and being from a long acquaintance convinced of the perfect agreement of their tempers, have thought upon an expedient to prevent their separation, and cannot think any so effectual, since it is common for love to destroy friendship, as to give up both their liberties to the same person in marriage. The gentleman they have pitched upon is neither well bred nor agreeable, his understanding moderate, and his person never designed to charm women; but having so much self-interest in his nature, as to be satisfied with making double contracts, upon condition of receiving double fortunes: and most men being so far sensible of the uneasiness that one woman occasions; they think him, for these reasons, the most likely person of their acquaintance to receive these proposals. Upon all other accounts, he is the last man either of them would chuse, yet for this preferable to all the rest. They desire to know your opinion the next post, resolving to defer further proceeding, till they have received it.

"I am Sir,

"your unknown, unthought of,

"humble servant,

"BRIDGET EITHERSIDE."

"Sept. 13, Equal day and night."

This is very extraordinary; and much might be objected by me, who am something of a civilian, to the case of two marrying the same man: but these ladies are, I perceive, free-thinkers; and therefore I shall speak only to the prudential part of this design, merely as a philosopher, without entering into the merit of it in the ecclesiastical or civil law. These constant friends, Pyladea and Orestea, are at a loss to preserve their friendship from the

encroachments of love, for which end they have resolved upon a fellow who cannot be the object of affection or esteem to either, and consequently cannot rob one of the place each has in her friend's heart. But in all my reading, and I have read all that the sages of love have writ, I have found the greatest danger in jealousy. The ladies, indeed, to avoid this passion, choose a sad fellow; but if they would be advised by me, they had better have each her worthless man; otherwise, he that was despicable while he was indifferent to them, will become valuable when he seems to prefer one to the other.

I remember in the history of Don Quixote of *la Manca*, there is a memorable passage, which opens to us the weakness of our nature in such particulars. The Don falls into discourse with a gentleman, whom he calls 'the Knight of the Green Cassock,' and is invited to his house. When he comes there, he runs into discourse and panegyric upon the economy, the government, and order of his family, the education of his children, and lastly on the singular wisdom of him who disposed things with that exactness. The gentleman makes a soliloquy to himself. 'O irresistible power of flattery! Though I know this is a madman, I cannot help being taken with his applause.' The ladies will find this much more true in the case of their lover, and the woman he most likes will certainly be more pleased, she whom he slights more offended, than she can imagine before she has tried. Now, I humbly propose, that they both marry coxcombs whom they are sure they cannot like, and then they may be pretty secure against the change of affection, which they fear; and, by that means, preserving the temperature under which they now write, enjoy, during life, 'Equal day and night.'

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 16.

There is no manner of news; but people now spend their time in coffee-houses, in reflections upon the particulars of the late glorious day, and collecting the several parts of the action, as they are produced in letters from private hands, or notices given to us by accounts in public papers. A pleasant gentleman, alluding to the great fences through which we pierced, said this evening, 'the French thought themselves on the right side of the hedge, but it proved otherwise.' Mr. Kidney, who has long conversed with, and filled tea for, the most consummate politicians, was pleased to give me an account of this piece of ribaldry, and desired me, on that occasion, to write a whole paper on the subject of valour, and explain how that quality, which must be possessed by whole armies, is so highly preferable in one man rather than another; and how the same actions are but mere acts of duty in some, and instances of the most heroic virtue in others. He advised me not to fail, in this discourse, to mention the gallantry of the prince of Nassau in this last engagement; who, when a battalion made a halt in the face of the enemy, snatched the colours out of the hands of the ensign, and planted them just before the line of the enemy, calling to that battalion to take care of their colours, if they had no regard to him. Mr. Kidney has my promise to obey him in this particular, on the first occasion that offers.

*** Mr. Bickerstaff is now compiling exact accounts of the pay of the militia, and the commission-officers under the respective lieutenancies of Great Britain; in the first place, of those of London and

Westminster; and in regard that there are no common soldiers, but all house-keepers, or representatives of house-keepers, in these bodies, the sums raised by the officers shall be looked into; and their fellow-soldiers, or rather fellow-travellers from one part of the town to the other, not defrauded of the ten pounds allowed for the subsistence of the troops.

†‡† Whereas, not very long since, at a tavern between Fleet-bridge and Charing-cross, some certain polite gentlemen thought fit to perform the bacchanalian exercises of devotion, by dancing without clothes on, after the manner of the Præ-Adamites: this is to certify those persons, that there is no manner of wit or humour in the said practice; and that the beadles of the parish are to be at their next meeting, where it is to be examined, whether they are arrived at want of feeling, as well as want of shame.

‡‡‡ Whereas a chapel-clerk was lately taken in a garret, on a flock-bed, with two of the fair sex, who are usually emplosed in sifting cinders: this is to let him know, that if he persists in being a scandal both to laity and clergy, as being as it were both and neither, the names of the nymphs who were with him shall be printed; therefore he is desired, as he tenders the reputation of his ladies, to repent.

§§§ Mr. Bickerstaff has received information, that an eminent and noble preacher in the chief congregation of Great Britain *, for fear of being thought guilty of presbyterian fervency and extemporary prayer, lately read his, before his sermon; but the same advices acknowledging that he made the congregation large amends by the shortness of his discourse, it is thought fit to make no further observation upon it.

* The author seems here to allude to the chapel-royal at St. James's, where Robert Booth, D. D. dean of Bristol, was at that time the only 'honourable' chaplain.

No. 70. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*—
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPTEMBER 19.

THE following letter, in prosecution of what I have lately asserted, has urged that matter so much better than I had, that I insert it as I received it. These testimonials are customary with us learned men, and sometimes are suspected to be written by the author; but I fear no one will suspect me of this.

" SIR,

" Having read your lucubrations of the tenth instant, I cannot but entirely agree with you in your notions of the scarcity of men who can neither read or speak. For my part I have lived these thirty years in the world, and yet have observed but very few who could do either in any tolerable manner; among which few, you must understand that I reckon myself. How far eloquence, set off with the proper ornaments of voice and gesture, will prevail over the passions, and how cold and unaffecting the best oration in the world would be without them, there are two remarkable instances, in the case of Ligarius, and that of Milo. Cæsar had condemned Ligarius. He came indeed to hear what might be

not to be biassed by any thing Cicero could say in his behalf; but in this he was mistaken; for when the orator began to speak, the hero is moved, he is vanquished, and at length the criminal absolved. It must be observed that this famous orator was less renowned for his courage than his eloquence; for though he came at another time prepared to defend Milo with one of the best orations that antiquity has produced; yet being seized with a sudden fear, by seeing some armed men surrounding the Forum, he faltered in his speech, and became unable to exert that irresistible force and beauty of action which would have saved his client, and for want of which he was condemned to banishment. As the success of the former of these orations met with appears chiefly owing to the life and graceful manner with which it was recited, for some there are who think it may be read without transport, so the latter seems to have failed of success for no other reason, but because the orator was not in a condition to set it off with those ornaments. It must be confessed, that artful sound will with the crowd prevail even more than sense; but those who are masters of both will ever gain the admiration of all their hearers; and there is, I think, a very natural account to be given of this matter: for the sensation of the head and heart are caused in each of these parts by the outward organs of the eye and ear: that, therefore, which is conveyed to the understanding and passions by only one of these organs will not affect us so much as that which is transmitted through both. I cannot but think your charge is just against a great part of the learned clergy of Great Britain, who deliver the most excellent discourses with such coldness and indifference, that it is no great wonder the unintelligent many of their congregations fall asleep. Thus it happens

that their orations meet with a quite contrary fate to that of Demosthenes you mentioned; for as that lost [illegible] of its beauty and force, by being repeated to the magistrates of Rhodes without the winning action of that great orator; so the performances of these gentlemen never appear with so little grace, and to so much disadvantage, as when delivered by themselves from the pulpit. Hippocrates, being sent for to a patient in this city, and having felt his pulse, inquired into the symptoms of his distemper: and finding that it proceeded in great measure from want of sleep, advises his patient, with an air of gravity to be carried to church to hear a sermon, not doubting but that it would dispose him for the rest he wanted. If some of the rules Horace gives for the theatre were, not improperly, applied to our pulpits, we should not hear a sermon prescribed as a good opiate.

— Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi —

HOR. ARS POET. 102.

If you would have me weep, begin the strain.

FRANCIS.

"A man must himself express some concern and affection in delivering his discourse, if he expects his auditory should interest themselves in what he proposes. For otherwise, notwithstanding the dignity and importance of the subject he treats of; notwithstanding the weight and argument of the discourse itself; yet too many will say,

— Male si mandata loquêris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo —

HOR. ARS POET. 104.

But if, unmoved, you act not what you say

"If there be a deficiency in the speaker, there will not be a sufficient attention and regard paid to the thing spoken: but, Mr. Bickerstaff, you know, that as too little action is cold, so too much is fulsome. Some, indeed may think themselves accomplished speakers, for no other reason than because they can be loud and noisy; for surely Stentor must have some design in his vociferations. But, dear Mr. Bickerstaff, convince them, that as harsh and irregular sound is not harmony; so neither is banging a cushion, oratory: and therefore, in my humble opinion, a certain divine of the first order, whom I allow otherwise to be a great man, would do well to leave this off; for I think his sermons would be more persuasive, if he gave his auditory less disturbance. Though I cannot say that this action would be wholly improper to a profane oration; yet I think, in a religious assembly, it gives a man too warlike, or perhaps too theatrical a figure to be suitable to a Christian congregation.—I am, Sir, your humble servant," &c.

"London, Sept. 15, 1709."

The most learned and ingenious Mr. Rosehat is also pleased to write to me on this subject—

"SIR,

"I read with great pleasure in the Tatler of Saturday last the conversation upon eloquence: permit me to hint to you one thing the Great Roman orator observes upon this subject: *Caput enim arbitrabatur oratoris* (he quotes Menedemus an Athenian), *ut ipsis apud quos ageret talis qualem ipse optaret videretur; id fieri vitæ dignitate.* (Tull. de Orat.) It is the first rule in oratory, that a man must appear such as he would persuade others to be; and that can be accomplished only by the force of his life. I believe it might be of great service to let our public orators know, that an unnatural gra-

vity, or an unbecoming levity in their behaviour out of the pulpit, will take very much from the force of their eloquence in it. Excuse another scrap of Latin; it is from one of the fathers: I think it will appear a just observation to all, and it may have authority with some: *Qui autem docent tantùm, nec faciunt, ipsi præceptis suis, detrahunt pondus: quis enim obtemperet, cum ipsi præceptores doceant non obtemperare?* 'Those who teach but do not act agreeably to the instructions they give to others, take away all weight from their doctrine: for who will obey the precepts they inculcate, if they themselves teach us by their practice to disobey them?'

"I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"JONATHAN ROSEHAT."

"P.S.—You were complaining in that paper, that the clergy of Great Britain had not yet learned to speak: a very great defect indeed: and therefore I shall think myself a well-deserver of the church, in recommending all the dumb clergy to the famous speaking doctor of Kensington. This ingenious gentleman, out of compassion to those of a bad utterance, has placed his whole study in the new modelling the organs of voice: which art he has so far advanced, as to be able even to make a good orator of a pair of bellows. He lately exhibited a specimen of his skill in this way, of which I was informed by the worthy gentlemen then present; who were at once delighted and amazed to hear an instrument of so simple an organization use an exact articulation of words, a just cadency in its sentences, and a wonderful pathos in its pronunciation; not that he designs to expatiate in this practice; because he cannot, as he says, apprehend what use it may be of to mankind, whose benefit he aims at in a more particular manner: and for the same reason, he will

never more instruct the feathered kind, the parrot having been his last scholar in that way. He has a wonderful faculty in making and mending echos: and this he will perform at any time for the use of the solitary in the country; being a man born for universal good, and for that reason recommended to your patronage, by, Sir, yours," &c.

Another learned gentleman, gives me also this encomium:

"SIR,

"You are now got into an useful and noble subject; take care to handle it with judgement and delicacy. I wish every young divine would give yours of Saturday last a serious perusal: and now you are entered upon the action of an orator, if you would proceed to favour the world with some remarks on the mystical enchantments of pronunciation, what a secret force there is in the accents of a tunable voice, and wherefore the works of two very great men of the profession could never please so well when read as heard, I shall trouble you with no more scribble. You are now in the method of being truly profitable and delightful. If you can keep up to such great and sublime subjects, and pursue them with a suitable genius, go on and prosper. Farewell."

"September 16."

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 19.

This was left for me here, for the use of the company of the house:

"TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

"SIR,

"The account you gave lately of a certain dog-kennel in or near Suffolk-street was not so punctual, as to the list of the dogs, as might have been ex-

pected from a person of Mr. Bickerstaff's intelligence; for if you will despatch Pacolet thither some evening, it is ten to one but he finds, besides those you mentioned,

"Towzer, a large French mongrel, that was not long ago in a tattered condition, but has now got new hair; is not fleet, but when he grapples, bites even to the marrow:

"Spring, a little French greyhound, that lately made a false trip to Tunbridge:

"Sly, an old battered foxhound, that began the game in France:

"Lightfoot, a fine-skinned Flanders dog, that belonged to a pack at Ghent: but having lost flesh is to Paris for the benefit of the air:

"With several others, that in time may be worth notice.

"Your familiar will see also, how anxious the keepers are about the prey, and indeed not without very good reason, for they have their share of every thing: nay, not so much as a poor rabbit can be run down, but these carnivorous curs swallow a quarter of it. Some mechanics in the neighbourhood, that have entered into this civil society, and who furnish a part of the carrion and oatmeal for the dogs, have the skin; and the bones are picked clean by a litte French shock, that belongs to the family, &c. I am, sir,

"Your humble servant, &c.

"I had almost forgot to tell you, that Ringwood bites at Hampstead with false teeth*."

* False dice.

No. 71. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—
—nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*—
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPTEMBER 21.

I HAVE long been, against my inclination, employed in satire, and that in prosecution of such persons who are below the dignity of the true spirit of it; such who, I fear, are not to be reclaimed by making them only ridiculous. The sharpers, therefore, shall have a month's time to themselves, free from the observation of this paper; but I must not make a truce, without letting them know, that, at the same time, I am preparing for a more vigorous war: for a friend of mine has promised me he will employ his time in compiling such a tract, before the session of the ensuing parliament, as shall lay gaming home to the bosoms of all who love their country or their families; and he doubts not but it will create an act, that shall make these rogues as scandalous as those less mischievous ones on the high road.

I have received private intimations to take care of my walks, and remember there are such things as stabs and blows: but as there never was any thing in this design which ought to displease a man of honour, or which was not designed to offend the rascals, I shall give myself very little concern for finding what I expected, that they would be highly

provoked at these lucubrations. But though I utterly despise the pack, I must confess I am at a stand at the receipt of the following letter, which seems to be written by a man of sense and worth, who has mistaken some passage that I am sure was not levelled at him. This gentleman's complaints give me compunction, when I neglect the threats of the rascals. I cannot be in jest with the rogues any longer, since they pretend to threaten. I do not know whether I shall allow them the favour of transportation.

" MR. BICKERSTAFF,

" Observing you are not content with lashing the many vices of the age without illustrating each with particular characters, it is thought nothing would more contribute to the impression you design by such, than always having regard to truth. In your Tatler of this day, I observe you allow, that nothing is so tender as a lady's reputation; that a stain once got in their fame is hardly ever to be washed out. This you grant, even when you give yourself leave to trifle. If so, what caution is necessary in handling the reputation of a man whose well-being in this life perhaps entirely depends on preserving it from any wound, which, once there received, too often becomes fatal and incurable? Suppose some villainous hand, through personal prejudice, transmits materials for this purpose, which you publish to the world, and afterwards become fully convinced you were imposed on as by this time you may be, of a character you have sent into the world; I say, supposing this, I would be glad to know, what reparation you think ought to be made the person so injured, admitting you stood in his place. It has always been held, that a generous education is the surest mark of a generous mind. The former

is indeed perspicuous in all your papers: and I am persuaded, though you affect often to show the latter, yet you would not keep any measures, even of Christianity, with those who should handle you in the manner you do others. The application of all this is from your having very lately glanced at a man, under a character, that, were he conscious to deserve, he would be the first to rid the world of himself; and would be more justifiable in it to all sorts of men, than you in your committing such a violence on his reputation, which perhaps you may be convinced of in another manner than you deserve from him.

"A man of your capacity, Mr. Bickerstaff, should have more noble views, and pursue the true spirit of satire; but I will conclude, lest I grow out of temper, and will only beg you, for your own preservation, to remember the proverb of the pitcher.

"I am yours,

"Sept. 13." "A. J."

The proverb of the pitcher I have no regard to; but it would be an insensibility not to be pardoned, if a man could be untouched at so warm an accusation, and that laid with so much seeming temper. All I can say to it is, that if the writer, by the same method whereby he conveyed this letter, shall give me an instance wherein I have injured any good man, or pointed at any thing which is not the true object of raillery, I shall acknowledge the offence in as open a manner as the press can do it, and lay down this paper for ever.

There is something very terrible in unjustly attacking men in a way that may prejudice their honour or fortune: but when men of too modest a sense of themselves will think they are touched, it is impossible to prevent ill consequences from the

most innocent and general discourses. This I have known happen in circumstances the most foreign to theirs who have taken offence at them. An advertisement lately published, relating to Omicron, alarmed a gentleman of good sense, integrity, honour, and industry, who is, in every particular, different from the trifling pretenders pointed at in that advertisement. When the modesty of some is as excessive as the vanity of others, what defence is there against misinterpretation? However, giving disturbance, though not intended to men of virtuous characters, has so sincerely troubled me, that I will break from this satirical vein; and, to show I very little value myself upon it, shall for this month ensuing leave the sharper, the fop, the pedant, the proud man, the insolent; in a word all the train of knaves and fools, to their own devices, and touch on nothing but panegyric. This way is suitable to the true genius of the Staffs, who are much more inclined to reward than punish. If, therefore, the author of the above mentioned letter does not command my silence wholly, as he shall if I do not give him satisfaction, I shall for the above-mentioned space turn my thoughts to raising merit from its obscurity, celebrating virtue in its distress, and attacking vice by no other method, but setting innocence in a proper light.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 20.

I find here for me the following letter:

"'SQUIRE BICKERSTAFF,

"Finding your advice and censure to have a good effect, I desire your admonition to our vicar and schoolmaster, who, in his preaching to his auditors, stretches his jaws so wide, that instead of instructing youth, it rather frightens them: likewise in

reading prayers he has such a careless loll, that people are justly offended at his irreverent posture; besides the extraordinary charge they are put to in sending their children to dance, to bring them off of those ill gestures. Another evil faculty he has, in making the bowling-green his daily residence, instead of his church, where his curate reads prayers every day. If the weather is fair, his time is spent in visiting; if cold, or wet, in bed, or at least at home, though within a hundred yards of the church. These, out of many such irregular practices, I write for his reclamation: but two or three things more before I conclude: to wit, that generally when his curate preaches in the afternoon, he sleeps sotting in the desk on a hassock. With all this he is so extremely proud, that he will go but once to the sick, except they return his visit."

I was going on in reading my letter, when I was interrupted by Mr. Greenhat, who has been this evening at the play of Hamlet. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said he, 'had you been to-night at the playhouse, you had seen the force of action in perfection; your admired Mr. Betterton behaved himself so well, that, though now about seventy, he acted youth; and by the prevalent power of proper manner, gesture, and voice, appeared through the whole drama a young man of great expectation, vivacity, and enterprize. The soliloquy, where he began the celebrated sentence of, 'To be, or not to be!' the expostulation, where he explains with his mother in her closet; the noble ardour, after seeing his father's ghost; and his generous distress for the death of Ophelia, are each of them circumstances which dwell strongly upon the minds of the audience, and would certainly affect their behaviour on any parallel occasions in their own lives. Pray,

Mr. Bickerstaff, let us have virtue thus represented on the stage with its proper ornaments, or let these ornaments be added to her in places more sacred. As for my part,' said he, 'I carried my cousin Jerry, this little boy, with me: and shall always love the child for his partiality in all that concerned the fortune of Hamlet. This is entering youth into the affections and passions of manhood before-hand, and, as it were, antedating the effects we hope from a long and liberal education.'

I cannot, in the midst of many other things, which press, hide the comfort that this letter from my ingenious kinsman gives me.

"To my honoured kinsman, ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

"DEAR COUSIN,

"I am sorry, though not surprised, to find that you have rallied the men of dress in vain: that the amber-headed cane still maintains its unstable post: that pockets are but a few inches shortened; and a beau is still a beau, from the crown of his night-cap to the heels of his shoes. For your comfort I can assure you, that your endeavours succeed better in this famous seat of learning. By them, the manners of our young gentlemen are in a fair way of amendment, and their very language is mightily refined. To them it is owing, that not a servitor will sing a catch, not a senior fellow make a pun, not a determining bachelor drink a bumper: and I believe a gentleman-commoner would as soon have the heels of his shoes red, as his stockings. When a witling stands at a coffee-house door, and sneers at those who pass by, to the great improvement of his hopeful audience, he is no longer surnamed 'a slicer,' but a 'man of fire' is the word. A beauty whose health is drunk from Heddington to Hinksey:

who has been the theme of the Muses, her cheeks painted with roses, and her bosom planted with orange boughs; has no more the title of 'lady,' but reigns an undisputed 'toast.' When to the plain garb of gown and band a spark adds an inconsistent long wig, we do not say now 'he boshes,' but 'there goes a smart fellow.' If a virgin blushes, we no longer cry 'she blues.' He that drinks till he stares is no more 'tow-row,' but 'honest.' 'A youngster in a scrape,' is a word out of date; and what bright man says, 'I was joabed by the Dean?' 'Bamboozling' is exploded; 'a shat' is 'a tatler;' and if the muscular motion of a man's face be violent, no mortal says, 'he raises a horse,' but 'he is a merry fellow.'

"I congratulate you my dear kinsman, upon these conquests; such as Roman emperors lamented they could not gain; and in which you rival your correspondent Louis le Grand, and his dictating academy.

"Be yours the glory to perform, mine to record, as Mr. Dryden has said before me to his kinsman; and while you enter triumphant into the temple of the Muses, I, as my office requires, will, with my staff on my shoulder, attend and conduct you.

"I am, dear cousin,

"Your most affectionate kinsman,

"Oxford, Sept. 18." "BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF.'

*** Upon the humble application of certain persons who have made heroic figures in Mr. Bickerstaff's narrations, notice is hereby given, that no such shall ever be mentioned for the future, except

No. 72. SATURDAY, SEPT. 24, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. POPE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 23.

I HAVE taken upon me no very easy task in turning all my thoughts on panegyric, when most of the advices I receive tend to the quite contrary purpose; and I have few notices but such as regard follies and vices. But the properest way for me to treat is, to keep in general upon the passions and affections of men, with as little regard to particulars as the nature of the thing will admit. However, I think there is something so passionate in the circumstances of the lovers mentioned in the following letter, that I am willing to go out of my way to obey what is commanded in it:

"SIR,

"Your design of entertaining the town with the characters of the ancient heroes, as persons shall send an account to Mr. Morphew's, encourages me and others to beg of you, that, in the mean time, if it is not contrary to the method you have proposed, you would give us one paper upon the subject of Pætus and his wife's death, when Nero sent him an order to kill himself: his wife, setting him the example, died with these words: 'Pætus, it is

not painful.' You must know the story, and your observations upon it will oblige, Sir,

"London, Sept. 17." "Your most humble servant."

When the worst man that ever lived in the world had the highest station in it, human life was the object of his diversion; and he sent orders frequently out of mere wantonness, to take off such and such, without so much as being angry with them. Nay, frequently his tyrany was so humorous, that he put men to death because he could not but approve of them. It came one day to his ear, that a certain married couple, Pætus and Arria, lived in a more happy tranquillity and mutual love than any other persons who were then in being. He listened with great attention to the account of their manner of spending their time together, of the constant pleasure they were to each other in all their words and actions; and found by exact information, that they were so treasonable as to be much more happy than his imperial majesty himself. Upon which he writ Pætus the following billet:

'Pætus you are hereby desired to despatch yourself. I have heard a very good character of you; and therefore leave it to yourself, whether you will die by dagger, sword, or poison. If you outlive this order above an hour, I have given directions to put you to death by torture. NERO.'

This familiar epistle was delivered to his wife Arria, who opened it.

One must have a soul very well turned for love, pity, and indignation, to comprehend the tumult this unhappy lady was thrown into upon this occasion. *The passion of love is no more to be understood by some tempers, than a problem in a science by an ignorant man; but he that knows what af-

tion of Arria, ten thousand thoughts flowing upon him, which the tongue was not formed to express; but the charming statue is now before my eyes, and Arria, in her unutterable sorrow, has more beauty than ever appeared in youth, in mirth, or in triumph. These are the great and noble incidents which speak the dignity of our nature, in our sufferings and distresses. Behold, her tender affection for her husband sinks her features into a countenance which appears more helpless than that of an infant: but again, her indignation shows in her visage and her bosom a resentment as strong as that of the bravest man. Long she stood in this agony of alternate rage and love: but at last composed herself for her dissolution, rather than survive her beloved Pætus. When he came into her presence, he found her with the tyrant's letter in one hand, and a dagger in the other. Upon his approach to her, she gave him the order: and at the same time stabbing herself, 'Pætus,' says she, 'it is not painful;' and expired. Pætus immediately followed her example. The passion of these memorable lovers was such, that it eluded the rigour of their fortune, and baffled the force of a blow, which neither felt, because each received it for the sake of the other. The woman's part in this story is by much the more heroic, and and has occasioned one of the best epigrams transmitted to us from antiquity *.

* *Casta suo gladium cum traderet* ARRIA PÆTO,
Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis;
Si qua fides, vulnus, quod feci, non dolet, inquit,
Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, PÆTE, dolet.

MARTIAL, EPIG. l. 14.

When the chaste ARRIA reach'd the reeking sword,
Drawn from her bowels, to her honour'd lord,

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPTEMBER 23.

The boy says, one in a black hat left the following letter:

"FRIEND,

"Being of that part of Christians whom men call Quakers, and being a seeker of the right way, I was persuaded yesterday to hear one of your most noted teachers; the matter he treated was the necessity of well living grounded upon a future state. I was attentive; but the man did not appear in earnest. He read his discourse, notwithstanding thy rebukes, so heavily, and with so litle air of being convinced himself, that I thought he would have slept, as I observed many of his hearers did. I came home unedified, and troubled in mind. I dipt into the Lamentations, and from thence turning to the 34th chapter of Ezekiel, I found these words: "Woe be to the shepherds of Israel, that do feed themselves! should not the shepherds feed the flock? Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool: ye kill them that are fed; but ye feed not the flock. The diseased have ye not strengthened; neither have ye healed that which was sick; neither have ye bound up that which was broken; neither have ye brought again that which was driven away; neither have ye sought that which was lost: but with force and with cruelty have ye ruled them," &c. Now, I pray thee, friend, as thou art a man skilled in many things, tell me who is meant by the diseased, the sick, the broken, the driven away, and the lost? and whether the prophecy in this chapter be accomplished, or yet to come to pass? and thou wilt oblige thy friend, though unknown."

"19th of the seventh month."

This matter is too sacred for this paper; but I

cannot see what injury it would do to any clergyman to have it in his eye, and believe all that are taken from him by his want of industry are to be demanded of him. I dare say, Favonius * has very few of these losses. Favonius, in the midst of a thousand impertinent assailants of the divine truths, is an undisturbed defender of them. He protects all under his care, by the clearness of his understanding, and the example of his life: he visits dying men with the air of a man who hopes for his own dissolution, and enforces in others a contempt of this life, by his own expectation of the next. His voice and behaviour are the lively images of a composed and well-governed zeal. None can leave him for the frivolous jargon uttered by the ordinary teachers among dissenters, but such who cannot distinguish vociferation from eloquence, and argument from railing. He is so great a judge of mankind, and touches our passions with so superior a command, that he who deserts his congregation must be a stranger to the dictates of nature as well as to those of grace.

But I must proceed to other matters, and resolve the questions of other inquirers; as in the following.

"SIR,

"Upon reading that part of the Tatler, No. 69, where mention is made of a certain chapel-clerk, there arose a dispute, and that produced a wager, whether by the words chapel-clerk was meant a clergyman or layman? by a clergyman I mean one in holy orders. It was not that any body in the company pretended to guess who the person was: but some asserted, that by Mr. Bickerstaff's words

* Dr. Sacheverell.

must be meant a clergyman only: others said, that those words might have been said of any clerk of a parish; and some of them more properly of a layman. The wager is half a dozen bottles of wine: in which, if you please to determine it, your health, and all the family of the Staffs, shall certainly be drank: and you will singularly oblige another very considerable family; I mean that of your humble servants,

"Heddington, Sept. 19." "THE TRENCHER CAPS."

It is very customary with us learned men, to find perplexities where no one else can see any. The honest gentlemen, who writ this, are much at a loss to understand what I thought very plain; and in return, their epistle is so plain, that I cannot understand it. This, perhaps, is at first a little like nonsense: but I desire all persons to examine these writings with an eye to my being far gone in the occult sciences; and remember that it is the privilege of the learned and the great to be understood when they please: for as a man of much business may be allowed to leave company when he pleases; so one of high learning may be above your capacity when he thinks fit. But, without further speeches or fooling, I must inform my friends, The Trencher Caps, in plain words, that I meant, in the place they speak of, a drunken clerk of a church; and I will return their civility among my relations, and drink their healths as they do ours.

No. 73. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
—nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 26.

I CANNOT express the confusion the following letter gave me, which I received by Sir Thomas this morning. There cannot be a greater surprise than to meet with sudden enmity in the midst of a familiar and friendly correspondence; which is my case in relation to this epistle: and I have no way to purge myself to the world, but by publishing both it and my answer:

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"You are a very impudent fellow to put me into the Tatler. Rot you, Sir, I have more wit than you; and rot me, I have more money than most fools I have bubbled. All persons of quality admire me; though, rot me, if I value a blue garter any more than I do a blue apron. Every body knows I am brave; therefore have a care how you provoke

"MONOCULUS."

The Answer.

SIR,

Did I not very well know your hand, as well by the spelling as the character, I should not have believed your's of to-day had come from you. But

when all men are acquainted that I have had all my intelligence from you, relating to your fraternity, let them pronounce who is the more impudent. I confess, I have had a peculiar tenderness for you, by reason of that luxuriant eloquence of which you are master, and have treated you accordingly: for which you have turned your florid violence against your ancient friend and *school-fellow*. You know in your own conscience you gave me leave to touch upon your vein of speaking, provided I hid your other talents; in which I believed you sincere, because, like the ancient Simon, you have before now suffered yourself to be *defaced* to carry on a plot. Besides, Sir, *rot me*, language for a person of your present station! Fye, fye, I am really ashamed for you, and shall no more depend upon your inteligence. Keep your temper, *wash your face*, and go to bed.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

For ought I know this fellow may have confused the description of the pack, on purpose to ensnare the game, while I have all along believed he was destroying them as well as myself; but because they pretend to bark more than ordinary, I shall let them see that I will not throw away the whip, till they know better how to behave themselves. But I must not, at the same time, omit the praises of their economy, expressed in the following advice:

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"Though your thoughts are at present employed upon the tables of fame, and marshalling your illustrious dead, it is hoped the living may not be neglected, nor defrauded of their just honours; and since you have begun to publish to the world the great sagacity and vigilance of the Knights of the Industry,

it will be expected you shall proceed to do justice to all the societies of them you can be informed of; especially since their own great industry covers their actions as much as possible from that public notice which is their due.

Paulùm sepultæ distat inertiæ
—Celata virtus.

HOR. OD. iv. 9. 29.

"Hidden vice and concealed virtue are much alike."

"Be pleased, therefore, to let the following memoirs have a place in their history.

"In a certain part of the town, famous for the freshest oysters, and the plainest English, there is a house, or rather a college, sacred to hospitality and the industrious arts. At the entrance is hieroglyphically drawn a cavalier contending with a monster, with jaws expanded, just ready to devour him.

"Hither the brethren of the industry resort; but to avoid ostentation, they wear no habits of distinction, and perform their exercises with as little noise and show as possible. Here are no undergraduates, but each is master of his art. They are distributed according to their various talents, and detached abroad in parties, to divide the labours of the day. They have dogs as well-nosed and as fleet as any, and no sportsmen show greater activity. Some beat for the game, some hunt it, others come in at the death; and my honest landlord makes very good venison sauce, and eats his share of the dinner.

"I would fain pursue my metaphors; but a venerable person who stands by me, and waits to bring you this letter, and whom, by a certain benevolence in his look, I suspect to be Pacolet, reproves me, and obliges me to write in plainer terms, that the society fixed their eyes on a gay young gentle-

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man, who has lately succeeded to a title and an estate; the latter of which they judged would be very convenient for them. Therefore, after several attempts to get into his acquaintance, my landlord finds an opportunity to make his court to a friend of the young sparks, in the following manner:

"Sir, as I take you to be a lover of ingenuity and plain dealing, I shall speak very freely to you. In few words, then, you are acquainted with Sir Liberal Brisk. Providence has, for our emolument, sent him a fair estate; for men are not born for themselves. Therefore, if you will bring him to my house, we will take care of him, and you shall have half the profits. There is Ace and Cutter will do his business to a hair. You will tell me, perhaps, he is your friend: I grant it, and it is for that I propose it, to prevent his falling into ill hands.

"We'll carve him like a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him like a carcase fit for hounds.

"In short there are, to my certain knowledge, a hundred mouths open for him. Now if we can secure him to ourselves, we shall disappoint all those rascals that do not deserve him. Nay, you need not start at it, Sir, it is for your own advantage. Besides, Partridge has cast me his nativity, and I find by certain destiny, *his oaks must be felled.*

'The gentleman, to whom this honest proposal was made, made little answer; but said he would consider of it, and immediately took coach to find out the young baronet, and told him all that had passed, together with the new salvo to satisfy a man's conscience in sacrificing his friend. Sir Brisk was fired, swore a dozen oaths, drew his sword, put it up again, called for his man, beat him and bid him fetch a coach. His friend asked him what

swered, To find out the villains, and fight them. To which his friend agreed, and promised to be his second, on condition he would first divide his estate to them, and reserve only a proportion to himself, that so he might have the justice of fighting his equals. His next resolution was to play with them, and let them see he was not the bubble they took him for. But he soon quitted that, and resolved at last to tell Bickerstaff of them, and get them enrolled in the order of the Industry; with this caution to all young landed knights and squires, that whenever they are drawn to play, they would consider it is calling them down to a sentence already pronounced upon them, and think of the sound of these words: *His oaks must be felled.* I am, Sir, your faithful humble servant,

'WILL TRUSTY.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPTEMBER 26.

It is wonderful to consider what a pitch of confidence this world is arrived at. Do people believe I am made up of patience? I have long told them, that I will suffer no enormity to pass, without I have an understanding with the offenders by way of hush-money; and yet the candidates at Queen-Hithe send coals to all the town but me. All the public papers have had this advertisement:

'London, September 23, 1709.

'To the electors of an alderman for the ward of Queen-Hithe.

'Whereas an evil and pernicious custom has of late very much prevailed at the election of aldermen for this city, by treating at taverns and alehouses, thereby engaging many unwarily to give their votes: which practice appearing to Sir Arthur de Bradly to be of dangerous consequence to the freedom of

elections, he hath avoided the excess thereof. Nevertheless, to make an acknowledgment to this ward for their intended favour, he hath deposited in the hands of Mr. ——, one of the present common-council, four hundred and fifty pounds, to be disposed of as follows, provided the said Sir Arthur de Bradly be the ałderman, viz.

'All such that shall poll for Sir Arthur de Bradly shall have one chaldron of good coals *gratis*.

'And half a chaldron to every one that shall not poll against him.

'And the remainder to be laid out in a clock, dial, or otherwise, as the common-council-men of the said ward shall think fit.

'And if any person shall refuse to take the said coals to himself, he may assign the same to any poor electors in the ward.

'I do acknowledge to have received the said four hundred and fifty pounds, for the purposes above mentioned, for which I have given a receipt.

'Witness, J—s H—t, J—n M—y.
J—y G—h,
E—d D—s.*

'N. B.—Whereas several persons have already engaged to poll for Sir Humphry Greenhat, it is hereby further declared, that every such person as doth poll for Sir Humphry Greenhat, and doth also poll for sir Arthur de Bradly, shall each of them receive a chaldron of coals *gratis*, on the proviso above mentioned.'

* Crowley's agent, and the names of the witnesses, John Medgley, James Hallet, Jeremy Gough, and Edward Davis. The

This is certainly the most plain dealing that ever was used, except that the just quantity which an elector may drink without excess, and the difference between an acknowledgment and a bribe wants explanation. Another difficulty with me is, how a man who is bargained with for a chaldron of coals for his vote shall be said to have that chaldron *gratis?* If my kinsman Greenhat had given me the least intimation of his design, I should have prevented his publishing nonsense; nor should any knight in England have put my relation at the bottom of the leaf as a postscript, when after all it appears Greenhat has been the more popular man. There is here such open contradiction, and clumsy art to palliate the matter, and prove to the people that the freedom of election is safer when laid out in coals than strong drink, that I can turn this only to a religious use, and admire the dispensation of things; for if these fellows were as wise as they are rich, where would be our liberty? This reminds me of a memorable speech made to a city almost in the same latitude with Westminster; 'When I think of your wisdom, I admire your wealth; when I think of your wealth, I admire your wisdom.'

No. 74. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. POPE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 28.

THE writer of the following letter has made an use of me, which I did not foresee I should fall into. But the gentleman having assured me that he has a most tender passion for the fair one, and speaking his intentions with so much sincerity, I am willing to let them contrive an interview by my means.

"SIR,

"I earnestly entreat you to publish the inclosed; for I have no other way to come at her, or return to myself. A. L.

"P. S. Mr. Bickerstaff,

"You cannot imagine how handsome she is: the superscription of my letter will make her recollect the man that gazed at her. Pray put it in."

I can assure the young lady, the gentleman is in the true trammels of love; how else would he make his superscription so much longer than his billet? He superscribes;

"To the younger of the two ladies in mourning, who sat in the hindmost seat of the middle box at

Mr. Winstanley's water-works * on Tuesday was fortnight, and had with them a brother, or some acquaintance that was as careless of that pretty creature as a brother; which seeming brother ushered them to their coach, with great respect. Present.'

'MADAM,

'I have a very good estate, and wish myself your husband: let me know by this way where you live; for I shall be miserable till we live together.

'ALEXANDER LANDLORD.'

This is the modern way of bargain and sale; a certain short-hand writing, in which laconic elder brothers are very successful. All my fear is, that the nymph's elder sister is unmarried; if she is, we are undone: but perhaps the careless fellow was her husband, and then she will let us go on.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPTEMBER 28.

The following letter has given me a new sense of the nature of my writings. I have the deepest regard to conviction, and shall never act against it. However, I do not yet understand what good man he thinks I have injured; but his epistle has such weight in it, that I shall always have respect for his admonition, and desire the continuance of it. I am not conscious that I have spoke any faults a man may not mend if he pleases.

* Winstanley's mathematical water theatre stood at the lower end of Piccadilly, distinguishable by a windmill at top. The exhibitions here, between five and six in the evening, were diversified to suit the seasons, and the humours of the company; and the prices, except that of the six-penny gallery, varied accordingly. Boxes from four shillings to half a crown, pit from three to two shillings, and a seat in the shilling gallery sometimes cost eighteenpence. The quantity of water used on extraordinary occasions was from 300 to 800 tons.

" MR. BICKERSTAFF,

" When I read your paper of Thursday, I was surprised to find mine of the thirteenth inserted at large; I never intended myself or you a second trouble of this kind, believing I had sufficiently pointed out the man you had injured, and that by this time you were convinced that silence would be the best answer: but finding your reflections are such as naturally call for a reply, I take this way of doing it; and in the first place return you thanks for the compliment made me of my seeming sense and worth. I do assure you, I shall always endeavour to convince mankind of the latter, though I have no pretence to the former. But to come a little nearer, I observe you put yourself under a very severe restriction, even the laying down the Tatler for ever, if I can give you an instance, wherein you have injured any good man, or pointed out any thing which is not the true object of raillery.

" I must confess, Mr. Bickerstaff, if the making a man guilty of vices that would shame the gallows, be the best method to point out the true object of raillery, I have till this time been very ignorant; but if it be so, I will venture to assert one thing, and lay it down as a maxim, even to the Staffian race, viz. That that method of pointing ought no more to be pursued, than those people ought to cut your throat who suffer by it; because I take both to be murder, and the law is not in every private man's hands to execute: but indeed, Sir, were you the only person would suffer by the Tatler's discontinuance, I have malice enough to punish you in the manner you prescribe; but I am not so great an enemy to the town or my own pleasures as to wish it; nor that you would lay aside lashing the reigning vices, so long as you keep to the true spirit of satire,

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without descending to rake into characters below its dignity; for, as you well observe, there is something very terrible in unjustly attacking men in a way that may prejudice their honour or fortune; and indeed where crimes are enormous, the delinquent deserves little pity, yet the reporter may deserve less: and here I am naturally led to that celebrated author of 'The whole Duty of Man,' who hath set this matter in a true light in his treatise 'Of the Government of the Tongue;' where, speaking of uncharitable truths, he says, 'a discovery of this kind serves not to reclaim, but enrage the offender, and precipitate him into further degrees of ill. Modesty and fear of shame is one of those natural restraints which the wisdom of Heaven has put upon mankind; and he that once stumbles may yet by a check of that bridle recover again: but when, by a public detection, he has fallen under that infamy he feared, he will then be apt to discard all caution, and to think he owes himself the utmost pleasures of vice, as the price of his reputation. Nay, perhaps he advances further, and sets up for a reversed sort of fame, by being eminently wicked, and he who before was but a clandestine disciple, becomes a doctor of impiety,' &c. This sort of reasoning, Sir, most certainly induced our wise legislators very lately to repeal that law which put the stamp of infamy in the face of felons: therefore, you had better give an act of oblivion to your delinquents, at least for transportation, than to continue to mark them in so notorious a manner. I cannot but applaud your designed attempt of 'raising merit from obscurity, celebrating virtue in distress, and attacking vice in another method, by setting innocence in a proper light.' Your pursuing these noble themes will make a greater advance to the reformation you seem to aim at, than the method you have

hitherto taken, by putting mankind beyond the the power of retrieving themselves, or indeed to think it possible. But if, after all your endeavours in this new way, there should then remain any hardened impenitents, you must even give them up to the rigour of the law, as delinquents not within the benefit of their clergy. Pardon me, good Mr. Bickerstaff, for the tediousness of this epistle, and believe it is not from any self-conviction I have taken up so much of your time, or my own; but supposing you mean all your lucubrations should tend to the good of mankind, I may the easier hope your pardon, being, Sir, yours," &c.

" Sept. 25."

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 29.

This evening I thought fit to notify to the literati of this house, and by that means to all the world, that on Saturday the fifteenth of October next ensuing, I design to fix my first table of fame; and desire that such as are acquainted with the characters of the twelve most famous men that have ever appeared in the world would send in their lists, or name any one man for that table, assigning also his place at it before that time, upon pain of having such his man of fame postponed, or placed too high for ever. I shall not, upon any application whatsoever, alter the place which upon that day I shall give to any of these worthies. But whereas there are many who take upon them to admire this hero, or that author, upon second hand, I expect each subscriber should underwrite his reason for the place he allots his candidate.

The thing is of the last consequence; for we are about settling the greatest point that ever has been debated in any age; and I shall take precautions accordingly. Let every man who votes, consider, that he is now going to give away that, for which

the soldier gave up his rest, his pleasure, and his life; the scholar resigned his whole series of thought, his midnight repose, and his morning slumbers. In a word, he is, as I may say, to be judge of that after-life, which noble spirits prefer to their very real beings. I hope I shall be forgiven, therefore, if I make some objections against their jury, as they shall occur to me. The whole of the number by whom they are to be tried, are to be scholars. I am persuaded also, that Aristotle will be put up by all of that class of men. However, in behalf of others, such as wear the livery of Aristotle, the two famous universities are called upon, on this occasion; but I except the men of Queen's, Exeter, and Jesus colleges, in Oxford, who are not to be electors, because he shall not be crowned from an implicit faith in his writings, but receive his honour from such judges as shall allow him to be censured. Upon this election, as I was just now going to say, I banish all who think and speak after others to concern themselves in it. For which reason all illiterate distant admirers are forbidden to corrupt the voices, by sending, according to the new mode, any poor students coals and candles for their votes in behalf of such worthies as they pretend to esteem. All news-writers are also excluded, because they consider fame, as it is, a report which gives foundation to the filling up their rhapsodies, and not as it is the emanation or consequence of good and evil actions. These are excepted against as justly as butchers in case of life and death: their familiarity with the greatest names takes off the delicacy of their regard, as dealing in blood makes the *Lanii* less tender of spilling it.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPTEMBER [illegible]

Letters from Lisbon, of the twenty-fifth instant, N.S. speak of a battle which has been fought near

the river Cinca, in which general Staremberg had overthrown the army of the duke of Anjou. The persons who send this, excuse their not giving particulars, because they believed an account must have arrived here before we could hear from them. They had advices from different parts, which concurred in the circumstances of the action; after which the army of his catholic majesty advanced as far as Fragra, and the enemy retired to Saragossa. There are reports, that the duke of Anjou was in the engagement; but letters of good authority say, that prince was on the road towards the camp when he received the news of the defeat of his troops. We promise ourselves great consequences from such an advantage obtained by so accomplished a general as Staremberg; who, among the men of this present age, is esteemed the third in military fame and reputation.

No. 75. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—
—nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. POPE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPTEMBER 30.

I AM called off from public dissertations by a domestic affair of great importance, which is no less

than the disposal of my sister Jenny for life. The girl is a girl of great merit and pleasing conversation; but I being born of my father's first wife, and she of his third, she converses with me rather like a daughter than a sister. I have indeed told her, that if she kept her honour, and behaved herself in such a manner as became the Bickerstaffs, I would get her an agreeable man for her husband; which was a promise I made her after reading a passage in Pliny's 'Epistles.' That polite author had been employed to find out a consort for his friend's daughter, and, gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon. *Aciliano plurimum vigoris & industriæ quanquam in maxima verecundia: est illi facies liberalis, multo sanguine, multo rubore, suffusa: est ingenua totius corporis pulchritudo & quidam senatorius decor, quæ ego nequaquam arbitror negligenda: debet enim hoc castitati puellarum quasi præmium dari.* 'Acilianus,' for that was the gentleman's name, 'is a man of extraordinary vigour and industry, accompanied with the greatest modesty: he has very much of the gentleman, with a lively colour, and flush of health in his aspect. His whole person is finely turned, and speaks him a man of quality: which are qualifications that, I think, ought by no means to be overlooked: and should be bestowed on a daughter, as the reward of her chastity.'

A woman that will give herself liberties, need not put her parents to so much trouble; for if she does not possess these ornaments in a husband, she can supply herself elsewhere. But this is not the case of my sister Jenny, who, I may say without vanity, is as unspotted a spinster as any in Great Britain. I shall take this occasion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular.

We have, in the genealogy of our house, the de-

scriptions and pictures of our ancestors from the time of king Arthur; in whose days there was one of my own name, a knight of his round table, and known by the name of Sir Isaac Bickerstaff. He was low of stature, and of a very swarthy complexion, not unlike a Portugueze Jew. But he was more prudent than men of that height usually are, and would often communicate to his friends his design of lengthening and whitening his posterity. His eldest son Ralph, for that was his name, was for this reason married to a lady who had little else to recommend her, but that she was very tall and very fair. The issue of this match, with the help of high shoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age: though the complexion of the family was obscure till the fourth generation from that marriage. From which time, till the reign of William the Conqueror, the females of our house were famous for their needlework and fine skins. In the male line, there happened an unlucky accident in the reign of Richard III.: the eldest son of Philip, then chief of the family, being born with a hump-back and very high nose. This was the more astonishing, because none of his forefathers ever had such a blemish; nor indeed was there any in the neighbourhood of that make, except the butler, who was noted for round shoulders and a Roman nose; what made the nose the less excusable, was the remarkable smallness of his eyes.

These several defects were mended by succeeding matches; the eyes were open in the next generation, and the hump fell in a century and a half *:

* Perhaps it is scarcely worth while to mention, that this *century and a half* of time is all a fiction, and that the wit of the paper, and the truth of the history, are here at variance, as Henry VII. defeated Richard III. in Bosworth field, was his immediate successor in 1485, and died in 1509.

but the greatest difficulty was, how to reduce the nose: which I do not find was accomplished till about the middle of the reign of Henry VII. or rather the beginning of that of Henry VIII.

But while our ancestors were thus taken up in cultivating the eyes and nose, the face of the Bickerstaffs fell down insensibly into chin; which was not taken notice of, their thoughts being so much employed upon the more noble features, till it became almost too long to be remedied.

But length of time, and successive care in our alliances, have cured this also, and reduced our faces into that tolerable oval, which we enjoy at present. I would not be tedious in this discourse, but cannot but observe, that our race suffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of our heiresses with an eminent courtier, who gave us spindleshanks and cramps in our bones; insomuch, that we did not recover our health and legs till Sir Walter Bickerstaff married Maud the milk-maid, of whom the then Garter King at Arms, a facetious person, said pleasantly enough, 'that she had spoiled our blood, but mended our 'constitutions.'

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our persons and features, I cannot but observe, that there are daily instances of as great changes made by marriage upon men's minds and humours. One might wear any passion out of a family by culture, as skilful gardeners blot a colour out of a tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a shrew, by grafting the mild upon the choleric; or raise a jack-pudding from a prude, by inoculating mirth and melancholy. It is for want of care in the disposing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into a house and see such

different complexions and humours in the same race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pike-staff, from what mixture it is that this daughter silently lours, the other steals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a splenetic, and a fifth a coquette.

In this disposal of my sister, I have chosen with an eye to her being a wit, and provided that the bridegroom be a man of a sound and excellent judgement, who will seldom mind what she says when she begins to harangue: for Jenny's only imperfection is an admiration of her parts, which inclines her to be a little, but very little, sluttish; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate most, and bring into observation, what we think most excellent in ourselves, or most capable of improvement. Thus, my sister, instead of consulting her glass and her toilet for an hour and a half after her private devotion, sits with her nose full of snuff, and a man's night-cap on her head, reading plays and romances. Her wit she thinks her distinction: therefore knows nothing of the skill of dress, or making her person agreeable. It would make you laugh to see me often, with my spectacles on, lacing her stays, for she is so very a wit, that she understands no ordinary thing in the world.

For this reason I have disposed of her to a man of business, who will soon let her see, that to be well-dressed, in good humour, and cheerful in the command of her family, are the arts and sciences of female life. I could have bestowed her upon a fine gentleman, who extremely admired her wit, and would have given her a coach and six: but I found it absolutely necessary to cross the strain; for had they met, they had entirely been rivals in discourse, and in continual contention for the superiority of

understanding, and brought forth critics, pedants, or pretty good poets. As it is, I expect an offspring fit for the habitation of the city, town, or country; creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

To convince men of the necessity of taking this method, let any one even below the skill of an astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as soon as he passes Cheapside Conduit, and you see a deep attention and a certain unthinking sharpness in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is very apparent, when I see a citizen pass by, whether his head is upon woollen, silks, iron, sugar, indigo, or stocks. Now this trace of thought appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations.

I know at this time a person of a vast estate, who is the immediate descendant of a fine gentleman, but the great grandson of a broker, in whom his ancestor is now revived. He is a very honest gentleman in his principles, but cannot for his blood talk fairly: he is heartily sorry for it: but he cheats by constitution, and over-reaches by instinct.

The happiness of the man who marries my sister will be, that he has no faults to correct in her but her own, a little bias of fancy, or particularity of manners which grew in herself, and can be amended by her. From such an untainted couple we can hope to have our family rise to its ancient splendour of face, air, countenance, manner, and shape, without discovering the product of ten nations in one house. Obadiah Greenhat says, 'he never comes into any company in England, but he distinguishes the different nations of which we are composed.' There is scarce such a living creature as a true Briton. We sit down indeed all friends, acquaint-

ance, and neighbours; but, after two bottles, you see a Dane start up and swear, 'The kingdom is his own.' A Saxon drinks up the whole quart, and swears, 'He will dispute that with him.' A Norman, tells them both, 'He will assert his liberty:' and a Welshman cries, 'They are all foreigners and intruders of yesterday,' and beats them out of the room. Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours' children, and cousin-germans. For which reason I say, study your race, or the soil of your family will dwindle into cits or 'squires, or run up into wits or madmen.

No. 76. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill* —
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCTOBER 3.

It is a thing very much to be lamented, that a man must use a certain cunning to caution people against what it is their interest to avoid. All men will allow, that it is a great and heroic work to correct men's errors, and, at the price of being called a common enemy, to go on in being a common friend to my fellow subjects and citizens. But I am forced

sand lights, and cast them in as many forms, to come at men's minds and affections, in order to lead the innocent in safety, as well as disappoint the artifices of betrayers. Since, therefore, I can make no impression upon the offending side, I shall turn my observations upon the offended; that is to say, I must whip my children for going into bad company, instead of railing at bad company for ensnaring my children.

The greatest misfortunes men fall into, arise from themselves; and that temper, which is called very often, though with great injustice, good-nature, is the source of a numberless train of evils. For which reason we are to take this as a rule, that no action is commendable which is not voluntary; and we have made this a maxim, 'That man who is commonly called good-natured, is hardly to be thanked for any thing he does, because half that is acted about him is done rather by his sufferance than approbation.' It is generally a laziness of disposition, which chooses rather to let things pass the worst way, than to go through the pain of examination. It must be confessed such a one has so great a benevolence in him, that he bears a thousand uneasinesses rather than he will incommode others: nay often when he has just reason to be offended, chooses rather to sit down with a small injury, than bring it into reprehension, out of pure compassion to the offender. Such a person has it usually said of him, 'He is no man's enemy but his own;' which is in effect saying, he is a friend to every man but himself and his friends: for, by a natural consequence of his neglecting himself, he either incapacitates himself to be another's friend, or makes others cease to be his. If I take no care of my own affairs, no man that is my friend can take it ill if I

continues uncorrected, throws men into a sea of difficulties.

There is Euphusius, with all the good qualities in the world, deserves well of nobody: that universal good-will, which is so strong in him, exposes him to the assault of every invader upon his time, his conversation, and his property. His diet is butcher's meat, his wenches are in *plain pinners* and Norwich crapes, his dress like other people, his income great: and yet has he seldom a guinea at command. From these easy gentlemen, are collected estates by servants or gamesters: which latter fraternity are excusable, when we think of this clan who seem born to be their prey. All, therefore, of the family of Actæon are to take notice, that they are hereby given up to the brethren of the Industry, with this reserve only, that they are to be marked as stricken deer, not for their own sakes, but to preserve the herd from following them, and coming within the scent.

I am obliged to leave this important subject, without telling whose quarters are severed, who has the humbles, who the haunch, and who the sides, of the last stag that was pulled down; but this is only deferred in hopes my deer will make their escape without more admonitions or examples, of which they have had, in mine and the town's opinion, too great a plenty. I must, I say, at present go to other matters of moment.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, OCTOBER 3.

The lady has answered the letter of Mr. Alexander Landlord, which was published on Thursday last, but in such a manner as I do not think fit to proceed in the affair; for she has plainly told him, that love

me! what is this age come to, that people can think to make a pimp of an astronomer!

I shall not promote such designs, but shall leave her to find out her admirer, while I speak to another case sent to me by a letter of September the thirtieth, subscribed Lovewell Barebones, where the author desires me to suspend my care of the dead, till I have done something for the dying. His case is, that the lady he loves is ever accompanied by a kinswoman, one of those gay cunning women, who prevent all the love which is not addressed to themselves. This creature takes upon her in his mistress's presence to ask him, 'Whether Mrs. Florimel,' that is the cruel one's name, 'is not very handsome?' upon which he looks silly; then they both laugh out, and she will tell him, 'That Mrs. Florimel had an equal passion for him, but desired him not to expect the first time to be admitted in private; but that now he was at liberty before her only, who was her friend, to speak his mind, and that his mistress expected it.' Upon which Florimel acts a virgin confusion, and with some disorder waits his speech. Here ever follows a deep silence; after which a loud laugh. Mr. Barebones applies himself to me on this occasion. All the advice I can give him is to find a lover for the confident, for there is no other bribe will prevail: and I see by her carriage, that it is no hard matter, for she is too gay to have a particular passion, or to want a general one.

Some days ago the town had a full charge laid against my essays, and printed at large. I altered not one word of what he of the contrary opinion said, but have blotted out some warm things said for me: therefore, please to hear the counsel for the defendant, though I shall be so no otherwise than to take a middle way, and, if possible, keep

commendations from being insipid to men's taste, or raillery pernicious to their characters.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"As I always looked upon satire as the best friend to reformation, whilst its lashes were general; so that gentleman must excuse me, if I do not see the inconvenience of a method he is so much concerned at. The errors he assigns in it, I think, are comprised in 'the desperation men are generally driven to, when by a public detection they fall under the infamy they feared, who otherwise by checking their bridle, might have recovered their stumble, and through a self-conviction become their own reformers: so he that was before but a clandestine disciple, to use his own quotation, is now become a doctor in impiety.' The little success that is to be expected by these methods from a hardened offender, is too evident to insist on; yet it is true, there is a great deal of charity in this sort of reasoning, whilst the effects of those crimes extend not beyond themselves. But what relation has this to your proceedings? It is not a circumstantial guessing will serve the turn, for there are more than one to pretend to any of your characters; but there must at least be something that must amount to a nominal description, before even common fame can separate me from the rest of mankind to dart at. A general representation of an action, either ridiculous or enormous, may make those winch who find to much similitude in the character with themselves to plead not guilty; but none but a witness to the crime can charge them with the guilt, whilst the indictment is general, and the offender has the asylum of the whole world to protect him. Here

for it is themselves must appropriate the saddle, before scandal can ride them.

"Your method then, in my opinion, is no way subject to the charge brought against it: but, on the contrary, I believe this advantage is too often drawn from it, that whilst we laugh at, or detest, the uncertain subject of the satire, we often find something in the error a parallel to ourselves; and, being insensibly drawn to the comparison we would get rid of, we plunge deeper into the mire, and shame produces that which advice has been too weak for; and you, Sir, get converts you never thought of.

"As for descending to characters below the dignity of satire; what men think are not beneath commission, I must assure him, I think are not beneath reproof: for as there is as much folly in a ridiculous deportment, as there is enormity in a criminal one, so neither the one nor the other ought to plead exemption. The kennel of curs are as much enemies to the state, as Gregg * for his confederacy; for as this betrayed our government, so the other does our property, and one without the other is equally useless. As for the act of oblivion he so strenuously insists on, *Le Roy s'avisera* is a fashionable answer; and for his modus of panegyric, the hint was unnecessary, where virtue need never ask twice for her laurel. But as for his reformation by opposites, I again must ask his pardon, if I think the effects of these sort of reasonings, by the paucity of converts, are too great an argument, both of their imbecility and unsuccessfulness, to believe it

* William Gregg was an under-clerk to Mr. Secretary Harley, in 1708, and was detected in a treasonable correspondence. He discovered to the court of France the design on Toulon, and was executed for that crime.

will be any better than misspending of time, by suspending a method that will turn more to advantage, and which has no other danger of losing ground, but by discontinuance. And as I am certain of what he supposes, that your lucubrations are intended for the public benefit; so I hope you will not give them so great an interruption, by laying aside the only method that can render you beneficial to mankind, and, among others, agreeable to, Sir, your humble servant," &c.

"Sept. 30, 1709."

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCTOBER 3

Letters from the camp at Havre, of the seventh instant, N. S. advise, that the trenches were opened before Mons on the twenty-seventh of the last month, and the approaches were carried on at two attacks with great application and success, notwithstanding the rains which had fallen; that the besiegers had made themselves masters of several redoubts and other out-works, and had advanced the approaches within ten paces of the counterscarps of the horn work. Lieutenant-general Cadogan received a slight wound in the neck soon after opening the trenches.

The enemy were throwing up intrenchments between Quesnoy and Valenciennes, and the chevalier de Luxemburg was encamped near Charleroy with a body of ten thousand men. Advices from Catalonia, by the way of Genoa, import, that Count Staremberg having passed the Segra, advanced towards Balaguier, which place he took after a few hours' resistance, and made the garrison, consisting of three Spanish battalions, prisoners of war. Letters from Bern say, that the army under the command of Count Thaun had begun to repass the mountains, and would shortly evacuate Savoy.

*** Whereas Mr. Bickerstaff has received intelligence, that a young gentleman, who has taken my discourses upon John Partridge and others in too literal a sense, and is suing an elder brother to an ejectment; the aforesaid young gentleman is hereby advised to drop his action, no man being esteemed dead in law, who eats and drinks, and receives his rents.

No. 77. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—
—nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill* —
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCTOBER 5.

As bad as the world is, I find by very strict observation upon virtue and vice, that if men appeared no worse than they really are, I should have less work than at present I am obliged to undertake for their reformation. They have generally taken up a kind of inverted ambition, and affect even faults and imperfections of which they are innocent. The other day in a coffee-house I stood by a young heir with a fresh, sanguine, and healthy look, who entertained us with an account of his claps and diet-drink; though, to my knowledge, he is as sound as any of his tenants.

This worthy youth put me into reflections upon that subject; and I observed the fantastical humour to be so general, that there is hardly a man who is not more or less tainted with it. The first of this order of men are the valetudinarians, who are never in health; but complain of want of stomach or rest every day till noon, and then devour all which comes before them. Lady Dainty is convinced, that it is necessary for a gentlewoman to be out of order; and, to preserve that character, she dines every day in her closet at twelve, that she may become her table at two, and be unable to eat in public. About five years ago, I remember it was the fashion to be short-sighted. A man would not own an acquaintance till he had first examined him with his glass. At a lady's entrance into the playhouse, you might see tubes immediately levelled at her from every quarter of the pit and side-boxes. However, that mode of infirmity is out, and the age has recovered its sight: but the blind seem to be succeeded by the lame, and a janty limp is the present beauty. I think I have formerly observed, a cane is part of the dress of a prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear he should be thought to have an occasion for it, or be esteemed really, and not genteelly, a cripple. I have considered, but could never find out the bottom of this vanity. I indeed have heard of a Gascon general, who, by the lucky grazing of a bullet on the roll of his stocking, took occasion to halt all his life after. But as for our peaceable cripples, I know no foundation for their behaviour, without it may be supposed that, in this warlike age, some think a cane the next honour to a wooden leg. This sort of affectation I have known run from one limb or member to another. Before the limpers came in, I remember a race of lispers, fine persons, who took an

aversion to particular letters in our language. Some never uttered the letter H ; and others had as mortal an aversion to S. Others have had their fashionable defect in their ears, and would make you repeat all you said twice over. I know an ancient friend of mine, whose table is every day surrounded with flatterers, that makes use of this, sometimes as a piece of grandeur, and at others as an art, to make them repeat their commendations. Such affectations have been indeed in the world in ancient times; but they fell into them out of politic ends. Alexander the Great had a wry neck, which made it the fashion in his court to carry their heads on one side when they came into the presence. One who thought to outshine the whole court, carried his head so over complaisantly, that this martial prince gave him so great a box on the ear, as set all the heads of the court upright.

This humour takes place in our minds as well as bodies. I know at this time a young gentleman, who talks atheistically all day in coffee-houses, and in his degrees of understanding sets up for a free-thinker; though it can be proved upon him, he says his prayers every morning and evening. But this class of modern wits I shall reserve for a chapter by itself.

Of the like turn are all your marriage-haters, who rail at the noose, at the words 'for ever and aye,' and at the same time are secretly pining for some young thing or other that makes their hearts ake by her refusal. The next to these are such as pretend to govern their wives, and boast how ill they use them; when at the same time, go to their houses, and you shall see them step as if they feared making a noise, and as fond as an alderman *. I

* As fawning as lap-dogs. O. F.

do not know but sometimes these pretences may arise from a desire to conceal a contrary defect than that they set up for. I remember, when I was a young fellow, we had a companion of a very fearful complexion, who, when we sat into drink, would desire us to take his sword from him when he grew fuddled, for it was his misfortune to be quarrelsome.

There are many, many of these evils, which demand my observation; but because I have of late been thought somewhat too satirical, I shall give them warning, and declare to the whole world, that they are not true, but false hypocrites; and make it out that they are good men in their hearts. The motive of this monstrous affectation, in the above mentioned and the like particulars, I take to proceed from that noble thirst of fame and reputation which is planted in the hearts of all men. As this produces elegant writings and gallant actions in men of great abilities, it also brings forth spurious productions in men who are not capable of distinguishing themselves by things which are really praiseworthy. As the desire of fame in men of true wit and gallantry shows itself in proper instances, the same desire in men who have the ambition without proper faculties, runs wild and discovers itself in a thousand extravagances, by which they would signalize themselves from others, and gain a set of admirers. When I was a middle-aged man, there were many societies of ambitious young men in England, who, in their pursuits after fame, were every night employed in roasting porters, smoking cobblers, knocking down watchmen, overturning constables, breaking windows, blackening sign-posts, and the like immortal enterprizes, that dispersed their reputation throughout the whole kingdom. One could hardly find a knocker at a

door in a whole street after a midnight expedition of these *Beaux esprits*. I was lately very much surprised by an account of my maid, who entered my bed-chamber this morning in a very great fright, and told me, she was afraid my parlour was haunted; for that she had found several panes of my windows broken, and the floor strewed with half-pence. I have not yet a full light into this new way, but am apt to think, that it is a generous piece of wit that some of my contemporaries make use of, to break windows, and leave money to pay for them.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCTOBER 5.

I have no manner of news more than what the whole town had the other day; except that I have the original letter of the Marshal Boufflers to the French king, after the late battle in the woods, which I translate for the benefit of the English reader:

'SIRE,

'This is to let your majesty understand, that to your immortal honour, and the destruction of the confederates, your troops have lost another battle. Artagnan did wonders, Rohan performed miracles, Guiche did wonders, Gattion performed miracles, the whole army distinguished themselves, and every body did wonders. And to conclude the wonders of the day, I can assure your Majesty, that though you have lost the field of battle, you have not lost an inch of ground. The enemy marched behind us with respect, and we ran away from them as bold as lions.'

*** Letters have been sent to Mr. Bickerstaff, relating to the present state of the town of Bath,

wherein the people of that place have desired him to call home the physicians. All gentlemen therefore, of that profession, are hereby directed to return forthwith to their places of practice; and the stage coaches are required to take them in before other passengers, till there shall be a certificate signed by the mayor, or Mr. Powel, that there are but two doctors to one patient left in town.

No. 78. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*—
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCTOBER 7.

As your painters, who deal in history pieces, often entertain themselves upon broken sketches, and smaller flourishes of the pencil; so I find some relief in striking out miscellaneous hints, and sudden starts of fancy, without any order or connexion, after having spent myself on more regular and elaborate dissertations. I am at present in this easy state of mind sat down to my scrutoire; where, for the better disposition of my correspondence, I have writ upon every drawer the proper title of its contents; as hypocrisy, dice, patches, politics, love, duels, and so forth. My various advices are ranged

under such several heads, saving only that I have a particular box for Pacolet, and another for Monoculus. I cannot but observe, that my duel-box, which is filled by the lettered men of honour, is so very ill spelt that it is hard to decypher their writings. My love box, though on a quite contrary subject, filled with the works of the fairest hands in Great Britain, is almost as unintelligible. The private drawer, which is sacred to politics, has in it some of the most refined panegyrics and satires that any age has produced.

I have now before me several recommendations for places at my Table of Fame. Three of them are of an extraordinary nature, in which I find I am misunderstood, and shall, therefore, beg leave to produce them. They are from a quaker, a courtier, and a citizen.

"ISSAC,

"Thy lucubrations, as thou lovest to call them, have been perused by several of our friends, who have taken offence: forasmuch as thou excludest out of the brotherhood all persons who are praiseworthy for religion, we are afraid that thou wilt fill thy table with none but heathens, and cannot hope to spy a brother there; for there are none of us who can be placed among murdering heroes, or ungodly wits; since we do not assail our enemies with the arm of flesh, nor our gainsayers with the vanity of human wisdom. If therefore, thou wilt demean thyself on this occasion with a right judgment, according to the gifts that are in thee, we desire thou wilt place James Nayler at the upper end of thy table.

"EZEKIEL STIFFRUMP."

In answer to my good friend Ezekiel, I must

of James Nayler; not knowing, whether Alexander the Great, who is a choleric hero, would not resent his sitting at the upper end of the table with his hat on.

But to my courtier.

"SIR,

"I am surprized that you lose your time in complimenting the dead, when you may make your court to the living. Let me only tell you in the ear, Alexander and Cæsar, as generous as they were formerly, have not now a groat to dispose of. Fill your table with good company: I know a person of quality that shall give you one hundred pounds for a place at it. Be secret, and be rich. Yours,

"You know my hand."

This gentleman seems to have the true spirit, without the formality of an under courtier; therefore, I shall be plain with him, and let him leave the name of his courtier and one hundred pounds in Morphew's hands: If I can take it, I will.

My citizen writes the following:

"MR. ISAAC BICKERSTAFF,

"SIR,

"Your Tatler of September thirteen, am now reading, and in your list of famous men, desire you not forget Alderman Whittington, who began the world with a cat, and died worth three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, which he left to an only daughter three years after his mayoralty. If you want any further particulars of *ditto* alderman, daughter, or cat, let me know, and *per* first will advise the needful: which concludes, your loving friend,

"LEMUEL LEGER."

I shall have all due regard to this gentleman's recommendation: but cannot forbear observing how wonderfully this sort of style is adapted for the despatch of business, by leaving out insignificant particles; besides that, the dropping of the first person is an artful way to disengage a man from the guilt of rash words or promises. But I am to consider, that a citizen's reputation is credit, not fame; and am to leave these lofty subjects for a matter of private concern in the next letter before me.

"SIR,

"I am just recovered out of a languishing illness by the care of Hippocrates, who visited me throughout my whole illness, and was so far from taking any fee, that he inquired into my circumstances, and would have relieved me also that way, but I did not want it. I know no method of thanking him, but recommending it to you to celebrate so great humanity in the manner you think fit, and to do it with the spirit and sentiments of a man just relieved from grief, misery, and pain, to joy, satisfaction, and ease; in which you will represent the grateful sense of your obedient servant,

"T. B."

I think the writer of this letter has put the matter in as good a dress as I can for him; yet I cannot but add my applause to what this distressed man has said. There is not a more useful man in a commonwealth than a good physician: and by consequence no worthier a person than he that uses his skill with generosity even to persons of condition, and compassion to those who are in want: which is the behaviour of Hippocrates, who shows as much liberality in his practice, as he does wit in his conversation and skill in his profession. A wealthy doctor, who can help a poor man, and will not

without a fee, has less sense of humanity than a poor ruffian, who kills a rich man to supply his necessities. It is something monstrous, to consider a man of liberal education tearing out the bowels of a poor family, by taking for a visit what would keep them a week. Hippocrates needs not the comparison of such extortion to set off his generosity; but I mention his generosity to add shame to such extortion.

*** This is to give notice to all ingenious gentlemen in and about the cities of London and Westminster, who have a mind to be instructed in the noble sciences of music, poetry, and politics, that they repair to the Smyrna coffee-house in Pall-mall, betwixt the hours of eight and ten at night, where they may be instructed gratis, with elaborate essays *by word of mouth* on all or any of the above-mentioned arts. The disciples are to prepare their bodies with three dishes of bohea, and purge their brains with two pinches of snuff. If any young student gives indication of parts, by listening attentively, or asking a pertinent question, one of the professors shall distinguish him, by taking snuff out of his box in the presence of the whole audience.

N. B.—The seat of learning is now removed from the corner of the chimney on the left hand towards the window, to the round table in the middle of the floor over-against the fire; a revolution much lamented by the porters and chairmen, who were much edified through a pane of glass that remained broken all the last summer.

†‡† I cannot forbear advertising my correspondents, that I think myself treated by some of them after too familiar a manner, and in phrases that neither become them to give, nor me to take. I shall therefore desire for the future, that if any one re-

turns me an answer to a letter, he will not tell me he has received the favour of my letter: but if he does not think fit to say he has received the honour of it, that he tell me in plain English he has received my letter of such a date. I must likewise insist, that he would conclude with, *I am with great respect*, or plainly, *I am*, without further addition; and not insult me, by an assurance of his being *with great truth and esteem my humble servant.* There is likewise another mark of superiority which I cannot bear; and therefore must inform my correspondents, that I discard all *faithful humble servants*, and am resolved to read no letters that are not subscribed, *your most obedient*, or *most humble servant*, or both. These may appear niceties to vulgar minds, but they are such as men of honour and distinction must have regard to. And I very well remember a famous duel in France, where four were killed of one side, and three of the other, occasioned by a gentleman's subscribing himself *a most affectionate friend.*

One in the Morning of the 8th of October, 1709.

I was this night looking on the moon, and find by certain signs in that luminary, that a certain person under her dominion, who has been for many years distempered, will within few hours publish a pamphlet, wherein he will pretend to give my lucubrations to a wrong person; and I require all sober-disposed persons to avoid meeting the said lunatic, or giving him any credence any further than pity demands; and to lock up the said person wherever they find him, keeping him from pen, ink, and paper. And I hereby prohibit any person to take upon him my writings, on pain of being sent by me into Lethe with the said lunatic and all his works.

No. 79. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1709.

Felices ter & amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Suprema citiùs solvet amor die.

HOR. OD. i. 13. 17.

Thrice happy they, in pure delights
Whom love in mutual bonds unites,
Unbroken by complaints or strife
E'en to the latest hours of life.

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCTOBER 10.

My sister Jenny's lover, the honest Tranquillus, for that shall be his name, has been impatient with me to despatch the necessary directions for his marriage; that while I am taken up with imaginary schemes, as he calls them, he might not burn with real desire and the torture of expectation. When I had reprimanded him for the ardour wherein he expressed himself, which I thought had not enough of that veneration with which the marriage bed is to be ascended, I told him, 'the day of his nuptials should be on the Saturday following,' which was the eighth instant. On the seventh in the evening, poor Jenny came into my chamber, and, having her heart full of the great change of life from a virgin condition to that of a wife, she long sat silent. I saw she expected me to entertain her on this important subject, which was too delicate a circumstance for herself to touch upon; whereupon I relieved her modesty in the following manner: 'Sister,'

said I, 'you are now going from me: and be contented, that you leave the company of a talkative old man, for that of a sober young one: but take this along with you, that there is no mean in the state you are entering into, but you are to be exquisitely happy or miserable, and your fortune in this way of life will be wholly of your own making. In all the marriages I have ever seen, most of which have been unhappy ones, the great cause of evil has proceeded from slight occasions; and I take it to be the first maxim in a married condition, that you are to be above trifles. When two persons have so good an opinion of each other as to come together for life, they will not differ in matters of importance, because they think of each other with respect, in regard to all things of consideration that may affect them, and are prepared for mutual assistance and relief in such ocurrences: but for less occasions, they form no resolutions, but leave their minds unprepared.

'This, dear Jenny, is the reason that the quarrel between Sir Harry Willet and his lady, which began about her squirrel, is irreconcileable. Sir Harry was reading a grave author; she runs into his study, and, in a playing humour, claps the squirrel upon the folio: he threw the animal in a rage on the floor; she snatches it up again, calls Sir Harry a sour pedant, without good-nature or good-manners. This cast him into such a rage, that he threw down the table before him, kicked the book round the room, then recollected himself: 'Lord, Madam,' said he, 'why did you run into such expressions? I was,' said he, 'in the highest delight with that author when you clapped your squirrel upon my book;' and, smiling, added upon recollection, 'I have a great respect for your favourite, and pray let us all be friends.' My lady was so far from ac-

cepting this apology, that she immediately conceived a resolution to keep him under for ever; and, with a serious air, replied, 'There is no regard to be had to what a man says, who can fall into so indecent a rage, and such an abject submission in the same moment, for which I absolutely despise you.' Upon which she rushed out of the room. Sir Harry stayed some minutes behind, to think and command himself; after which he followed her into her bed-chamber, where she was prostrate upon the bed, tearing her hair, and naming twenty coxcombs who would have used her otherwise. This provoked him to so high a degree, that he forbore nothing but beating her; and all the servants in the family were at their several stations listening, while the best man and woman, the best master and mistress, defamed each other in a way that is not to be repeated even at Billingsgate. You know this ended in an immediate separation: she longs to return home, but knows not how to do it: he invites her home every day, and lies with every woman he can get. Her husband requires no submission of her; but she thinks her very return will argue she is to blame, which she is resolved to be for ever, rather than acknowledge it. Thus, dear Jenny, my great advice to you is, be guarded against giving or receiving little provocations. Great matters of offence I have no reason to fear either from you or your husband.'

After this, we turnd our discourse into a more gay style, and parted; but before we did so, I made her resign her snuff-box for ever, and half drown herself with washing away the stench of the musty.

But the wedding morning arrived, and our family being very numerous, there was no avoiding the inconvenience of making the ceremony and festival more public than the modern way of celebrating them makes me approve of. The bride next morn-

ing came out of her chamber, dressed with all the art and care that Mrs. Toilet, the tire-woman, could bestow on her. She was on her wedding-day three-and-twenty; her person is far from what we call a regular beauty; but a certain sweetness in her countenance, an ease in her shape and motion, with an unaffected modesty in her looks, had attractions beyond what symmetry and exactness can inspire, without the addition of these endowments. When her lover entered the room, her features flushed with shame and joy; and the ingenuous manner, so full of passion and of awe, with which Tranquillus approached to salute her, gave me good omens of his future behaviour towards her. The wedding was wholly under my care. After the ceremony at church, I was resolved to entertain the company with a dinner suitable to the occasion, and pitched upon the Apollo, at the Old Devil at Temple-bar, as a place sacred to mirth tempered with discretion, where Ben Jonson and his sons used to make their liberal meetings. Here the chief of the Staffian race appeared; and as soon as the company were come into that ample room, Lepidus Wagstaff began to make me compliments for choosing that place, and fell into a discourse upon the subject of pleasure and entertainment, drawn from the rules of Ben's club, which are in gold letters over the chimney. Lepidus has a way very uncommon, and speaks on subjects on which any man else would certainly offend, with great dexterity. He gave us a large account of the public meetings of all the well turned minds who had passed through this life in ages past, and closed his pleasing narrative with a discourse on marriage, and a repetition of the following verses out of Milton:

'Hail, wedded love! mysterious law! true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In paradise, of all things common else.
By thee adult'rous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother first were known.—
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
Present or past, as saints or patriarchs used.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here, and revels: not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenade, which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.'

In these verses, all the images that can come into a young woman's head on such an occasion are raised; but that in so chaste and elegant a manner, that the bride thanked him for his agreeable talk and we sat down to dinner.

Among the rest of the company, there was got in a fellow you call a Wag. This ingenious person is the usual life of all feasts and merriments, by speaking absurdities, and putting every body of breeding and modesty out of countenance. As soon as we sat down, he drank to the bride's diversion that night; and then made twenty double meanings on the word *thing*. We are the best bred family, for one so numerous, in this kingdom; and indeed we should all of us have been as much out of countenance as the bride, but that we were relieved by an honest rough relation of ours at the lower end of the table, who is a lieutenant of marines. The soldier and sailor had good plain sense, and saw what was wrong as well as another; he had a way

of looking at his plate, and speaking aloud in an inward manner; and whenever the wag mentioned the word *thing* or the words *that same*, the lieutenant in that voice cried, 'Knock him down.' The merry man, wondering, angry, and looking round, was the diversion of the table. When he offered to recover, and say, 'To the bride's best thoughts,' 'Knock him down,' says the lieutenant, and so on. This silly humour diverted and saved us from the fulsome entertainment of an ill-bred coxcomb; and the bride drank the lieutenant's health. We returned to my lodging, and Tranquillus led his wife to her apartment, without the ceremony of throwing the stocking.

No. 80. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. SAT. i. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill* —
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, OCTOBER 12.

THIS learned board has complained to me of the exorbitant price of late years put upon books, and consequently on learning, which has raised the reward demanded by learned men for their advice and labour. In order to regulate and fix a standard in these matters, divines, physicians, and lawyers,

have sent in large proposals, which are of great light and instruction. From the perusal of these memorials, I am come to this immediate resolution, till I have leisure to treat the matter at large, viz. In divinity, *fathers* shall be valued according to their antiquity,; *schoolmen* by the pound weight; and *sermons* by their goodness. In my own profession, which is mostly physic, authors shall be rated according to their language. The Greek is so rarely understood, and the English so well, I judge them of no value: so that only Latin shall bear a price, and that too according to its purity, and as it serves best for prescription. In law, the value must be set according to the intricacy and obscurity of the author and blackness of the letter: provided always that the binding be of calves'-skin. This method I shall settle also with relation to all other writings; insomuch that even these our lucubrations, though hereafter printed by Aldus, Elzevir, or Stephens, shall not advance above *one single penny*.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, OCTOBER 12.

It will be allowed me that I have all along showed great respect in matters which concern the fair sex; but the inhumanity with which the author of the following letter has been used is not to be suffered.

"SIR,

"Yesterday I had the misfortune to drop in at my lady Haughty's upon her visiting-day. When I entered the room where she receives company, they all stood up indeed; but they stood as if they were to stare at, rather than to receive me. After a long pause, a servant brought a round stool, on which I sat down at the lower end of the room, in

the presence of no less than twelve persons, gentlemen and ladies, lolling in elbow-chairs. And, to complete my disgrace, my mistress was of the society. I tried to compose myself in vain, not knowing how to dispose of either my legs or arms, nor how to shape my countenance; the eyes of the whole room being still upon me in a profound silence. My confusion at last was so great, that, without speaking, or being spoken to, I fled for it, and left the assembly to treat me at their discretion. A lecture from you upon these inhuman distinctions in a free nation, will, I doubt not, prevent the like evils for the future, and make it, as we say, as cheap sitting as standing.

"I am, with the greatest respect, Sir,

"Your most humble, and

"most obedient servant,

"Oct. 9." "J. R.'

"P. S.—I had almost forgot to inform you, that a fair young lady sat in an armless chair upon my right hand, with manifest discontent in her looks."

Soon after the receipt of this epistle, I heard a very gentle knock at my door: my maid went down and brought up word, 'that a tall, lean, black, man, well dressed, who said he had not the honour to be acquainted with me, desired to be admitted.' I bid her show him up, met him at my chamber-door, and then fell back a few paces. He approached me with great respect, and told me, with a low voice, 'he was the gentleman that had been seated upon the round stool.' I immediately recollected that there was a joint-stool in my chamber, which I was afraid he might take for an instrument of distinction, and therefore winked at my boy to carry it into my closet. I then took him by

the hand, and led him to the upper end of my room, where I placed him in my great elbow-chair; at the same time drawing another without arms to it, for myself to sit by him. I then asked him, 'at what time this misfortune befel him?' He answered, 'between the hours of seven and eight in the evening.' I further demanded of him, what he had eat or drank that day? he replied 'nothing but a dish of water-gruel with a few plums in it.' In the next place, I felt his pulse, which was very low and languishing. These circumstances confirmed me in an opinion, which I had entertained upon the first reading of his letter, that the gentleman was far gone in the spleen. I, therefore, advised him to rise the next morning, and plunge into the cold-bath, there to remain under water till he was almost drowned. This I ordered him to repeat six days successively; and on the seventh to repair at the wonted hour to my lady Haughty's, and to acquaint me afterwards with what he shall meet with there: and particularly to tell me, whether he shall think they stared upon him so much as the time before. The gentleman smiled; and, by his way of talking to me, showed himself a man of excellent sense in all particulars, unless when a cane-chair, a round or a joint-stool, were spoken of. He opened his heart to me at the same time concerning several other grievances; such as, being overlooked in public assemblies, having his bows unanswered, being helped last at table, and placed at the back part of a coach; with many other distresses, which have withered his countenance, and worn him to a skeleton. Finding him a man of reason, I entered into the bottom of his distemper. 'Sir,' said I, 'there are more of your constitution in this island of Great-Britain, than

in any other part of the world: and I beg the favour of you to tell me, whether you do not observe that you meet with most affronts in rainy days?' He answered candidly, 'that he had long observed, that people were less saucy in sunshine than in cloudy weather.' Upon which I told him plainly, 'his distemper was the spleen; and that though the world was very ill-natured, it was not so bad as he believed it.' I further assured him, 'that his use of the cold-bath, with a course of *steel* which I should prescribe him, would certainly cure most of his acquaintance of their rudeness, ill-behaviour, and impertinence.' My patient smiled, and promised to observe my prescriptions, not forgetting to give me an account of their operation. This distemper being pretty epidemical, I shall, for the benefit of mankind, give the public an account of the progress I make in the cure of it.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCTOBER 12.

The author of the following letter behaves himself so ingenuously, that I cannot defer answering him any longer.

"HONOURED SIR,

"I have lately contracted a very honest and undissembled claudication in my left foot, which will be a double affliction to me, if, according to your Tatler of this day, it must pass upon the world for a piece of singularity and affectation. I must, therefore, humbly beg leave to limp along the streets after my own way, or I shall be inevitably ruined in coach-hire. As soon as I am tolerably recovered, I promise to walk as upright as a ghost in a tragedy, being not of a stature to spare an

inch of height that I can any way pretend to. I honour your lucubrations, and am, with the most profound submission,

" Honoured Sir,

" your most dutiful and

" Oct. 9." " most obedient servant," &c.

Not doubting but the case is as the gentleman represents, I do hereby order Mr. Morphew to deliver him out a licence, upon paying his fees, which shall impower him to wear a cane till the thirteenth of March next; five months being the most I can allow for a sprain.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCTOBER 12.

We received this morning a mail from Holland, which brings advice that the siege of Mons is carried on with so great vigour and bravery, that we hope very suddenly to be masters of the place: all things necessary being prepared for making the assault on the horn-work and ravelin of the attack of Bertamont, the charge began with the fire of bombs and grenadoes, which was so hot, that the enemy quitted their post, and we lodged ourselves on those works without opposition. During this storm one of our bombs fell into a magazine of the enemy, and blew it up. There are advices, which say the court of France had made new offers of peace to the Confederates; but this intelligence wants confirmation.

No. 81. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1709.

Hic manus, ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,—
Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti;
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 660.

Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
In fighting-fields, were prodigal of blood;—
Here poets worthy their inspiring god,
And of unblemish'd life, make their abode:
And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
Who grac'd their age with new-invented arts:
Those who to worth their bounty did extend;
And those who knew that bounty to commend.

DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCTOBER 14.

THERE are two kinds of immortality; that which the soul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary existence by which men live in their fame and reputation. The best and greatest actions have proceeded from the prospect of the one or the other of these; but my design is to treat only of those who have chiefly proposed to themselves the latter, as the principal reward of their labours. It was for this reason that I excluded from my Tables of Fame all the great founders and votaries of religion; and it is for this reason also, that I am more than ordinarily anxious to do justice to the persons of whom I am now going to speak; for, since fame was the only end of all their enterprizes and studies, a man cannot be too scrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this consideration which

made me call the whole body of the learned to my assistance; to many of whom I must own my obligations for the catalogues of illustrious persons which they have sent me in upon this occasion. I yesterday employed the whole afternoon in comparing them with each other; which made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that they broke my sleep for the first part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable vision, which I shall beg leave to describe in all its particulars.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundless plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain, with its head above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular structure, that no creature which was not made in a human figure could possibly ascend it. On a sudden there was heard from the top of it a sound like that of a trumpet; but so exceeding sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear, or relish this music with pleasure: but my wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three Syrens, clothed like Goddesses, and distinguished by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and grovelling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages, were listening to these delusive deities, those of a more erect aspect, and exalted spirit, separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain from

whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter, the more they listened to it.

On a sudden methought this select band sprang forward, with a resolution to climb the ascent, and follow the call of that heavenly music. Every one took something with him that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march. Several had their swords drawn, some carried rolls of paper in their hands, some had compasses, others quadrants, others telescopes, and others pencils. Some had laurels on their heads, and others buskins on their legs; in short, there was scarce any instrument of a mechanic art, or liberal science, which was not made use of on this occasion. My good demon, who stood at my right hand during this course of the whole vision, observing in me a burning desire to join that glorious company, told me, 'he highly approved that generous ardour with which I seemed transported; but at the same time advised me to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labour on the ascent.' I took his counsel, without inquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thousand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended, and led no further; and I observed, that most of the artizans, which considerably diminished our number, fell into these paths.

We left another considerable body of adventurers behind us who thought they had discovered by-ways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent. These, as my guide informed me, were men of subtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would

supply the place of real wisdom with cunning and artifice. Among those who were far advanced in their way, there were some that by one false step fell backward, and lost more ground in a moment than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and observed that all the different paths which ran about the sides of the mountain began to meet in two great roads: which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little distance from the entrance of each road there stood a hideous phantom, that opposed our further passage. One of these apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way. Crowds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out 'Death.' The spectre that guarded the other road was Envy. She was not armed with weapons of destruction, like the former; but by dreadful hissings, noises of reproach, and a horrid distracted laughter, she appeared more frightful than Death itself, insomuch, that abundance of our company were discouraged from passing any further, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I muss confess, my heart shrunk within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances; but, on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and, in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had thought and contemplation in their looks, went forward, in a more composed manner, up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers

went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of ether, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with satisfaction on their past toils; and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which showed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields there stood a palace of a very glorious structure. It had four great folding-doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the Goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them up, and cheered them in their passage to her palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions: a band of historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden, the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or a point of war, now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultation. The whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward was a beautiful and blooming hero, and, as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a crowd of historians. The person who immediately walked before him was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who, not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good demon, that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might

perceive all that passed, without being seen myself. The next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm she bore a harp, and on her head a garland. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer, stood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right hand. The virgin, who it seems was one of the Nine Sisters that attended on the Goddess of Fame, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæsar was now coming forward; and though most of the historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himself.

The next who advanced was a man of a homely but cheerful aspect, and attended by persons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occasion. Plato was on his right hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and sat down by him. It was expected that Plato would himself have taken a place next to his master Socrates: but on a sudden there was heard a great clamour of disputants at the door, who appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That philosopher, with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table, that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.

He had scarce sat down, when the same beautiful virgin that had introduced Homer, brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me easily conclude it was Virgil. Cicero next appeared, and took his place. He had inquired at the door for Lucceius to introduce him; but not finding him there, he

contented himself with the attendance of many other writers, who all, except Sallust, appeared highly pleased with the office.

We waited some time in expectation of the next worthy, who came in with a great retinue of historians, whose names I could not learn, most of them being natives of Carthage. The person thus conducted, who was Hannibal, seemed much disturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the board, of the affronts he had met with among the Roman historians, 'who attempted,' says he, 'to carry me into the subterraneous apartment; and perhaps, would have done it, had it not been for the impartiality of this gentleman,' pointing to Polybius, 'who was the only person, except my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither.'

The Carthaginian took his seat, and Pompey entered, with great dignity in his own person, and preceded by several historians. Lucan the poet was at the head of them, who observing Homer and Virgil at the table, was going to sit down himself, had not the latter whispered him, that whatever pretence he might otherwise have had, he forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the historians. Lucan was so exasperated with the repulse, that he muttered something to himself; and was heard to say, 'that since he could not have a seat among them himself, he would bring in one who alone had more merit than their whole assembly:' upon which he went to the door and brought in Cato of Utica. That great man approached the company with such an air, that showed he contemned the honour which he laid a claim to. Observing the seat opposite to Cæsar was vacant, he took possession of it, and spoke two or three smart sentences upon the nature of precedency, which, according to him, consisted not in place, but in intrinsic merit: to which he added,

'that the most virtuous man, wherever he was seated, was always at the upper end of the table. Socrates, who had a great spirit of raillery with his wisdom, could not forbear smiling at a virtue which took so little pains to make itself agreeable. Cicero took the occasion to make a long discourse in praise of Cato, which he uttered with much vehemence. Cæsar answered him with a great deal of seeming temper; but, as I stood at a great distance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they said. But I could not forbear taking notice, that, in all the discourse which passed at the table, a word or nod from Homer decided the controversy.

After a short pause, Augustus appeared, looking round him, with a serene and affable countenance, upon all the writers of his age, who strove among themselves which of them should show him the greatest marks of gratitude and respect. Virgil rose from the table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable guest to all, he appeared more such to the learned than the military worthies.

The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance. He was slow, solemn, and silent in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw back the skirt of it, and discovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and, therefore desired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted for fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious existence. At his going out, he told them, 'that they did not know whom they dismissed; that he was now Pythagoras, the first of philosophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the siege of Troy.'—'That may be very true,' said Socrates; 'but you forget that you

have likewise been a very great harlot in your time.' This exclusion made way for Archimedes, who came forward with a scheme of mathematical figures in his hand; among which I observed a cone and a cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I desired my guide, for variety, to lead me to the fabulous apartment, the roof of which was painted with Gorgons, Chimeras, and Centaurs, with many other emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and skill to unriddle. The first table was almost full; at the upper end sat Hercules, leaning an arm upon his club; on his right hand were Achilles and Ulysses, and between them Æneas; on his left were Hector, Theseus, and Jason: the lower end had Orpheus, Æsop, Phalaris, and Musæus. The ushers seemed at a loss for a twelfth man, when, methought, to my great joy and surprise, I heard some at the lower end of the table mention Isaac Bickerstaff; but those of the upper end received it with disdain, and said, 'if they must have a British worthy, they would have Robin Hood.'

While I was transported with the honour that was done me, and burning with envy against my competitor, I was awakened by the noise of the cannon which were then fired for the taking of Mons. I should have been very much troubled at being thrown out of so pleasing a vision on any other occasion; but thought it an agreeable change, to have my thoughts diverted from the greatest among the dead and fabulous heroes, to the most famous among the real and the living.

No. 82. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1709.

Ubi idem et maximus et honestissimus amor est, aliquando præstat morte jungi, quam vitâ distrahi. VAL. MAX. iv. 6.

Where there is the greatest and most honourable love, it is sometimes better to be joined in death, than separated in life.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCTOBER 17.

AFTER the mind has been employed on contemplations suitable to its greatness, it is unnatural to run into sudden mirth or levity; but we must let the soul subside, as it rose, by proper degrees. My late considerations of the ancient heroes impressed a certain gravity upon my mind, which is much above the little gratification received from starts of humour and fancy, and threw me into a pleasing sadness. In this state of thought I have been looking at the fire, and in a pensive manner reflecting upon the great misfortunes and calamities incident to human life; among which there are none that touch so sensibly as those which befal persons who eminently love, and meet with fatal interruptions of their happiness when they least expect it. The piety of children to parents, and the affection of parents to their children, are the effects of instinct; but the affection between lovers and friends is founded on reason and choice, which has always made me think the sorrows of the latter much more to be pitied than those of the former. The contemplation of distresses of this sort softens the mind of man, and makes the heart better. It extinguishes the seeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of prosperity, and beats

down all that fierceness and insolence which are apt to get into the minds of the daring and fortunate.

For this reason the wise Athenians, in their theatrical performances, laid before the eyes of the people the greatest afflictions which could befal human life, and insensibly polished their tempers by such representations. Among the moderns, indeed, there has arisen a chimerical method of disposing the fortune of the persons represented, according to what they call poetical justice; and letting none be unhappy but those who deserve it. In such cases, an intelligent spectator, if he is concerned, knows he ought not to be so; and can learn nothing from such a tenderness, but that he is a weak creature, whose passions cannot follow the dictates of his understanding. It is very natural, when one is got into such a way of thinking, to recollect these examples of sorrow which have made the strongest impression upon our imaginations. An instance or two of such you will give me leave to communicate.

A young gentleman and lady of ancient and honourable houses in Cornwall had from their childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble passion, which had been long opposed by their friends, by reason of the inequality of their fortunes; but their constancy to each other, and obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their relations, that these celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after their nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country, to take care of a considerable fortune, which was left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumstances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occasion; and I remember it was a common sentence in every one's mouth, 'You see how faithful love is rewarded.'

He took this agreeable voyage, and sent home every post fresh accounts of his success in his affairs abroad; but at last, though he designed to return with the next ship, he lamented in his letters, that 'business would detain him some time longer from home,' because he would give himself the pleasure of an unexpected arrival.

The young lady, after the heat of the day, walked every evening on the sea-shore, near which she lived, with a familiar friend, her husband's kinswoman, and diverted herself with what objects they met there, or upon discourses of the future methods of life, in the happy change of their circumstances. They stood one evening on the shore together in a perfect tranquillity, observing the setting of the sun, the calm face of the deep, and the silent heaving of the waves, which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their feet; when at a distance her kinswoman saw something float on the waters, which she fancied was a chest: and with a smile told her, 'she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of jewels, she had a right to it.' They both fixed their eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the subject of the wreck, the cousin still asserting her right; but promising, 'if it was a prize to give her a very rich coral for the child of which she was then big, provided she might be god-mother.' Their mirth soon abated, when they observed upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady who had a heart naturally filled with pity and compassion, made many melancholy reflections on the occasion. 'Who knows,' said she, 'but this man may be the only hope and heir of a wealthy house; the darling of indulgent parents, who are now in impertinent mirth, and pleasing themselves with the thoughts of offering him a bride they had got ready for him? or, may he not be the master of a family that wholly

depended upon his life? There may, for aught we know, be half a dozen fatherless children and a tender wife, now exposed to poverty by his death. What pleasure might he have promised himself in the different welcome he was to have from her and them! But let us go away; it is a dreadful sight! 'The best office we can do, is to take care that the poor man, whoever he is, may be decently buried.' She turned away, when a wave threw the carcass on the shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked out, 'Oh, my cousin!' and fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet, and dropped in a swoon upon the body. An old woman, who had been the gentleman's nurse, came out about this time to call the ladies in to supper, and found her child, as she always called him, dead on the shore, her mistress and kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her young master to life, soon awaked the friend from her trance; but the wife was gone for ever.

When the family and neighbourhood got together round the bodies, no one asked any question, but the objects before them told the story.

Incidents of this nature are the more moving when they are drawn by persons concerned in the catastrophe, notwithstanding they are often oppressed beyond the power of giving them in a distinct light, except we gather their sorrow from their inability to speak it.

I have two original letters, written both on the same day, which are to me exquisite in their different kinds. The occasion was this. A gentleman who had courted a most agreeable young woman, and won her heart, obtained also the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old man had a fancy that they should be married in the same church

where he himself was, in a village in Westmoreland, and made them set out while he was laid up with the gout at London. The bridegroom took only his man, the bride her maid: they had the most agreeable journey imaginable to the place of marriage; from whence the bridegroom writ the following letter to his wife's father.

'SIR,

'After a very pleasant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour in which I am to be your son. I assure you the bride carries it, in the eye of the vicar who married you, much beyond her mother; though he says, your open sleeves, pantaloons and shoulder-knot, made a much better show than the finical dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before night, because I shall write myself from thence,

'Your most dutiful son,

'March 18 1672.' 'T. D.'

'The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel.——I am the happiest man breathing.'

The villagers were assembling about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's man knew his master would leave the place on a sudden after the wedding, and seeing him draw his pistols the night before, took this opportunity to go into his chamber and charge them. Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room; and, after a little fond raillery on the subject of their courtship, the lover took up a pistol, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and, presenting it to her, said, with the most graceful air, whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery; 'Now, Madam, repent of all those cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider,

before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your casement; you shall die you tyrant, you shall die, with all those instruments of death and destruction about you, with that inchanting smile, those killing ringlets of your hair"—'Give fire!' said she, laughing. He did so; and shot her dead. Who can speak his condition? but he bore it so patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. 'Will,' said he, 'did you charge these pistols?' He answered, 'Yes,' Upon which, he shot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions, he writ the following letter to the father of his dead mistress.

'SIR,

'I, who two hours ago told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me. Him I have murdered for it. Such is my wedding day.——I will immediately follow my wife to her grave: but before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together till I have stabbed it. Poor good old man!——Remember, he that killed your daughter died for it. In the article of death, I give you my thanks and pray for you, though I dare not for myself. If it be possible, do not curse me.'

No. 83. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1709.

Senilis stultitia, quæ deliratio appellari solet, senum levium est, non omnium. M. T. CIC. DE SENEC.

That which is usually called dotage is not the foible of all old men, but only of such as are remarkable for their levity and inconstancy.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCTOBER 19.

It is my frequent practice to visit places of resort in this town where I am least known, to observe what reception my works meet with in the world, and what good effects I may promise myself from my labours: and it being a privilege asserted by Monsieur Montaigne, and others, of vain-glorious memory, that we writers of essays may talk of ourselves, I take the liberty to give an account of the remarks which I find are made by some of my gentle readers upon these my dissertations.

I happened this evening to fall into a coffee-house near the 'Change, where two persons were reading my account of the 'Table of Fame.'

The one of these was commenting as he read, and explaining who was meant by this and the other worthy as he passed on. I observed the person over-against him wonderfully intent and satisfied with his explanation. When he came to Julius Cæsar, who is said to have refused any conductor to the Table; 'No, no,' said he, 'he is in the right of it, he has money enough to be welcome wherever he comes;' and then whispered, 'he means a certain colonel of the Trainbands.' Upon reading that

Aristotle made his claim with some rudeness, but great strength of reason; 'Who can that be, so rough and so reasonable? It must be some Whig, I warrant you. There is nothing but party in these public papers.' Where Pythagoras is said to have a golden thigh, 'Ay, ay,' said he, 'he has money enough in his breeches; that is the alderman of our ward.' You must know, whatever he read, I found he interpreted from his own way of life and acquaintance. I am glad my readers can construe for themselves these difficult points; but, for the benefit of posterity, I design, when I come to write my last paper of this kind, to make it an explanation of all my former. In that piece you shall have all I have commended with their proper names. The faulty characters must be left as they are, because we live in an age wherein vice is very general, and virtue very particular; for which reason the latter only wants explanation.

But I must turn my present discourse to what is of yet greater regard to me than the care of my writings; that is to say, the preservation of a lady's heart. Little did I think I should ever have business of this kind on my hands more; but, as little as any one who knows me would believe it, there is a lady at this time who professes love to me. Her passion and good humour you shall have in her own words.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,.

"I had formerly a very good opinion of myself; but it is now withdrawn, and I have placed it upon you, Mr. Bickerstaff, for whom I am not ashamed to declare I have a very great passion and tenderness. It is not for your face, for that I never saw; your shape and height I am equally a stranger to; but your understanding charms me, and I am lost if you do not dissemble a little love for me. I am not

without hopes; because I am not like the tawdry gay things that are fit only to make bone-lace. I am neither childish-young, nor beldame-old, but, the world says, a good agreeable woman.

"Speak peace to a troubled heart, troubled only for you; and in your next paper let me find your thoughts of me.

"Do not think of finding out who I am, for, notwithstanding your interest in demons, they cannot help you either to my name, or a sight of my face; therefore, do not let them deceive you.

"I can bear no discourse, if you are not the subject; and believe me, I know more of love than you do of astronomy.

"Pray, say some civil things in return to my generosity, and you shall have my very best pen employed to thank you, and I will confirm it.

"I am your admirer,

"MARIA."

There is something wonderfully pleasing in the favour of women; and this letter has put me in so good a humour, that nothing could displease me since I received it. My boy breaks glasses and pipes, and instead of giving him a knock on the pate, as my way is, for I hate scolding at servants, I only say, 'Ah, Jack! thou hast a head, and so has a pin,' or some such merry expression. But, alas! how am I mortified when he is putting on my fourth pair of stockings on these poor spindles of mine! 'The fair one understands love better than I astronomy'! I am sure, without the help of that art, this poor meagre trunk of mine is a very ill habitation for love. She is pleased to speak civilly of my sense, but *Ingenium malè habitat* is an invincible difficulty in cases of this nature. I had always, indeed, from a passion to please the eyes of the fair,

a great pleasure in dress. Add to this, that I have writ songs since I was sixty, and have lived with all the circumspection of an old beau, as I am. But my friend Horace has very well said, 'Every year takes something from us;' and instructed me to form my pursuits and desires according to the stage of my life; therefore, I have no more to value myself upon, than that I can converse with young people without peevishness, or wishing myself a moment younger. For which reason, when I am amongst them, I rather moderate than interrupt their diversions. But though I have this complacency, I must not pretend to write to a lady civil things, as Maria desires. Time was, when I could have told her, 'I had received a letter from her fair hands; and, that if this paper trembled as she read it, it then best expressed its author,' or some other gay conceit. Though I never saw her, I could have told her, 'that good sense and good-humour smiled in her eyes: that constancy and good-nature dwelt in her heart: that beauty and good-breeding appeared in all her actions.' When I was five-and-twenty, upon sight of one syllable, even wrong spelt, by a lady I never saw, I could tell her, 'that her height was that which was fit for inviting our approach, and commanding our respect; that a smile sat on her lips, which prefaced her expressions before she uttered them, and her aspect prevented her speech. All she could say, though she had an infinite deal of wit, was but a repetition of what was expressed by her form; her form! which struck her beholders with ideas more moving and forcible than ever were inspired by music, painting, or eloquence.' At this rate I panted in those days; but ah! sixty-three! I am very sorry I can only return the agreeable Maria a passion expressed rather from the head than the heart.

DEAR MADAM,

You have already seen the best of me, and I so passionately love you that I desire we may never meet. If you will examine your heart, you will find that you join the man with the philosopher: and if you have that kind opinion of my sense as you pretend, I question not but you add to it complexion, air, and shape: but, dear Molly, a man in his grand climacteric is of no sex. Be a good girl: and conduct yourself with honour and virtue, when you love one younger than myself. I am, with the greatest tenderness, your innocent lover, I. B.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCTOBER 19.

There is nothing more common than the weaknesses mentioned in the following epistle: and I believe there is hardly a man living who has not been more or less injured by it.

"SIR,

"I have left the town some time; and much the sooner, for not having had the advantage, when I lived there, of so good a pilot as you are to this present age. Your cautions to the young men against the vices of the town are very well: but there is one not less needful, which I think you have omitted. I had from the Rough Diamond, a gentleman so called from an honest blunt wit he had, not long since dead, this observation, that a young man must be at least three or four years in London before he dares say NO.

"You will easily see the truth and force of this observation; for I believe more people are drawn away against their inclinations, than with them. A young man is afraid to deny any body going to a tavern to dinner; or, after being gorged there, to repeat the same with another company at supper, or to drink excessively, if desired, or go to any other

place, or commit any other extravagancy proposed. The fear of being thought covetous, to have no money, or to be under the dominion or fear of his parents and friends, hinder him from the free exercise of his understanding, and affirming boldly the true reason, which is, his real dislike of what is desired. If you could cure this slavish facility, it would save abundance at their first entrance into the world.

"I am, Sir, yours,

"Land's End, October 12." "SOLOMON AFTERWIT."

This epistle has given an occasion to a treatise on this suject, wherein I shall lay down rules when a young stripling is to say NO; and a young virgin YES.

N.B. For the publication of this discourse, I wait only for subscriptions from the under-graduates of each university, and the young ladies in the boarding-schools of Hackney and Chelsea.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCTOBER 19.

Letters from the Hague, of the twenty-fifth of October, N.S., advise that the garrison of Mons marched out on the twenty-third instant, and a garrison of the allies marched into the town. All the forces in the field, both of the enemy and the confederates, are preparing to withdraw into winter-quarters.

No. 84. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCTOBER 21.

I HAVE received a letter subscribed A. B. wherein it has been represented to me as an enormity, that there are more than ordinary crowds of women

the Old Bailey when a rape is to be tried. But by Mr. A. B.'s favour, I cannot tell who are so much concerned in that part of the law as the sex he mentions, they being the only persons liable to such insults. Nor, indeed, do I think it more unreasonable that they should be inquisitive on such occasions than men of honour, when one is tried for killing another in a duel. It is very natural to inquire how the fatal pass was made, that we may the better defend ourselves when we come to be attacked. Several eminent ladies appeared lately at the court of justice on such an occasion, and with great patience and attention staid the whole trials of two persons for the abovesaid crime. The law to me indeed seems a little defective in this point; and it is a very great hardship, that this crime, which is committed by men only, should have men only on their jury. I humbly therefore propose, that on future trials of this sort, half of the twelve may be women; and those such whose faces are well known to have taken notes, or may be supposed to remember what happened in former trials in the same place. There is the learned Androgyne, that would make a good fore-woman of the pannel, who, by long attendance, understands as much law and anatomy as is necessary in this case. Till this is taken care of, I am humbly of opinion, it would be much more expedient that the fair were wholly absent; for to what end can it be that they should be present at such examinations, when they can only be perplexed with a fellow-feeling for the injured, without any power to avenge their sufferings? It is an unnecessary pain which the fair ones give themselves on these occasions. I have known a young woman shriek out at some parts of the evidence; and have frequently observed, that when the proof grew particular and strong, there has been such an

universal flutter of fans, that one would think the whole female audience were falling into fits. Nor, indeed, can I see how men themselves can be wholly unmoved at such tragical relations.

In short, I must tell my female readers, and they may take an old man's word for it, that there is nothing in woman so graceful and becoming as modesty. It adds charms to their beauty, and gives a new softness to their sex. Without it, simplicity and innocence appear rude; reading and good sense, masculine; wit and humour, lascivious. This is so necessary a qualification for pleasing, that the loose part of womankind, whose study it is to ensnare men's hearts, never fail to support the appearance of what they know is so essential to that end; and I have heard it reported by the young fellows in my time as a maxim of the celebrated Madam Bennet *, that a young wench, though never so beautiful, was not worth her board when she was past her blushing. This discourse naturally brings into my thoughts a letter I have received from the virtuous lady Whittlestick, on the subject of Lucretia.

"COUSIN ISAAC,

"I read your Tatler of Saturday last, and was surprised to see you so partial to your own sex, as to think none of ours worthy to sit at your first table; for sure you cannot but own Lucretia as famous as any you have placed there, who first parted with her virtue, and afterwards with her life, to preserve her fame."

"From my Tea-table, Oct. 17."

Mrs. Biddy Twig has *written me* a letter to the same purpose; but in answer to both my pretty correspondents and kinswomen, I must tell them, that

* A notorious bawd in the reign of K. Charles II. called, *Mistress*, and *Madam*, and *Mother* Bennet.

although I know Lucretia would have made a very graceful figure at the upper end of the table, I did not think it proper to place her there, because I knew she would not care for being in the company of so many men without her husband. At the same time, I must own that Tarquin himself was not a greater lover and admirer of Lucretia than I myself am in an honest way. When my sister Jenny was in her sampler, I made her get the whole story without book, and tell it me in needle-work. This illustrious lady stands up in history as the glory of her own sex, and the reproach of ours; and the circumstances under which she fell were so very particular, that they seem to make adultery and murder meritorious. She was a woman of such transcendant virtue, that her beauty, which was the greatest of the age and country in which she lived, and is generally celebrated as the highest of praise in other women, is never mentioned as a part of her character. But it would be declaiming to dwell upon so celebrated a story, which I mentioned only in respect to my kinswomen; and to make reparation for the omission they complain of, do further promise them, that if they can furnish me with instances to fill it, there shall be a small tea-table set apart in my Palace of Fame for the reception of all of her character.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, OCTOBER 21.

I was this evening communicating my design of producing obscure merit into public view; and proposed to the learned, that they would please to assist me in the work. For the same end I publish my intention to the world, that all men of liberal thoughts may know they have an opportunity of doing justice to such worthy persons as have come within their respective observation, and who, by misfortune, modesty, or want of proper writers to recommend them, have escaped the notice of the

rest of mankind. If, therefore, any one can bring any tale or tidings of illustrious persons, or glorious actions, that are not commonly known, he is desired to send an account thereof to me, at J. Morphew's, and they shall have justice done them. At the same time that I have this concern for men and things that deserve reputation and have it not, I am resolved to examine into the claims of such ancients and moderns as are in possession of it, with a design to displace them, in case I find their titles defective. The first whose merits I shall inquire into, are some merry gentlemen of the French nation, who have written very advantageous histories of their exploits in war, love, and politics, under the title of Memoirs. I am afraid I shall find several of these gentlemen *tardy*, because I hear of them in no writings but their own. To read the narrative of one of these authors, you would fancy that there was not an action in a whole campaign which he did not contrive or execute; yet, if you consult the history or gazettes of those times, you do not find him so much as at the head of a party from one end of the summer to the other. But it is the way of these great men, when they lie behind their lines, and are in a time of inaction, as they call it, to pass away their time in writing their exploits. By this means, several who are either unknown or despised in the present age, will be famous in the next, unless a sudden stop be put to such pernicious practices. There are others of that gay people, who, as I am informed, will live half a year together in a garret, and write a history of their intrigues in the court of France. As for politicians, they do not abound with that species of men so much as we; but as ours are not so famous for writing, as for extemporary dissertations in coffee-houses, they are more annoyed with memoirs of this nature also than we are. The most immediate remedy that I

can apply to prevent this growing evil, is, That I do hereby give notice to all booksellers and translators whatsoever, that the word Memoir is French for a *novel;* and to require of them that they sell and translate it accordingly.'

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCTOBER 21.

Coming into this place to-night, I met an old friend of mine, who a little after the Restoration writ an epigram with some applause, which he has lived upon ever since; and by virtue of it has been a constant frequenter of this coffee-house for forty years. He took me aside, and, with a great deal of friendship, told me he was glad to see me alive, 'for, says he,- 'Mr. Bickerstaff, I am sorry to find you have raised many enemies by your Lucubrations. There are indeed some,' says he, 'whose enmity is the greatest honour they can show a man; but have you lived to these years, and do not know that the ready way to disoblige is to give advice? you may endeavour to guard your children, as you call them; but ——' He was going on; but I found the disagreeableness of giving advice without being asked it, by my own impatience of what he was about to say: in a word, I begged him to give me the hearing of a short fable.

'A gentleman,' says I, 'who was one day slumbering in an arbour, was on a sudden awakened by the gentle biting of a lizard, a little animal remarkable for its love to mankind. He threw it from his hand with some indignation, and was rising up to kill it, when he saw a huge venomous serpent sliding towards him on the other side, which he soon destroyed; reflecting afterwards with gratitude upon his friend that saved him, and with anger against himself, that had shown so litttle sense of a good office.'

No. 85. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCTOBER 24.

My brother Tranquillus, who is a man of business, came to me this morning into my study, and after very many civil expressions in return for what good offices I had done him, told me 'he desired to carry his wife, my sister, that very morning, to his own house.' I readily told him 'I would wait upon him,' without asking why he was so impatient to rob us of his good company. He went out of my chamber, and I thought seemed to have a little heaviness upon him, which gave me some disquiet. Soon after my sister came to me, with a very matron-like air, and most sedate satisfaction in her looks, which spoke her very much at ease; but the traces of her countenance seemed to discover that she had been lately in a passion, and that air of content to flow from a certain triumph upon some advantage obtained. She no sooner sat down by me, but I perceived she was one of those ladies who begin to be managers within the time of their being brides.—Without letting her speak, which I saw she had a mighty inclination to do, I said, 'Here has been your husband, who tells me he has a mind to go home this very morning, and I have consented to it.'—'It is well,' said she, 'for you must know——' 'Nay, Jenny,' said I, 'I beg your pardon, for it is you must know—You are to understand, that now is the time to fix or alienate your husband's heart for ever; and I fear you have been a little indiscreet in your expressions or be-

haviour towards him, even here in my house.' 'There has,' says she, 'been some words: but I will be judged by you if he was not in the wrong: nay, I need not be judged by any body, for he gave it up himself, and said not a word when he saw me grow passionate, but, 'Madam, you are perfectly in the right of it:' as you shall judge—— 'Nay, Madam,' said I, 'I am judge already, and tell you, that you are perfectly in the wrong of it; for if it was a matter of importance, I know he has better sense than you; if a trifle, you know what I told you on your wedding-day, that you were to be above little provocations.' She knows very well I can be sour upon occasion, therefore gave me leave to go on.

'Sister,' said I, 'I will not enter into the dispute between you, which I find his prudence put an end to before it came to extremity; but charge you to have a care of the first quarrel, as you tender your happiness; for then it is that the mind will reflect harshly upon every circumstance that has ever passed between you. If such an accident is ever to happen, which I hope never will, be sure to keep to the circumstance before you; make no allusions to what is passed, or conclusions referring to what is to come; do not show a hoard of matter for dissention in your breast; but, if it is necessary, lay before him the thing as you understand it, candidly, without being ashamed of acknowledging an error, or proud of being in the right. If a young couple be not careful in this point, they will get into a habit of wrangling: and when to displease is thought of no consequence, to please is always of as little moment. There is a play, Jenny, I have formerly been at when I was a student; we got into a dark corner with a porringer of brandy, and threw raisins into it, then set it on fire. My cham-

ber-fellow and I diverted ourselves with the sport of venturing our fingers for the raisins; and the wantonness of the thing was to see each other look like a demon, as we burnt ourselves, and snatched out the fruit. This fantastical mirth was called Snap-Dragon. You may go into many a family, where you see the man and wife at this sport: every word at their table alludes to some passage between themselves; and you see by the paleness and emotion in their countenances, that it is for your sake, and not their own that they forbear playing out the whole game in burning each other's fingers. In this case, the whole purpose of life is inverted, and the ambition turns upon a certain contention, who shall contradict best, and not upon an inclination to excel in kindnesses and good offices. Therefore, dear Jenny, remember me, and avoid Snap-Dragon.'

'I thank you, brother,' said she, 'but you do not know how he loves me; I find I can do any thing with him.'—'If you can so, why should you desire to do any thing but please him? but I have a word or two more before you go out of the room; for I see you do not like the subject I am upon: let nothing provoke you to fall upon an imperfection he cannot help; for, if he has a resenting spirit, he will think your aversion as immoveable as the imperfection with which you upbraid him. But, above all, dear Jenny, be careful of one thing, and you will be something more than woman; that is, a levity you are almost all guilty of, which is, to take a pleasure in your power to give pain. It is even in a mistress an argument of meanness of spirit, but in a wife it is injustice and ingratitude. When a sensible man once observes this in a woman, he must have a very great, or very little spirit, to overlook it. A woman ought, therefore, to consider very often, how few men there are who will

regard a meditated offence as a weakness of temper.'

I was going on in my confabulation, when Tranquillus entered. She cast all her eyes upon him with much shame and confusion, mixed with great complacency and love, and went up to him. He took her in his arms, and looked so many soft things at one glance, that I could see he was glad I had been talking to her, sorry she had been troubled, and angry at himself that he could not disguise the concern he was in an hour before. After which he says to me, with an air aukward enough, but methought not unbecoming, 'I have altered my mind, brother; we will live upon you a day or two longer.' I replied, 'That is what I have been persuading Jenny to ask of you, but she is resolved never to contradict your inclination, and refused me.'

We were going on in that way which one hardly knows how to express; as when two people mean the same thing in a nice case, but come at it by talking as distantly from it as they can; when very opportunely came in upon us an honest inconsiderable fellow, Tim Dapper, a gentleman well known to us both. Tim is one of those who are very necessary, by being very inconsiderable. Tim dropped in at an incident, when we knew not how to fall into either a grave or a merry way. My sister took this occasion to make off, and Dapper gave us an account of all the company he had been in to-day, who was, and who was not at home, where he visited. This Tim is the head of a species: he is a little out of his element in this town: but he is a relation of Tranquillus, and his neighbour in the country, which is the true place of residence for this species. The habit of a Dapper, when he is at home, is a light broad-cloth, with calamanco or red waistcoat and breeches: and it is remarkable, that

their wigs seldom hide the collar of their coats. They have always a peculiar spring in their arms, a wriggle in their bodies, and a trip in their gait. All which motions they express at once in their drinking, bowing, or saluting ladies; for a distant imitation of a forward fop, and a resolution to overtop him in his way, are the distinguishing marks of a Dapper. These under-characters of men, are parts of the sociable world by no means to be neglected: they are like pegs in a building; they make no figure in it, but hold the structure together, and are as absolutely necessary as the pillars and columns. I am sure we found it so this morning; for Tranquillus and I should, perhaps, have looked cold at each other the whole day, but Dapper fell in with his brisk way, shook us both by the hand, rallied the bride, mistook the acceptance he met with amongst us for extraordinary perfection in himself, and heartily pleased, and was pleased all the while he stayed. His company left us all in good humour, and we were not such fools as to let it sink, before we confirmed it by great cheerfulness and openness in our carriage the whole evening.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, OCTOBER 24.

I have been this evening to visit a lady who is a relation of the enamoured Cynthio, and there heard the melancholy news of his death. I was in hopes, that fox-hunting and October would have recovered him from his unhappy passion. He went into the country with a design to leave behind him all thoughts of Clarissa; but he found that place only more convenient to think of her without interruption. The country gentlemen were very much puzzled upon his case, and never finding him merry or loud in their company, took him for a Roman Catholic, and immediately upon his death seized his

French valet-de-chambre for a priest; and it is generally thought in the country, it will go hard with him next session. Poor Cynthio never held up his head after having received a letter of Clarissa's marriage. The lady who gave me this account, being far gone in poetry and romance, told me, 'if I would give her an epitaph, she would take care to have it placed on his tomb: which she herself had devised in the following manner. It is to be made of black marble, and every corner to be crowned with weeping Cupids. Their quivers are to be hung up upon two tall cypress-trees, which are to grow on each side on the monument, and their arrows to be laid in a great heap, after the manner of a funeral pile, on which is to lie the body of the deceased. On the top of each cypress is to stand the figure of a moaning turtle-dove. On the uppermost part of the monument, the Goddess, to whom these birds are sacred, is to sit in a dejected posture, as weeping for the death of her votary.' I need not tell you this lady's head is a little turned: however, to be rid of importunities, I promised her an epitaph, and told her I would take for my pattern that of Don Alonzo, who was no less famous in his age than Cynthio is in ours.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies Don Alonzo,
Slain by a wound received under
his left pap;
the orifice of which was so
small, no surgeon could
discover it.
Reader;
If thou wouldst avoid so strange
a death,
look not upon Lucinda's eyes.

No. 86. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCTOBER 25.

WHEN I came home last night, my servant delivered me the following letter:

"SIR,

"I have orders from Sir Harry Quickset, of Staffordshire, baronet, to acquaint you, that his honour Sir Harry himself, Sir Giles Wheelbarrow, knight, Thomas Rentfree, esquire, justice of the quorum, Andrew Windmill, esquire, and Mr. Nicholas Doubt, of the Inner Temple, Sir Harry's grandson, will wait upon you at the hour of nine to-morrow morning, being Tuesday the twenty-fifth of October, upon business which Sir Harry will impart to you by word of mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint you before-hand so many persons of quality came, that you might not be surprised therewith. Which concludes, though by many years absence since I saw you at Stafford, unknown, Sir, your most humble servant,

"October 24." "JOHN THRIFTY."

I received this message with less surprise than I believe Mr. Thrifty imagined; for I knew the good company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach: but I was in very great concern how I should adjust the ceremonial, and demean myself to all these great men, who perhaps had not seen any thing above themselves for these twenty years last past. I am sure that is the case of Sir Harry. Besides which, I was sensible that there was a great

point in adjusting my behaviour to the simple 'squire, so as to give him satisfaction, and not disoblige the justice of the quorum.

The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no sooner set chairs, by the steward's letter, and fixed my tea-equipage, but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened, but no one entered; after which followed a long silence, which was broke at last by, 'Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know better:' and another voice, 'Nay, good Sir Giles—.' I looked out from my window, and saw the good company all with their hats off, and arms spread, offering the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much solemnity, in the order Mr. Thrifty was so kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my chamber-door, and I saw my old friend Sir Harry enter. I met him with all the respect due to so reverend a vegetable; for you are to know, that is my sense of a person who remains idle in the same place for half a century. I got him with great success into his chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my cups. The knight-bachelor told me, 'he had a great respect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himself next to Sir Harry, at whose right hand he had sat at every quarter-sessions these thirty years, unless he was sick.' The Steward in the rear whispered the young Templar, 'That is true to my knowledge.' I had the misfortune, as they stood cheek by jole, to desire the 'squire to sit down before the justice of the quorum, to the no small satisfaction of the former, and resentment of the latter. But I saw my error too late, and got them as soon as I could into their seats. 'Well,' said I, 'gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honour, I am to desire you to drink a dish of tea.' They answered one and all,

'that they never drank tea in a morning!'—'Not in a morning!' said I, staring round me. Upon which the pert jackanapes, Nic Doubt, tipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his grandfather. Here followed a profound silence, when the steward in his boots and whip proposed, 'that we should adjourn to some public house, where every body might call for what they pleased, and enter upon the business.' We all stood up in an instant, and Sir Harry filed off from the left, very discreetly, countermarching behind the chairs towards the door. After him, Sir Giles in the same manner. The simple 'squire made a sudden start to follow; but the justice of the quorum whipped between upon the stand of the stairs. A maid, going up with coals, made us halt, and put us into such confusion, that we stood all in a heap, without any visible possibility of recovering our order: for the young jackanapes seemed to make a jest of this matter, and had so contrived, by pressing amongst us, under pretence of making way, that his grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew nobody was of quality to stir a step, till Sir Harry moved first. We were fixed in this perplexity for some time, till we heard a very loud noise in the street; and Sir Harry asking, what it was, I, to make them move, said, 'it was fire.' Upon this, all ran down as fast as they could, without order or ceremony, till we got into the street, where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down Sheer-lane; the impertinent templar driving us before him as in a string, and pointing to his acquaintance who passed by.

I must confess, I love to use people according to their own sense of good breeding, and therefore whipped in between the justice and the simple 'squire. He could not properly take this ill; but I

overheard him whisper the steward, 'that he thought it hard, that a common conjuror should take place of him, though an elder 'squire.' In this order we marched down Sheer-lane, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to Temple-bar, Sir Harry and Sir Giles got over; but a run of coaches kept the rest of us on this side the street; however, we all at last landed, and drew up in very good order before Ben Tooke's* shop, who favoured our rallying with great humanity; from whence we proceeded again, till we came to Dick's coffee-house†, where I designed to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the street upon the same ceremony. We proceeded through the entry, and were so necessarily kept in order by the situation, that we were now got into the coffee-house itself, where, as soon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which, we marched up to the high table, which has an ascent to it inclosed in the middle of the room. The whole house was alarmed at this entry, made up of persons of so much state and rusticity. Sir Harry called for a mug of ale, and 'Dyer's Letter.' The boy brought the ale in an instant; but said, 'they did not take in the Letter.' 'No!' says Sir Harry, 'then take back your mug; we are like indeed to have good liquor at this house!' Here the Templar tipped me a second wink, and, if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was disposed to be very familiar with me. In short, I observed, after a long pause, that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon business till after their morning-draught, for which reason I called for a bottle of mum; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second and a

* The celebrated bookseller, in Fleet-street.

third, after which Sir Harry reached over to me, and told me in a low voice, 'that the place was too public for business; but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning at my own lodgings, and bring some more friends with him.'

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCTOBER 26.

Though this place is frequented by a more mixed company than it used to be formerly, yet you meet very often some whom one cannot leave without being the better for their conversation. A gentleman this evening, in a dictating manner, talked, I thought very pleasingly, in praise of modesty, in the midst of ten or twelve libertines, upon whom it seemed to have had a good effect. He represented it as the certain indication of a great and noble spirit. 'Modesty,' said he, 'is the virtue which makes men prefer the public to their private interest, the guide of every honest undertaking, and the great guardian of innocence. It makes men amiable to their friends, and respected by their very enemies. In all places, and on all occasions, it attracts benevolence, and demands approbation.'

One might give instances, out of antiquity, of the irresistible force of this quality in great minds: Cicereius, and Cneius Scipio, the son of the great Africanus, were competitors for the office of prætor. The crowd followed Cicereius, and left Scipio unattended. Cicereius saw this with much concern; and desiring an audience of the people, he descended from the place where the candidates were to sit in the eye of the multitude; pleaded for his adversary; and, with an ingenuous modesty, which it is impossible to feign, represented to them, 'How much it was to their dishonour, that a virtuous son of Africanus should not be preferred to him, or any other man whatsoever.' This

immediately gained the election for Scipio; but all the compliments and congratulations upon it were made to Cicereius. It is easier in this case to say who had the office, than the honour. There is no occurrence in life where this quality is not more ornamental than any other. After the battle of Pharsalia, Pompey marching towards Larissa, the whole people of that place came out in procession to do him honour. He thanked the magistrates for their respect to him; but desired them 'to perform these ceremonies to the conqueror.' This gallant submission to his fortune, and disdain of making any appearance but like Pompey, was owing to his modesty, which would not permit him to be so disingenuous, as to give himself the air of prosperity, when he was in the contrary condition.

This I say of modesty, as it is the virtue which preserves a decorum in the general course of our life; but, considering it also as it regards our mere bodies, it is the certain character of a great mind. It is memorable of the mighty Cæsar, that when he was murdered in the Capitol, at the very moment in which he expired he gathered his robe about him, that he might fall in a decent posture. In this manner, says my author, he went off, not like a man that departed out of life, but a deity that returned to his abode.

No. 87. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCTOBER 28.

THERE is nothing which I contemplate with greater pleasure than the dignity of human nature, which often shows itself in all conditions of life. For, notwithstanding the degeneracy and meanness that is crept into it, there are a thousand occasions in which it breaks through its original corruption, and shows what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. I consider the soul of man as the ruin of a glorious pile of buildings; where, amidst great heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence in confusion. Virtue and wisdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing these disorderly heaps, recovering the noble pieces that lie buried under them, and adjusting them as well as possible according to their ancient symmetry and beauty. A happy education, conversation with the finest spirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and observations upon mankind, are the great assistances to this necessary and glorious work. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of these advantages, there are sometimes such exertions of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man, as show capacities and abilities, which only want these accidental helps to fetch them out, and show them in a proper light. A plebeian soul is still the ruin of this glorious edifice, though encumbered with all its rubbish. This reflection rose in me from a letter which my servant dropped as he was dressing

me, and which, he told me, was communicated to him, as he is an acquaintance of some of the persons mentioned in it. The epistle is from one serjeant Hall of the foot-guards. It is directed, 'To serjeant Cabe, in the Coldstream regiment of foot-guards, at the red-lettice, in the Butcher-row, near Temple-bar.'

I was so pleased with several touches in it, that I could not forbear showing it to a cluster of critics, who, instead of considering it in the light I have done, examined it by the rules of epistolary writing. For as these gentlemen are seldom men of any great genius, they work altogether by mechanical rules, and are able to discover no beauties that are not pointed out by Bouhours and Rapin. The letter is as follows:

"COMRADE,

"I received yours, and am glad yourself and your wife are in good health, with all the rest of my friends. Our battalion suffered more than I could wish in the action. But who can withstand fate? Poor Richard Stevenson had his fate with a great many more. He was killed dead before we entered the trenches. We had above two hundred of our battalion killed and wounded. We lost ten serjeants, six are as followeth: Jennings, Castles, Roach, Sherring, Meyrick, and my son Smith. The rest are not your acquaintance. I have received a very bad shot in my head myself, but am in hopes, and please God, I shall recover. I continue in the field, and lie at my colonel's quarters. Arthur is very well; but I can give you no account of Elms; he was in the hospital before I came into the field. I will not pretend to give you an account of the battle, knowing you have a better in the prints. Pray, give my

service to Mrs. Cook and her daughter, to Mr. Stoffet and his wife, and to Mr. Lyver, and Thomas Hogsdon, and to Mr. Ragdell, and to all my friends and acquaintance in general who do ask after me. My love to Mrs. Stevenson. I am sorry for the sending such ill news. Her husband was gathering a little money together to send to his wife, and put it into my hands. I have seven shillings and three-pence, which I shall take care to send her. Wishing your wife a safe delivery, and both of you all happiness, rest your assured friend, and comrade,

" JOHN HALL.

" From the Camp before Mons, Sept. 26.

" We had but an indifferent breakfast; but the Mounseers never had such a dinner in all their lives.

" My kind love to my comrade Hinton, and Mrs. Morgan, and to John Brown and his wife. I sent two shillings, and Stevenson six-pence, to drink with you at Mr. Cook's; but I have heard nothing from him. It was by Mr. Edgar.

" Corporal Hartwell desires to be remembered to you, and desires you to inquire of Edgar, what is become of his wife Pegg; and when you write, to send word in your letter what trade she drives.

" We have here very bad weather, which I doubt will be an hindrance to the siege; but I am in hopes we shall be masters of the town in a little time, and then, I believe, we shall go to garrison."

I saw the critics prepared to nibble at my letter; therefore examined it myself, partly in their way, and partly my own. This is, said I, truly a letter, and an honest representation of that cheerful heart which accompanies the poor soldier in his warfare. Is not there in this all the topic of submitting to our destiny as well discussed as if a greater man had been placed, like Brutus, in his tent at midnight, reflect-

ing on all the occurrences of past life, and saying fine things on Being itself? What serjeant Hall knows of the matter is, that he wishes there had not been so many killed; and he had himself a very bad shot in the head, and should recover if it pleased God. But, be that as it will, he takes care like a man of honour, as he certainly is, to let the widow Stevenson know, that he had seven and three-pence for her, and that, if he lives, he is sure he shall go into garrison at last. I doubt not but all the good company at the Red-lettice drank his health with as much real esteem as we do any of our friends. All that I am concerned for is, that Mrs. Peggy Hartwell may be offended at showing this letter, because her conduct in Mr. Hartwell's absence is a little inquired into. But I could not sink that circumstance, because you critics would have lost one of the parts which I doubt not but you have much to say upon, whether the familiar way is well hit in this style or not? As for myself, I take a very particular satisfaction in seeing any letter that is fit only for those to read who are concerned in it, but especially on such a subject.

If we consider the heap of an army, utterly out of all prospect of rising and preferment, as they certainly are, and such great things executed by them, it is hard to account for the motive of their gallantry. But to me, who was a cadet at the battle of Coldstream in Scotland, when Monk charged at the head of the regiment now called Coldstream, from the victory of that day; I remember it as well as if it were yesterday, I stood on the left of old West, who I believe is now at Chelsea; I say, to me, who know very well this part of mankind, I take the gallantry of private soldiers to proceed from the same, if not from a nobler impulse than that of gentlemen and officers. They have the same taste of being acceptable to their friends, and go through the difficulties

of that profession by the same irresistible charm of fellowship, and the communication of joys and sorrows, which quickens the relish of pleasure, and abates the anguish of pain. Add to this, that they have the same regard to fame, though they do not expect so great a share as men above them hope for; but I will engage serjeant Hall would die ten thousand deaths, rather than a word should be spoken at the Red-lettice, or any part of the Butcher-row, in prejudice to his courage or honesty. If you will have my opinion then of the serjeant's letter, I pronounce the style to be mixed, but truly epistolary; the sentiment relating to his own wound is in the sublime; the postscript of Pegg Hartwell, in the gay; and the whole, the picture of the bravest sort of men, that is to say, a man of great courage and small hopes.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCTOBER 28.

When I came home this evening, I found, after many attempts to vary my thoughts, that my head still ran upon the subject of the discourse to-night at Will's. I fell, therefore, into the amusement of proportioning the glory of a battle among the whole army, and dividing it into shares, according to the method of the million lottery. In this bank of fame, by an exact calculation, and the rules of political arithmetic, I have allotted ten hundred thousand shares; five hundred thousand of which is the due of the general, two hundred thousand I assign to the general officers, and two hundred thousand more to all the commissioned officers, from colonels to ensigns: the remaining hundred thousand must be distributed among the non-commissioned officers, and private men: according to which computation, I find serjeant Hall is to have one share and a fraction of two-fifths. When I was a boy at Oxford, there was among the antiquities near the theatre a great

stone on which were engraven the names of all who fell in the battle of Marathon. The generous and knowing people of Athens understood the force of the desire of glory, and would not let the meanest soldier perish in oblivion. Were the natural impulse of the British nation animated with such monuments, what man would be so mean, as not to hazard his life for his ten hundred thousandth part of the honour in such a day as that of Blenheim or Blaregnies?

No. 88. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, OCTOBER 31.

I HAVE lately received a letter from a friend in the country, wherein he acquaints me, 'that two or three men of the town are got among them, and have brought down particular words and phrases, which were never before in those parts.' He mentions in particular the words Gunner and Gunster, which, my correspondent observes, they make use of, when any thing has been related that is strange and surprising: and, therefore, desires I would explain those terms, as I have many others, for the information of such as live at a distance from this town and court, which he calls the great mints of language. His letter is dated from York; and, if he tells me truth, a word in its ordinary circulation does not reach that city within the space of five years after it is first stamped. I cannot say how long these words have been current in town, but I shall now take care to send them down by the next post.

I must, in the first place, observe that the words *Gunner* and *Gunster* are not to be used promiscuously; for a *Gunner*, properly speaking, is not a *Gunster;* nor is a *Gunster*, vice versâ, a *Gunner*. They both, indeed, are derived from the word *gun*, and so far they agree. But as a gun is remarkable for its destroying at a distance, or for the report it makes, which is apt to startle all its hearers, those who recount strange accidents and circumstances, which have no manner of foundation in truth, when they design to do mischief are comprehended under the appellation of *Gunners;* but when they endeavour only to surprise and entertain, they are distinguished by the name of *Gunsters*. *Gunners*, therefore, are the pest of society, but the *Gunsters* often the diversion. The *Gunner* is destructive, and hated, the *Gunster* innocent and laughed at. The first is prejudicial to others, the other only to himself.

This being premised, I must, in the next place, subdivide the *Gunner* into several branches: all, or the chief of which are, I think, as follow:

First, the Bombardier.
Secondly, the Miner.
Thirdly, the Squib.
Fourthly, the Serpent.

And, First, of the first. The *Bombardier* tosses his balls sometimes into the midst of a city, with a design to fill all around him with terror and combustion. He has been sometimes known to drop a bomb in a senate-house, and to scatter a panic over a nation. But his chief aim is at several eminent stations, which he looks upon as the fairest marks, and uses all his skill to do execution upon those who possess them. Every man so situated, let his merit be never so great, is sure to undergo a bombardment. It is further observed, that the only way to be out of danger from the bursting of a bomb, is to lie pros-

trate on the ground: a posture too abject for generous spirits.

Secondly, The *Miner*.

As the Bombardier levels his mischief at nations and cities, the *Miner* busies himself in ruining and overturning private houses and particular persons. He often acts as a spy, in discovering the secret avenues and unguarded accesses of families, where, after he has made his proper discoveries and dispositions, he sets sudden fire to his train, that blows up families, scatters friends, separates lovers, disperses kindred, and shakes a whole neighbourhood.

It is to be noted that several females are great proficients in this way of engineering. The marks by which they are to be known are, a wonderful solicitude for the reputation of their friends, and a more than ordinary concern for the good of their neighbours. There is also in them something so very like religion, as may deceive the vulgar; but if you look upon it more nearly, you see on it such a cast of censoriousnes, as discovers it to be nothing but hypocrisy. Cleomilla is a great instance of a female *Miner:* but, as my design is to expose only the incorrigible, let her be silent for the future, and I shall be so too.

Thirdly, The *Squib*.

The Squibs are those, who, in the common phrase of the world are called libellers, lampooners, and pamphleteers. Their fire-works are made up in paper; and it is observed, that they mix abundance of charcoal in their powder, that they may be sure to blacken where they cannot singe. These are observed to give a consternation and disturbance only to weak minds; which, according to the proverb, are always 'more afraid than hurt.'

Fourthly, *Serpents*.

The Serpents are a petty kind of Gunners, more pernicious than any of the rest. They make use of a sort of white powder, that goes off without any violent crack, but gives a gentle sound, much like that of a whisper; and is more destructive in all parts of life than any of the materials made use of by any of the fraternity.

Come we now to the *Gunsters*.

This race of engineers deals altogether in wind-guns, which, by recoiling, often knock down those who discharge them, without hurting any body else; and, according to the various compressions of the air, make such strange squeaks, cracks, pops, and bounces, as it is impossible to hear without laughing. It is observable, however, that there is a disposition in a *Gunster* to become a *Gunner:* and though their proper instruments are only loaden with wind, they often, out of wantonness, fire a bomb, or spring a mine, out of their natural inclination to engineering; by which means they do mischief when they do not design it, and have their bones broken when they do not deserve it.

This sort of engineers are the most unaccountable race of men in the world. Some of them have received above a hundred wounds, and yet have not a scar in their bodies; some have debauched multitudes of women, who have died maids. You may be with them from morning till night, and the next day they shall tell you a thousand adventures that happened when you were with them, which you know nothing of. They have a quality of having been present at every thing they hear related; and never heard a man commended, who was not their intimate acquaintance, if not their kinsman.

I hope these notes may serve as a rough draught for a new establishment of engineers, which I shall hereafter fill up with proper persons, according to

my own observations on their conduct, having already had one recommended to me for the general of my artillery. But that, and all the other posts, I intend to keep open, till I can inform myself of the candidates, having resolved in this case to depend no more upon their friend's word than I would upon their own.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCTOBER 31.

I was this morning awakened by a sudden shake of the house; and, as soon as I had got a little out of my consternation, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the same convulsion. I got up as fast as possible, girt on my rapier, and snatched up my hat, when my landlady came up to me, and told me, 'that the gentlewoman of the next house begged me to step thither, for that a lodger she had taken in was run mad; and she desired my advice,' as indeed every body in the whole lane does upon important occasions. I am not, like some artists, saucy because I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, 'she had the day before let her second floor to a very genteel youngish man, who told her, he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home most part of the morning and evening at study; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noise which we then heard.' I went up stairs with my hand upon the hilt of my rapier, and approached this new lodger's door. I looked in at the key-hole, and there I saw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and on a sudden jump into the air so high, that his head almost touched the cieling. He came down safe on his right foot, and again flew up, alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and, holding out his right

the same manner, when on a sudden, to my great surprize, he stooped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After this he recovered himself with a sudden spring, and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, till he made a full pause for want of breath. In this interim my woman asked 'what I thought?' I whispered 'that I thought this learned person an enthusiast, who possibly had his first education in the Peripatetic way, which was a sect of philosophers, who always studied when walking.' But, observing him much out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him if he were disordered, and knocked at his door. I was surprised to find him open it, and say with great civility and good mien, 'that he hoped he had not disturbed us.' I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired 'he would please to let me see his book.' He did so, smiling. I could not make any thing of it, and, therefore, asked 'in what language it was writ?' He said, 'it was one he studied with great application; but it was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a consideration.' I answered, 'that I hoped he would hereafter keep his thoughts to himself, for his meditation this morning had cost me three coffee-dishes, and a clean pipe.' He seemed concerned at that, and told me 'he was a dancing-master, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an academy in France *.' He

* Thoinet Arbeau, a dancing-master at Paris, is here justly celebrated as the real inventor of the art of writing dances in characters, termed *Orchesography*, from two Greek words, ὄρχησις, a dance, and γράφω, I write. The discovery was recent at the time of the first publication of this paper.

observed me at a stand, and went on to inform me, 'that now articulate motions, as well as sounds, were expressed by proper characters; and that there is nothing so common, as to communicate a dance by a letter.' I beseeched him hereafter to meditate in a ground-room, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure several of his thoughts this morning would have shaken my spectacles off my nose, had I been myself at study.

I then took my leave of this virtuoso, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

No. 89. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1709.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.—

VIRG. GEORG. ii. 485.

My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life.
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood. DRYDEN.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, NOVEMBER 2.

I HAVE received this short epistle from an unknown hand.

"SIR,

"I have no more to trouble you with, than to desire you would in your next help me to some answer to the inclosed concerning yourself. In the mean time

I congratulate you upon the increase of your fame, which you see has extended itself beyond the bills of mortality."

'SIR,

'That the country is barren of news has been the excuse, time out of mind, for dropping a correspondence with our friends in London; as if it were impossible out of a coffee-house to write an agreeable letter. I am too ingenuous to endeavour at the covering of my negligence with so common an excuse. Doubtless, amongst friends, bred, as we have been, to the knowledge of books as well as men, a letter dated from a garden, a grotto, a fountain, a wood, a meadow, or the banks of a river, may be more entertaining than one from Tom's, Will's, White's, or St. James's. I promise, therefore, to be frequent for the future in my rural dates to you. But for fear you should, from what I have said, be induced to believe I shun the commerce of men, I must inform you that there is a fresh topic of discourse lately arisen among the ingenious in our part of the world, and is become the more fashionable for the ladies giving into it. This we owe to Isaac Bickerstaff, who is very much censured by some, and as much justified by others. Some criticise his style, his humour, and his matter; others admire the whole man. Some pretend, from the informations of their friends in town, to decipher the author; and others confess they are lost in their guesses. For my part, I must own myself a professed admirer of the paper, and desire you to send me a complete set, together with your thoughts of the 'squire and his lucubrations.'

There is no pleasure like that of receiving praise from the praise-worthy; and I own it a very solid happiness, that these my lucubrations are approved

by a person of so fine a taste as the author of this letter, who is capable of enjoying the world in the simplicity of its natural beauties. This pastoral letter, if I may so call it, must be written by a man who carries his entertainment wherever he goes, and is undoubtedly one of those happy men who appear far otherwise to the vulgar. I dare say, he is not envied by the vicious, the vain, the frolic, and the loud; but is continually blessed with that strong and serious delight, which flows from a well-taught and liberal mind. With great respect to country sports I may say, this gentleman could pass his time agreeably, if there were not a hare or a fox in his county. That calm and elegant satisfaction which the vulgar call melancholy is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue. What we take for diversion, which is a kind of forgetting ourselves, is but a mean way of entertainment, in comparison of that which is considering, knowing, and enjoying ourselves. The pleasures of ordinary people are in their passions; but the seat of this delight is in the reason and understanding. Such a frame of mind raises that sweet enthusiasm, which warms the imagination at the sight of every work of nature, and turns all round you into picture and landscape. I shall be ever proud of advices from this gentleman; for I profess writing news from the learned, as well as the busy, world.

As for my labours, which he is pleased to inquire after, if they can but wear one impertinence out of human life, destroy a single vice, or give a morning's cheerfulness to an honest mind; in short, if the world can be but one virtue the better, or in any degree less vicious, or receive from them the smallest addition to their innocent diversions! I shall not think my pains, or indeed my life, to have been spent in

Thus far as to my studies. It will be expected I should in the next place give some account of my life. I shall therefore, for the satisfaction of the present age, and the benefit of posterity, present the world with the following abridgement of it.

It is remarkable, that I was bred by hand, and eat nothing but milk till I was a twelve-month old; from which time, to the eighth year of my age, I was observed to delight in pudding and potatoes; and indeed I retain a benevolence for that sort of food to this day. I do not remember that I distinguished myself in any thing at those years, but by my great skill at taw, for which I was so barbarously used, that it has ever since given me an aversion to gaming. In my twelfth year, I suffered very much for two or three false concords. At fifteen I was sent to the university, and stayed there for some time; but a drum passing by, being a lover of music, I listed myself for a soldier. As years came on, I began to examine things, and grew discontented at the times. This made me quit the sword, and take to the study of the occult sciences, in which I was so wrapped up, that Oliver Cromwell had been buried, and taken up again, five years before I heard he was dead. This gave me first the reputation of a conjuror, which has been of great disadvantage to me ever since, and kept me out of all public employments. The greater part of my later years has been divided between Dick's coffee-house, the Trumpet in Sheer-lane, and my own lodgings.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOVEMBER 2.

The evil of unseasonable visits has been complained of to me with much vehemence by persons of both sexes; and I am desired to consider this very important circumstance, that men may know how to regulate their conduct in an affair which concerns

no less than life itself. For to a rational creature, it is almost the same cruelty to attack his life, by robbing him of so many moments of his time, or so many drops of his blood. The author of the following letter has a just delicacy in this point, and hath put it into a very good light:

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"I am very much afflicted with the gravel, which makes me sick and peevish. I desire to know of you if it be reasonable that any of my acquaintance should take advantage over me at this time, and afflict me with long visits, because they are idle, and I am confined. Pray, Sir, reform the town in this matter. Men never consider whether the sick person be disposed for company, but make their visits to humour themselves. You may talk upon this topic, so as to oblige all persons afflicted with chronical distempers, among which I reckon visits. Do not think me a sour man, for I love conversation and my friends; but I think one's most intimate friend may be too familiar, and that there are such things as unseasonable wit and painful mirth."

It is with some so hard a thing to employ their time, that it is a great good fortune when they have a friend indisposed, that they may be punctual in perplexing him, when he is recovered enough to be in that state which cannot be called sickness or health; when he is too well to deny company, and too ill to receive them. It is no uncommon case, if a man is of any figure or power in the world, to be congratulated into a relapse.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOVEMBER 2.

I was very well pleased this evening, to hear a gentleman express a very becoming indignation against a practice, which I myself have been very

much offended at. 'There is nothing,' said he, 'more ridiculous, than for an actor to insert words of his own in the part he is to act, so that it is impossible to see the poet for the player. You will have Penkethman and Bullock helping out Beaumont and Fletcher. It puts me in mind,' continued he, 'of a collection of antique statues which I once saw in a gentleman's possession, who employed a neighbouring stone-cutter to add noses, ears, arms, or legs, to the maimed works of Phidias or Praxiteles. You may be sure, this addition disfigured the statues much more than time had. I remember a Venus, that, by the nose he had given her, looked like mother Shipton; and a Mercury, with a pair of legs that seemed very much swelled with the dropsy.'

I thought the gentleman's observations very proper, and he told me I had improved his thought, in mentioning on this occasion those wise commentators who had filled up the hemistichs to Virgil *; particularly that notable poet, who, to make the Æneid more perfect, carried on the story of Lavinia's wedding. If the proper officer will not condescend to take notice of these absurdities, I shall myself, as a censor of the people, animadvert upon such proceedings.

* A gentleman of distinction in Aquitain, called by the writer, on whose authority this note is given, Joannes de Peyrarede, filled up the hemistichs, or half verses, in the Æneid of Virgil.

No. 90. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1709.

—Amoto quæramus seria ludo.

HOR. SAT. i. 1. 27.

Let us now—
With graver air our serious theme pursue,
And yet preserve our moral full in view.

FRANCIS.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOVEMBER 4.

THE passion of love happened to be the subject of discourse between two or three of us at the table of the poets this evening; and, among other observations, it was remarked, 'that the same sentiment on this passion had run through all languages and nations.' Memmius, who has a very good taste, fell into a little sort of dissertation on this occasion. 'It is,' said he, 'remarkable that no passion has been treated, by all who have touched upon it, with the same bent of design but this. The poets, the moralists, the painters, in all their descriptions, allegories, and pictures, have represented it as a soft torment, a bitter sweet, a pleasing pain, or an agreeable distress; and have only expressed the same thought in a different manner.'

The joining of pleasure and pain together in such devices, seems to me the only pointed thought I ever read which is natural: and it must have proceeded from its being the universal sense and experience of mankind, that they have all spoken of it in the same manner. I have, in my own reading, remarked a hundred and three epigrams, fifty

odes, and ninety-one sentences, tending to this sole purpose.

It is certain, there is no other passion which does produce such contrary effects in so great a degree. But this may be said for love, that if you strike it out of the soul, life would be insipid, and our being but half animated. Human nature would sink into deadness and lethargy, if not quickened with some active principle; and as for all others, whether ambition, envy, or avarice, which are apt to possess the mind in the absence of this passion, it must be allowed that they have greater pains, without the compensation of such exquisite pleasures as those we find in love. The great skill is to heighten the satisfactions, and deaden the sorrows, of it; which has been the end of many of my labours, and shall continue to be so, for the service of the world in general, and in particular of the fair sex, who are always the best or the worst part of it. It is pity that a passion, which has in it a capacity of making life happy, should not be cultivated to the utmost advantage. Reason, prudence, and good-nature, rightly applied, can throughly accomplish this great end, provided they have always a real and constant love to work upon. But this subject I shall treat more at large in the history of my married sister, and in the mean time shall conclude my reflection on the pains and pleasures which attend this passion, with one of the finest allegories which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the divine Plato, and, to show the opinion he himself had of it, ascribed by him to his admired Socrates, whom he represents as discoursing with his friends, and giving the history of love in the following manner.

'At the birth of Beauty,' says he, 'there was a great feast made, and many guests invited. Among the rest, was the god Plenty, who was the

son of the goddess Prudence, and inherited many of his mother's virtues. After a full entertainment, he retired into the garden of Jupiter, which was hung with a great variety of ambrosial fruits, and seems to have been a very proper retreat for such a guest. In the mean time, an unhappy female called Poverty, having heard of this great feast, repaired to it, in hopes of finding relief. The first place she lights upon was Jupiter's garden, which generally stands open to people of all conditions. Poverty enters, and by chance finds the god Plenty asleep in it. She was immediately fired with his charms, laid herself down by his side, and managed matters so well, that she conceived a child by him. The world was very much in suspense upon the occasion, and could not imagine to themselves what would be the nature of an infant that was to have its original from two such parents. At the last, the child appears; and who should it be but Love? This infant grew up, and proved in all his behaviour, what he really was, a compound of opposite beings. As he is the son of Plenty, who was the offspring of Prudence, he is subtle, intriguing, full of stratagems and devices; as the son of Poverty, he is fawning, begging, serenading, delighting to lie at a threshold, or beneath a window. By the father he is audacious, full of hopes, conscious of merit, and therefore quick of resentment. By the mother, he is doubtful, timorous, mean-spirited, fearful of offending, and abject in submissions. In the same hour you may see him transported with raptures, talking of immortal pleasures, and appearing satisfied as a god; and immediately after, as the mortal mother prevails in his composition, you behold him pining, languishing, despairing, dying.'

I have been always wonderfully delighted with fables, allegories, and the like inventions, which the

politest and best instructors of mankind have always made use of. They take off from the severity of instruction, and enforce it at the same time that they conceal it. The supposing Love to be conceived immediately after the birth of Beauty; the parentage of Plenty; and the inconsistency of this passion with itself so naturally derived to it, are great master-strokes in this fable; and if they fell into good hands, might furnish out a more pleasing canto than any in Spenser.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOVEMBER 4.

I came home this evening in a very pensive mood; and, to divert me, took up a volume of Shakspeare, where I chanced to cast my eye upon a part in the tragedy of Richard the Third, which filled my mind with a very agreeable horror. It was the scene in which that bold but wicked prince is represented as sleeping in his tent, the night before the battle in which he fell. The poet takes that occasion to set before him, in a vision, a terrible assembly of apparitions, the ghosts of all those innocent persons whom he is said to have murdered. Prince Edward, Henry IV., the Duke of Clarence, Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan; Lord Hastings, the two young Princes, sons to Edward IV., his own wife, and the Duke of Buckingham, rise up in their blood before him, beginning their speeches with that dreadful salutation, 'Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow;' and concluding with that dismal sentence, 'Despair and die.' This inspires the tyrant with a dream of his past guilt, and of the approaching vengeance. He anticipates the fatal day of Bosworth, fancies himself dismounted, weltering in his own blood; and, in the agonies of despair, before he is thoroughly awake, starts up with the following speech:

'Give me another horse—Bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Jesu—Soft! I did but dream.
Oh! coward conscience! how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue! Is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh:
What do I fear? myself?' &c.

A scene written with so great strength of imagination indisposed me for further reading, and threw me into a deep contemplation. I began to reflect upon the different ends of good and bad kings; and as this was the birth-day of our late renowned monarch*, I could not forbear thinking on the departure of that excellent prince, whose life was crowned with glory, and his death with peace. I let my mind go so far into this thought, as to imagine to myself what might have been the vision of his departing slumbers. He might have seen confederate kings applauding him in different languages; slaves that had been bound in fetters lifting up their hands, and blessing him; and the persecuted in their several forms of worship imploring comfort on his last moments. The reflection upon this excellent prince's mortality had been a very melancholy entertainment to me, had I not been relieved by the consideration of the glorious reign which succeeds it.

We now see as great a virtue as ever was on the British throne, surrounded with all the beauty of success. Our nation may not only boast of a long series of great, regular, and well-laid designs, but also of triumphs and victories; while we have the happiness to see our sovereign exercise that true policy which tends to make a kingdom great and happy, and at the same time enjoy the good and glorious effect of it.

* King William III.

No. 91. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOVEMBER 7.

I WAS very much surprised this evening with a visit from one of the top Toasts of the town, who came privately in a chair, and bolted into my room, while I was reading a chapter of Agrippa upon the occult sciences; but, as she entered with all the air and bloom that nature ever bestowed on woman, I threw down the conjuror, and met the charmer. I had no sooner placed her at my right hand by the fire, but she opened to me the reason of her visit. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said the fine creature, 'I have been your correspondent some time, though I never saw you before; I have writ by the name of Maria. You have told me you were too far gone in life to think of love. Therefore, I am answered as to the passion I spoke of; and,' continued she, smiling, 'I will not stay till you grow young again, as you men never fail to do in your dotage, but am come to consult you about disposing of myself to another. My person you see; my fortune is very considerable; but I am at present under much perplexity how to act in a great conjuncture. I have two lovers, Crassus and Lorio: Crassus is prodigiously rich, but has no one distinguishing quality; though at the same time he is not remarkable on the defective side. Lorio has travelled, is well bred, pleasant in discourse, discreet in his conduct, agreeable in his person; and with all this, he has a competency of fortune without superfluity. When I consider Lorio, my mind is filled with an idea of

the great satisfactions of a pleasant conversation. When I think of Crassus, my equipage, numerous servants, gay liveries, and various dresses, are opposed to the charms of his rival. In a word, when I cast my eyes upon Lorio, I forget and despise fortune; when I behold Crassus, I think only of pleasing my vanity, and enjoying an uncontrolled expense in all the pleasures of life, except love.' She paused here.

'Madam,' said I, 'I am confident you have not stated your case with sincerity, and that there is some secret pang which you have concealed from me: for I see by your aspect the generosity of your mind; and that open ingenuous air lets me know, that you have too great a sense of the generous passion of love, to prefer the ostentation of life in the arms of Crassus, to the entertainments and conveniences of it in the company of your beloved Lorio: for so he is indeed, Madam; you speak his name with a different accent from the rest of your discourse. The idea his image raises in you gives new life to your features, and new grace to your speech. Nay, blush not Madam; there is no dishonour in loving a man of merit; I assure you, I am grieved at this dallying with yourself, when you put another in competition with him, for no other reason but superior wealth.'—'To tell you, then,' said she, 'the bottom of my heart, there is Clotilda lies by, and plants herself in the way of Crassus, and I am confident will snap him if I refuse him. I cannot bear to think that she will shine above me. When our coaches meet, to see her chariot hung behind with four footmen, and mine with but two: hers, powdered, gay and saucy, kept only for show; mine, a couple of careful rogues that are good for something: I own, I cannot bear that Clotilda

should be in all the pride and wantonness of wealth, and I only in the ease and affluence of it.'

Here I interrupted: 'Well, Madam, now I see your whole affliction; you could be happy, but that you fear another would be happier. Or rather, you could be solidly happy, but that another is to be happy in appearance. This is an evil which you must get over, or never know happiness. We will put the case, Madam, that you married Crassus, and she Lorio.' She answered, 'Speak not of it, I could tear her eyes out at the mention of it.' 'Well then, I pronounce Lorio to be the man; but I must tell you, that what we call settling in the world is, in a kind, leaving it; and you must at once resolve to keep your thoughts of happiness within the reach of your fortune, and not measure it by comparison with others.——But, indeed, Madam, when I behold that beauteous form of yours, and consider the generality of your sex, as to their disposal of themselves in marriage, or their parents doing it for them without their own approbation, I cannot but look upon all such matches as the most impudent prostitutions. Do but observe, when you are at a play, the familiar wenches that sit laughing among the men. These appear detestable to you in the boxes. Each of them would give up her person for a guinea: and some of you would take the worst there for life for twenty thousand. If so, how do you differ but in price? As to the circumstance of marriage, I take that to be hardly an alteration of the case; for wedlock is but a more solemn prostitution, where there is not an union of minds. You would hardly believe it, but there have been designs even upon me.

'A neighbour in this very lane, who knows I have, by leading a very wary life, laid up a little money, had a great mind to marry me to his daugh-

ter. I was frequently invited to their table: the girl was always very pleasant and agreeable. After dinner, Miss Molly would be sure to fill my pipe for me, and put more sugar than ordinary into my coffee; for she was sure I was good-natured. If I chanced to hem, the mother would applaud my vigour; and has often said on that occasion, 'I wonder, Mr. Bickerstaff, you do not marry, I am sure you would have children.' Things went so far, that my mistress presented me with a wrought night-cap and a laced band of her own working. I began to think of it in earnest; but one day, having an occasion to ride to Islington, as two or three people were lifting me upon my pad, I spied her at a convenient distance laughing at her lover, with a parcel of romps of her acquaintance. One of them, who I suppose had the same design upon me, told me she said, 'Do you see how briskly my old gentleman mounts?' This made me cut off my amour and to reflect with myself, that no married life could be so unhappy, as where the wife proposes no other advantage from her husband, than that of making herself fine, and keeping her out of the dirt.'

My fair client burst out a laughing at the account I gave her of my escape, and went away seemingly convinced of the reasonableness of my discourse to her.

As soon as she was gone, my maid brought up the following epistle, which, by the style and the description she gave of the person, I suppose was left by Nick Doubt. 'Hark you,' said he, 'girl, tell old Basket-hilt I would have him answer it by the first opportunity.' What he says is this.

"ISAAC,

"You seem a very honest fellow; therefore, pray tell me, did not you write that letter in praise of the 'squire and his Lucubrations yourself," &c.

The greatest plague of coxcombs is, that they often break upon you with an impertinent piece of good sense, as this jackanapes has hit me in a right place enough. I must confess, I am as likely to play such a trick as another; but that letter he speaks of was really genuine. When I first set up, I thought it fair enough to let myself know from all parts, that my works were wonderfully inquired for, and were become the diversion as well as instruction, of all the Choice Spirits in every county of Great Britain. I do not doubt but the more intelligent of my readers found it, before this jackanapes, I can call him no better, took upon him to observe upon my style and my basket-hilt. A very pleasant gentleman of my acquaintance told me one day a story of this kind of falsehood and vanity in an author.

Mævius showed him a paper of verses, which he said he had received that morning by the penny-post from an unknown hand. My friend admired them extremely. 'Sir,' said he, 'this must come from a man that is eminent: you see fire, life, and spirit run through the whole, and at the same time a correctness, which shows he is used to writing. Pray, Sir, read them over again.' He begins again, title and all; 'To Mævius, on his incomparable poems.' The second reading was performed with much more vehemence and action than the former; after which my friend fell into downright raptures—'Why, they are truly sublime! there is energy in this line! description in that! Why! it is the thing itself! this is perfect picture!' Mævius could bear no more; but, 'Faith,' says he, 'Ned, to tell you the plain truth, I writ them myself.'

There goes just such another story of the same paternal tenderness in Bavius, an ingenious contemporary of mine, who had writ several comedies

which were rejected by the players. This my friend Bavius took for envy, and therefore prevailed upon a gentleman to go with him to the play-house, and gave him a new play of his, desiring he would personate the author, and read it, to baffle the spite of the actors. The friend consented, and to reading they went. They had not got over three similes, before Roscius the player made the acting author stop, and desired to know 'what he meant by such a rapture? and how it came to pass, that in this condition of the lover, instead of acting according to his circumstances, he spent his time in considering what his present state was like?'—'That is very true,' says the mock author; 'I believe we had as good strike these lines out.'—'By your leave,' says Bavius, 'you shall not spoil your play, you are too modest; those very lines, for ought I know, are as good as any in your play, and they shall stand.' Well, they go on, and the particle 'and' stood unfortunately at the end of a verse, and was made to rhyme to the word 'stand.' This Roscius excepted against. The new poet gave up that too, and said, 'he would not dispute for a monosyllable.'—'For a monosyllable!' says the real author; 'I can assure you, a monosyllable may be of as great force as a word of ten syllables. I tell you, Sir, 'and' is the connexion of the matter in that place; without that word, you may put all that follows into any other play as well as this. Besides, if you leave it out, it will look as if you had put it in only for the sake of the rhyme.' Roscius persisted, assuring the gentleman, 'that it was impossible to speak it, but the 'and' must be lost, so it might as well be blotted out.' Bavius snatched his play out of their hands, said 'they were both blockheads,' and went off; repeating a couplet, because he would not make his

exit irregularly. A witty man of these days compared this true and feigned poet to the contending mothers before Solomon; the true one was easily discovered from the pretender, by refusing to see his offspring dissected.

No. 92. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1709.

Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret
Quem, nisi mendosum et mendacem?—

HOR. EPIST. i. 16. 39.

False praise can please, and calumny affright,
None but the vicious and the hypocrite.

R. WYNNE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, NOVEMBER 9.

I KNOW no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise, and closing it with an exception; which proceeds, where men do not do it to introduce malice and make calumny more effectual, from the common error of considering man as a perfect creature. But, if we rightly examine things, we shall find that there is a sort of economy in Providence, that one shall excel where another is defective, in order to make men more useful to each other, and mix them in society. This man having this talent, and that man another, is as necessary in conversation, as one professing one trade, and another another, is beneficial in commerce. The happiest climate does not produce all things: and it was so ordered, that one part of the earth should

want the product of another, for uniting mankind in a general correspondence and good understanding. It is, therefore, want of good sense as well as good nature, to say Simplicius has a better judgement, but not so much wit as Latius; for that these have not each other's capacities is no more a diminution to either, than if you should say, Simplicius is not Latius, or Latius not Simplicius. The heathen world had so little notion that perfection was to be expected amongst men, that among them any one quality or endowment in an heroic degree made a god. Hercules had strength; but it was never objected to him that he wanted wit. Apollo presided over wit, and it was never asked whether he had strength. We hear no exceptions against the beauty of Minerva, or the wisdom of Venus. These wise heathens were glad to immortalise any one serviceable gift, and overlook all imperfections in the person who had it. But with us it is far otherwise, for we reject many eminent virtues, if they are accompanied with one apparent weakness. The reflecting after this manner made me account for the strange delight men take in reading lampoons and scandal, with which the age abounds, and of which I receive frequent complaints. Upon mature consideration, I find it is principally for this reason, that the worst of mankind, the libellers, receive so much encouragement in the world. The low race of men take a secret pleasure in finding an eminent character levelled to their condition by a report of its defects; and keep themselves in countenance, though they are excelled in a thousand virtues, if they believe they have in common with a great person any one fault. The libeller falls in with this humour, and gratifies this baseness of temper, which is naturally an enemy to extraordinary merit. It is from this, that libel and satire are promiscuously joined together

in the notions of the vulgar, though the satirist and libeller differ as much as the magistrate and the murderer. In the consideration of human life, the satirist never falls upon persons who are not glaringly faulty, and the libeller on none but who are conspicuously commendable. Were I to expose any vice in a good or great man, it should certainly be by correcting it in some one where that crime was the most distinguishing part of the character; as pages are chastised for the admonition of princes *. When it is performed otherwise, the vicious are kept in credit by placing men of merit in the same accusation. But all the pasquils, lampoons, and libels, we meet with now-a-days, are a sort of playing with the four-and-twenty letters, and throwing them into names and characters, without sense, truth, or wit. In this case I am in great perplexity to know whom they mean, and should be in distress for those they abuse, if I did not see their judgement and ingenuity in those they commend. This is the true way of examining a libel; and when men consider, that no one man living thinks the better of their heroes and patrons for the panegyric given them, none can think themselves lessened by their invective. The hero or patron in a libel is but a scavenger to carry off the dirt, and by that very employment is the filthiest creature in the street. Dedications and panegyrics are frequently ridiculous, let them be addressed where they will; but at the front, or in the body of a libel, to commend a man, is saying to the persons applauded, 'My Lord, or Sir, I have pulled down all men that the rest of the world think great and honourable, and here is a clear stage; you may, as you please, be valiant or wise;

* This alludes to a practice long prevalent in England of whipping the royal children by proxy.

you may choose to be on the military or civil list; for there is no one brave who commands, or just who has power. You may rule the world now it is empty, which exploded you when it was full: I have knocked out the brains of all whom mankind thought good for any thing; and I doubt not but you will reward that invention, which found out the only expedient to make your lordship, or your worship, of any consideration.'

Had I the honour to be in a libel, and had escaped the approbation of the author, I should look upon it exactly in this manner. But though it is a thing thus perfectly indifferent who is exalted or debased in such performances, yet it is not so with relation to the authors of them; therefore, I shall, for the good of my country, hereafter take upon me to punish these wretches. What is already passed may die away according to its nature, and continue in its present oblivion; but, for the future, I shall take notice of such enemies to honour and virtue, and preserve them to immortal infamy. Their names shall give fresh offence many ages hence, and be detested a thousand years after the commission of their crime. It shall not avail, that these children of infamy publish their works under feigned names, or under none at all; for I am so perfectly well acquainted with the styles of all my contemporaries, that I shall not fail of doing them justice, with their proper names, and at their full length. Let, therefore, these miscreants enjoy their present act of oblivion, and take care how they offend hereafter.

But to avert our eyes from such objects, it is methinks but requisite to settle our opinion in the case of praise and blame; and I believe the only true way to cure that sensibility of reproach, which is a common weakness with the most virtuous men, is

to fix their regard firmly upon only what is strictly true, in relation to their advantage as well as diminution. For if I am pleased with commendation which I do not deserve, I shall from the same temper be concerned at scandal I do not deserve. But he that can think of false applause with as much contempt as false detraction, will certainly be prepared for all adventures, and will become all occasions. Undeserved praise can please only those who want merit, and undeserved reproach frighten only those who want sincerity. I have thought of this with so much attention, that I fancy there can be no other method in nature found for the cure of that delicacy which gives good men pain under calumny, but placing satisfaction no where but in a just sense of their own integrity, without regard to the opinion of others. If we have not such a foundation as this, there is no help against scandal, but being in obscurity, which to noble minds is not being at all. The truth of it is, this love of praise dwells most in great and heroic spirits; and those who best deserve it have generally the most exquisite relish of it. Methinks I see the renowned Alexander, after a painful and laborious march, amidst the heats of a parched soil and a burning climate, sitting over the head of a fountain, and, after a draught of water, pronounce that memorable saying, 'Oh! Athenians! How much do I suffer, that you may speak well of me!' The Athenians were at that time the learned of the world, and their libels against Alexander were written, as he was a professed enemy of their state. But how monstrous would such invectives have appeared in Macedonians!

As love of reputation is a darling passion in great men, so the defence of them in this particular is the business of every man of honour and honesty,

We should run on such an occasion, as if a public building was on fire, to their relief; and all who spread or publish such detestable pieces as traduce their merit should be used like incendiaries. It is the common cause of our country to support the reputation of those who preserve it against invaders; and every man is attacked in the person of that neighbour who deserves well of him.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOVEMBER 9.

The chat I had to-day at White's about fame and scandal put me in mind of a person who has often writ to me unregarded, and has a very moderate ambition in this particular. His name, it seems, is Charles Lillie, and he recommends himself to my observation as one that sold snuff next door to the Fountain Tavern, in the Strand, and was burnt out when he began to have a reputation in his way.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"I suppose, through a hurry of business, you have either forgot me, or lost my last of this nature, which was to beg the favour of being advantageously exposed in your paper, chiefly for the reputation of snuff. Be pleased to pardon this trouble from, Sir, your very humble servant,

"C. L.

"I am a perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-Buildings, in the Strand."

This same Charles leaves it to me to say what I will of him; and I am not a little pleased with the ingenious manner of his address. Taking snuff is what I have declared against; but, as his Holiness the Pope allows whoring for the taxes raised by the ladies of pleasure, so I, to repair the loss of an unhappy trader, indulge all persons in that custom who

buy of Charles. There is something so particular in the request of the man, that I shall send for him before me, and believe I shall find he has a genius for baubles. If so, I shall, for aught I know, at his shop, give licensed canes to those who are really lame, and tubes to those who are unfeignedly short-sighted; and forbid all others to vend the same.

No. 93. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOVEMBER 11.

THE French humour of writing epistles, and publishing their fulsome compliments to each other, is a thing I frequently complain of in this place. It is, methinks, from the prevalence of this silly custom, that there is so little instruction in the conversation of our distant friends. For which reason, during the whole course of my life, I have desired my acquaintance when they write to me, rather to say something which should make me wish myself with them, than make me compliments that they wished themselves with me. By this means, I have by me a collection of letters from most parts of the world, which are as naturally of the growth of the place, as any herb, tree, or plant, of the soil. This I take to be the proper use of an epistolary commerce. To desire to know how Damon goes on with his courtship to Sylvia, or how the wine tastes at the Old Devil, are thread-bare subjects and cold treats, which our absent friends might have given us without going out of town for them. A friend of mine,

who went to travel, used me far otherwise; for he gave me a prospect of the place, or an account of the people, from every country through which he passed. Among others which I was looking over this evening, I am not a little delighted with this which follows:

"DEAR SIR,

"I believe this is the first letter that was ever sent you from the middle region, where I am at this present writing. Not to keep you in suspense, it comes to you from the top of the highest mountain in Switzerland, where I am now shivering among the eternal frosts and snows. I can scarce forbear dating it in December, though they call it the first of August at the bottom of the mountain. I assure you, I can hardly keep my ink from freezing in the middle of the dog-days. I am here entertained with the prettiest variety of snow-prospects that you can imagine; and have several pits of it before me, that are very near as old as the mountain itself: for in this country, it is as lasting as marble. I am now upon a spot of it, which they tell me fell about the reign of Charlemain, or king Pepin. The inhabitants of the country are as great curiosities as the country itself. They generally hire themselves out in their youth, and if they are musquet-proof till about fifty, they bring home the money they have got, and the limbs they have left, to pass the rest of their time among their native mountains. One of the gentlemen of the place, who is come off with the loss of an eye only, told me by way of boast, that there were now seven wooden legs in his family: and that for these four generations, there had not been one in his line that carried a whole body with him to the grave. I believe you will think the style of this letter a little extraordinary: but, The

Rehearsal will tell you, that people in clouds must not be confined to speak sense; and I hope we that are above them may claim the same privilege. Wherever I am, I shall always be, Sir,

"Your most obedient, most humble servant."

I think they ought, in those parts where the materials are so easy to work and at the same time so durable, when any one of their heroes comes home from the wars, to erect his statue in snow upon the mountains, there to remain from generation to generation.

A gentleman who is apt to expatiate upon any hint, took this occasion to deliver his opinion upon our ordinary method of sending young gentlemen to travel for their education. 'It is certain,' said he, 'if gentlemen travel at an age proper for them, during the course of their voyages their accounts to their friends, and after their return their discourses and conversations, will have in them something above what we can meet with from those who have not had those advantages.' At the same time it is to be observed, that every temper and genius is not qualified for this way of improvement. Men may change their climate, but they cannot their nature. A man that goes out a fool cannot ride or sail himself into common sense. Therefore, let me but walk over London Bridge with a young man, and I will tell you infallibly whether going over the Rialto at Venice will make him wiser.

It is not to be imagined how many I have saved in my time from banishment, by letting their parents know they were good for nothing. But this is to be done with much tenderness. There is my cousin Harry has a son, who is the dullest mortal that was ever born into our house; he had got his trunk and his books all packed up to be transported

into foreign parts, for no reason but because the boy never talked; and his father said he wanted to know the world. I could not say to a fond parent that the boy was dull; but looked grave, and told him, 'the youth was very thoughtful, and I feared he might have some doubts about religion, with which it was not proper to go into Roman Catholic countries.' He is accordingly kept here till he declares himself upon some points, which I am sure he will never think of. By this means I have prevented the dishonour of having a fool of our house laughed at in all parts of Europe. He is now with his father upon his own estate, and he has sent to me to get him a wife, which I shall do with all convenient speed; but it shall be such a one, whose good nature shall hide his faults, and good sense supply them. The truth of it is, that race is of the true British kind. They are of our country only; it hurts them to transplant them, and they are destroyed if you pretend to improve them. Men of this solid make are not to be hurried up and down the world, for, if I may so speak, they are naturally at their wit's end; and it is an impertinent part to disturb their repose, that they may give you only a history of their bodily occurrences, which is all they are capable of observing. Harry had an elder brother who was tried in this way; I remember all he could talk of at his return was, 'That he had like to have been drowned at such a place; he fell out of a chaise at another; he had a better stomach when he moved northward than when he turned his course to the parts in the south,' and so forth. It is, therefore, very much to be considered, what sense a person has of things when he is setting out; and if he then knows none of his friends and acquaintance but by their clothes and faces, it is my humble opinion that he stay at home. His parents

should take care to marry him, and see what they can get out of him that way; for there is a certain sort of men, who are no otherwise to be regarded but as they descend from men of consequence, and may beget valuable successors. And if we consider that men are to be esteemed only as they are useful, while a stupid wretch is at the head of a great family, we may say, the race is suspended, as properly as, when it is all gone, we say it is extinct.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOVEMBER 11.

I had several hints and advertisements from unknown hands, that some, who are enemies to my labours, design to demand the fashionable way of satisfaction for the disturbance my Lucubrations have given them. I confess, as things now stand, I do not know how to deny such inviters, and am preparing myself accordingly. I have bought pumps and files, and am every morning practising in my chamber. My neighbour, the dancing-master, has demanded of me, 'why I take this liberty, since I would not allow it him?' but I answered, 'his was an act of an indifferent nature, and mine of necessity.' My late treatises against duels have so far disobliged the fraternity of the noble science of defence, that I can get none of them to show me so much as one pass. I am, therefore, obliged to learn by book; and have accordingly several volumes, wherein all the postures are exactly delineated. I must confess, I am shy of letting people see me at this exercise, because of my flannel waistcoat, and my spectacles, which I am forced to fix on, the better to observe the posture of the enemy.

I have upon my chamber-walls drawn at full length the figures of all sorts of men, from eight foot to three foot two inches. Within this height I

take it, that all the fighting men of Great Britain are comprehended. But, as I push, I make allowances for my being of a lank and spare body, and have chalked out in every figure my own dimensions; for I scorn to rob any man of his life, or to take advantage of his breadth: therefore, I press purely in a line down from his nose, and take no more of him to assault than he has of me: for, to speak impartially, if a lean fellow wounds a fat one in any part to the right or left, whether it be in *carte* or in *tierce*, beyond the dimensions of the said lean fellow's own breadth, I take it to be murder, and such a murder as is below a gentleman to commit. As I am spare, I am also very tall, and behave myself with relation to that advantage with the same punctilio; and I am ready to stoop or stand, according to the stature of my adversary. I must confess, I have had great success this morning, and have hit every figure round the room in a mortal part, without receiving the least hurt, except a little scratch by falling on my face, in pushing at one at the lower end of my chamber; but I recovered so quick, and jumped so nimbly into my guard, that, if he had been alive, he could not have hurt me. It is confessed I have writ against duels with some warmth; but in all my discourses I have not ever said that I knew how a gentleman could avoid a duel if he were provoked to it; and since that custom is now become a law, I know nothing but the legislative power, with new animadversions upon it, can put us in a capacity of denying challenges, though we are afterwards hanged for it. But no more of this at present. As things stand, I shall put up no more affronts; and I shall be so far from taking ill words, that I will not take ill looks. I,

if they stare at me with their hats cocked higher than other people, I will not bear it. Nay, I give warning to all people in general to look kindly at me; for I will bear no frowns, even from ladies; and if any woman pretends to look scornfully at me, I shall demand satisfaction of the next of kin of the masculine gender.

No. 94. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1709.

Si non errâsset, fecerat ille minus

MART. i. 22. ult.

Had he not err'd, his glory had been less.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOVEMBER 14.

THAT which we call gallantry to women seems to be the heroic virtue of private persons; and there never breathed one man, who did not, in that part of his days wherein he was recommending himself to his mistress, do something beyond his ordinary course of life. As this has a very great effect even upon the most slow and common men; so, upon such as it finds qualified with virtue and merit, it shines out in proportionable degrees of excellence. It gives new grace to the most eminent accomplishments; and he, who of himself has either wit, wisdom, or valour, exerts each of these noble endowments, when he becomes a lover, with a certain beauty of action above what was ever observed in

these qualities are to be looked upon as the rabble of mankind.

I was talking after this manner in a corner of this place with an old acquaintance, who, taking me by the hand, said, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, your discourse recalls to my mind a story, which I have longed to tell you ever since I read that article wherein you desire your friends to give you accounts of obscure merit.' The story I had of him is literally true, and well known to be so in the country wherein the circumstances were transacted. He acquainted me with the names of the persons concerned, which I shall change into feigned ones; there being a respect due to their families that are still in being, as well as that the names themselves would not be so familiar to an English ear. The adventure really happened in Denmark; and, if I can remember all the passages, I doubt not but it will be as moving to my readers as it was to me.

Clarinda and Chloe, two very fine women, were bred up as sisters in the family of Romeo, who was the father of Chloe, and the guardian of Clarinda. Philander, a young gentleman of a good person and charming conversation, being a friend of old Romeo's, frequented his house, and by that means was much in conversation with the young ladies, though still in the presence of the father and the guardian. The ladies both entertained a secret passion for him, and could see well enough, notwithstanding the delight which he really took in Romeo's conversation, that there was something more in his heart, which made him so assiduous a visitant. Each of them thought herself the happy woman; but the person beloved was Chloe. It happened that both of them were at a play in a carnival evening, when it is the fashion there, as well as in most countries of Europe, both for men and

women to appear in masks and disguises. It was on that memorable night, in the year 1679, when the playhouse, by some unhappy accident, was set on fire. Philander, in the first hurry of the disaster, immediately ran where his treasure was; burst open the door of the box, snatched the lady up in his arms; and, with unspeakable resolution and good fortune, carried her off safe. He was no sooner out of the crowd, but he sat her down; and, grasping her in his arms, with all the raptures of a deserving lover, 'How happy am I,' says he, 'in an opportunity to tell you I love you more than all things, and of showing you the sincerity of my passion at the very first declaration of it!'—'My dear, dear Philander,' says the lady, pulling off her mask, 'this is not a time for art; you are much dearer to me than the life you have preserved: and the joy of my present deliverance does not transport me so much as the passion which occasioned it.' Who can tell the grief, the astonishment, the terror, that appeared in the face of Philander, when he saw the person he spoke to was Clarinda? After a short pause, 'Madam,' says he, with the looks of a dead man, 'we are both mistaken;' and immediately flew away, without hearing the distressed Clarinda, who had just strength enough to cry out, 'Cruel Philander! why did you not leave me in the theatre?' Crowds of people immediately gathered about her, and, after having brought her to herself, conveyed her to the house of the good old unhappy Romeo. Philander was now pressing against a whole tide of people at the doors of the theatre, and striving to enter with more earnestness than any there endeavoured to get out. He did it at last, and with much difficulty forced his way to the box where his beloved Chloe stood expecting her fate

revived at the sight of Philander, who fell about her neck with a tenderness not to be expressed; and amidst a thousand sobs and sighs, told her his love, and his dreadful mistake. The stage was now in flames, and the whole house full of smoke: the entrance was quite barred up with heaps of people, who had fallen upon one another as they endeavoured to get out. Swords were drawn, shrieks heard on all sides; and, in short, no possibility of an escape for Philander himself, had he been capable of making it without his Chloe. But his mind was above such a thought, and wholly employed in weeping, condoling, and comforting. He catches her in his arms. The fire surrounds them, while——I cannot go on——

Were I an infidel, misfortunes like this would convince me that there must be an hereafter: for who can believe that so much virtue could meet with so great a distress without a following reward? As for my part, I am so old-fashioned, as firmly to believe, that all who perish in such generous enterprises are relieved from the further exercise of life; and Providence, which sees their virtue consummate and manifest, takes them to an immediate reward, in a being more suitable to the grandeur of their spirits. What else can wipe away our tears, when we contemplate such undeserved, such irreparable distresses? It was a sublime thought in some of the heathens of old;

—Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos; eadem sequitur tellure repóstos.

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 653.

That is, in other words, 'The same employments and inclinations which were the entertainment of virtuous men upon earth make up their happines in Elysium.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOVEMBER 14.

When I came home this evening, I found a present from Mr. Charles Lillie, the perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-Buildings, with a letter of thanks for the mention I made of him. He tells me, 'several of my gentle readers have obliged me in buying at his shop upon my recommendation.' I have inquired into the man's capacity, and find him an adept in his way. He has several helps to discourse besides snuff, which is the best Barcelona, and sells an orange-flower water, which seems to me to have in it the right spirit of brains; and I am informed, he extracts it according to the manner used in Gresham College*. I recommend it to the handkerchiefs of all young pleaders. It cures or supplies all pauses and hesitations in speech, and creates a general alacrity of the spirit. When it is used as a gargle, it gives volubility to the tongue, and never fails of that necessary step towards pleasing others, making a man pleased with himself. I have taken security of him that he shall not raise the price of any of his commodities for these or any other occult qualities in them; but he is to sell them at the same price which you give at the common perfumers. Mr. Lillie has brought further security, that he will not sell the boxes made for politicians to lovers; nor, on the contrary, those proper for lovers to men of speculation: 'At this time, to avoid confusion, the best orangerie for beaux, and right musty for politicians.'

*** My almanack is to be published on the twenty-second, and from that instant all lovers, in raptures or epistles, are to forbear the comparison of

* The Royal Society then met at Gresham College.

their mistresses' eyes to stars: I having made use of that simile in my dedication for the last time it shall ever pass, and on the properest occasion that it was ever employed. All ladies are hereby desired to take notice that they never receive that simile in payment for any smiles they shall bestow for the future,

†‡† On Saturday night last a gentlewoman's husband strayed from the play-house in the Hay-market. If the lady who was seen to take him up will restore him, she shall be asked no questions, he being of no use but to the owner.

No. 95. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1709.

Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati,
Casta pudicitiam servat domus —

VIRG. GEORG. ii. 523.

His cares are eased with intervals of bliss;
His little children, climbing for a kiss,
Welcome their father's late return at night;
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste delight.

DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOVEMBER 16.

THERE are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession, which they do not enjoy. It is, therefore, a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune which they are apt to overlook. Persons in the

married state often want such a monitor; and pine away their days, by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur, which carries with it in the opinion of others a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend, who was formerly my school-fellow. He came to town last week with his family for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am as it were at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot indeed express the pleasure it is, to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl, that we all thought must have forgot me; for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us and took up our discourse at the first entrance. After which, they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters. Upon which the gentleman, my friend, said, 'Nay, if Mr. Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference: there is Mrs. Mary is now sixteen, and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them. But I know him too well; he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress, when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to

my wife some of your verses on her.' With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time, during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner, his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand; 'Well, my good friend,' says he, 'I am heartily glad to see thee: I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered, since you followed her from the play-house, to find out who she was for me?' I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But, to turn the discourse, said I, 'She is not indeed quite that creature she was, when she returned me the letter I carried from you: and told me, 'she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be so much the gentleman's friend as to dissuade him from a pursuit, which he could never succeed in.' You may remember, I thought her in earnest; and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her, for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen.'—'Fifteen!' replied my good friend; 'Ah! you little understand, you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is, in being really beloved! It is impossible, that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas, as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me, in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried her off last winter. I tell you sincerely, I have so many obligations to her, that I cannot, with any sort of moderation, think of her present state of health. But as to what you say of fifteen

she gives me every day pleasures beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty, when I was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature, which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests. Thus, at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what she was, is heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh! she is an inestimable jewel. In her examination of her household affairs, she shows a certain fearfulness to find a fault, which makes her servants obey her like children: and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offence, not always to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend: ever since her sickness, things that gave me the quickest joy before turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do, should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories of the battles, and asking my girl questions about the disposal of her baby, and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy.'

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and, with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance, told us, 'she had been searching her closet for something very good, to treat such an old friend as I was.' Her husband's

eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady observing something in our looks which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and applying herself to me, said, with a smile, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you, I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since his coming to town. You must know, he tells me that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country; for he sees several of his old acquaintance and school-fellows are here young fellows with fair full-bottomed periwigs. I could scarce keep him this morning from going out open-breasted.' My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense; and to keep up the good humour she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me. 'Mr. Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me one night from the play-house; suppose you should carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me into the front-box.' This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties, who were mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her, 'I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I did not question but her eldest daughter was within half a year of being a Toast.'

We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical preferment of the young lady, when on a sudden we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point

of war*. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room; but I would not part with him so. I found upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in Æsop's Fables: but he frankly declared to me his mind, 'that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true;' for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives and adventures of Don Bellianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son; and that these diversions might turn to some profit, I found the boy had made remarks which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life. He would tell you the mismanagements of John Hickathrift, find fault with the passionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved Saint George for being the champion of England; and by this means had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accomplishments, when the mother told me, 'that the little girl who led me in this morning was in her way a better scholar than he. Betty,' says she, 'deals chiefly in fairies and sprights; and sometimes in a winter-night, will terrify the maids with her accounts, till they are afraid to go up to bed.'

I sat with them till it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious, discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish

* See TATLER, No. 114; aged 15, here only 8.

to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I return to my family; that is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

No. 96. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1709.

Is mihi demum vivere et frui animâ videtur, qui, aliquo negotio intentus, præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam quærit.

SALL. BELL. CAT.

In my opinion, he only may be truly said to live, and enjoy his being, who is engaged in some laudable pursuit, and acquires a name by some illustrious action, or useful art.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOVEMBER 17.

It has cost me very much care and thought to marshal and fix the people under their proper denominations, and to range them according to their respective characters. These my endeavours have been received with unexpected success in one kind, but neglected in another: for though I have many readers, I have but few converts. This must certainly proceed from a false opinion, that what I write is designed rather to amuse and entertain, than convince and instruct. I entered upon my Essays with a declaration that I should consider mankind

in quite another manner than they had hitherto been represented to the ordinary world; and asserted, that none but an useful life should be, with me, any life at all. But, lest this doctrine should have made this small progress towards the conviction of mankind, because it may appear to the unlearned light and whimsical, I must take leave to unfold the wisdom and antiquity of my first proposition in these my essays, to wit, that 'every worthless man is a dead man.' This notion is as old as Pythagoras, in whose school it was a point of discipline, that if among the Ἀκουστικοὶ, or probationers, there were any who grew weary of studying to be useful, and returned to an idle life, the rest were to regard them as dead; and, upon their departing, to perform their obsequies, and raise them tombs, with inscriptions, to warn others of the like mortality, and quicken them to resolutions of refining their souls above that wretched state. It is upon a like supposition, that young ladies at this very time in Roman Catholic countries, are received into some nunneries with their coffins, and with the pomp of a formal funeral, to signify, that henceforth they are to be of no further use, and consequently dead. Nor was Pythagoras himself the first author of this symbol, with whom, and with the Hebrews, it was generally received. Much more might be offered in illustration of this doctrine from sacred authority, which I recommend to my reader's own reflection; who will easily recollect, from places which I do not think fit to quote here, the forcible manner of applying the words dead and living to men, as they are good or bad.

I have, therefore, composed the following scheme of existence for the benefit both of the living and the dead; though chiefly for the latter, whom I must desire to read it with all possible attention. In

the number of the dead I comprehend all persons, of what title or dignity soever, who bestow most of their time in eating and drinking, to support that imaginary existence of theirs, which they call life; or in dressing and adorning those shadows and apparitions, which are looked upon by the vulgar as real men and women. In short, whoever resides in the world without having any business in it, and passes away an age without ever thinking on the errand for which he was sent hither, is to me a dead man to all intents and purposes: and I desire that he may be so reputed. The living are only those that are some way or other laudably employed in the improvement of their own minds, or for the advantage of others; and even among these, I shall only reckon into their lives that part of their time which has been spent in the manner above-mentioned. By these means, I am afraid, we shall find the longest lives not to consist of many months, and the greatest part of the earth to be quite unpeopled. According to this system we may observe, that some men are born at twenty years of age, some at thirty, some at threescore, and some not above an hour before they die: nay, we may observe multitudes that die without ever being born, as well as many dead persons that fill up the bulk of mankind, and make a better figure in the eyes of the ignorant, than those who are alive, and in their proper and full state of health. However, since there may be many good subjects, that pay their taxes, and live peaceably in their habitations, who are not yet born, or have departed this life several years since, my design is, to encourage both to join themselves as soon as possible to the number of the living. For as I invite the former to break forth into being and become good for something; so I allow the latter a state of resuscitation; which I chiefly mention for the sake of a person who

has lately published an advertisement, with several scurrilous terms in it, that do by no means become a dead man to give: it is my departed friend John Partridge, who concludes the advertisement of his next year's almanack, with the following note:

'Whereas it has been industriously given out by Bickerstaff, Esquire, and others, to prevent the sale of this year's almanack, that John Partridge is dead: this may inform all his loving countrymen, that he is still living in health, and they are knaves that reported it otherwise.

'J. P.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOVEMBER 18.

When an engineer finds his guns have not had their intended effect, he changes his batteries. I am forced at present to take this method; and, instead of continuing to write against the singularity some are guilty of in their habit and behaviour, I shall henceforward desire them to persevere in it; and not only so, but shall take it as a favour of all the coxcombs in the town, if they will set marks upon themselves, and by some particular in their dress show to what class they belong. It would be very obliging in all such persons, who feel in themselves that they are not sound of understanding, to give the world notice of it, and spare mankind the pains of finding them out. A Cane upon the fifth button shall from henceforth be the type of a Dapper; red-heeled shoes, and a hat hung upon one side of the head, shall signify a Smart; a good periwig made into a twist, with a brisk cock, shall speak a Mettled Fellow; and an upper lip covered with snuff, denotes a Coffee-house Statesman. But as it is required that all coxcombs hang out their signs, it is on the other hand expected that men of real merit should avoid any thing particular in their dress, gait, or beha-

viour. For, as we old men delight in proverbs, I cannot forbear bringing out one on this occasion, 'That good wine needs no bush.' I must not leave this subject without reflecting on several persons I have lately met with, who at a distance seem very terrible; but upon a stricter inquiry into their looks and features, appear as meek and harmless as any of my own neighbours. These are country gentlemen, who of late years have taken up a humour of coming to town in red coats, whom an arch wag of my acquaintance used to describe very well, by calling them, 'sheep in wolves' clothing.' I have often wondered that honest gentlemen who are good neighbours, and live quietly in their own possessions, should take it in their heads to frighten the town after this unreasonable manner. I shall think myself obliged, if they persist in so unnatural a dress, notwithstanding any posts they may have in the militia, to give away their red coats to any of the soldiery who shall think fit to strip them, provided the said soldiers can make it appear that they belong to a regiment where there is a deficiency in the clothing.

About two days ago I was walking in the Park, and accidentally met a rural 'squire, clothed in all the types above mentioned, with a carriage and behaviour made entirely out of his own head. He was of a bulk and stature larger than ordinary, had a red coat, flung open to show a gay calamanco waistcoat. His periwig fell in a very considerable bush upon each shoulder. His arms naturally swang at an unreasonable distance from his sides; which, with the advantage of a cane that he brandished in a great variety of irregular motions, made it unsafe for any one to walk within several yards of him. In this manner he took up the whole Mall, his spectators

hat, and marched directly for Westminster. I cannot tell who this gentleman is, but for my comfort, may say with the lover in Terence, who lost sight of a fine young lady, 'Wherever though art, thou canst not be long concealed.'

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOVEMBER 18.

By letters from Paris, of the sixteenth, we are informed that the French king, the princes of the blood, and the elector of Bavaria, had lately killed fifty-five pheasants.

*** Whereas several have industriously spread abroad, that I am in partnership with Charles Lillie, the perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings; I must say, with my friend Partridge, that they are knaves who reported it. However, since the said Charles has promised that all his customers shall be mine, I must desire all mine to be his; and dare answer for him, that if you ask in my name for snuff, Hungary or orange water, you shall have the best the town affords, at the cheapest rate.

No. 97. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1709.

Illud maximè rarum genus est eorum, qui aut excellente ingenii magnitudine, aut præclarâ eruditione atque doctrinâ, aut utrâque re ornati, spatium deliberandi habuerunt, quem potisssimùm, vitæ cursum sequi vellent. TULL. OFFIC.

There are very few persons of extraordinary genius or eminent for learning and other noble endowments, who have had sufficient time to consider what particular course of life they ought to pursue.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOVEMBER 21.

HAVING swept away prodigious multitudes in my last paper, and brought a great destruction upon my own species, I must endeavour in this to raise fresh recruits, and, if possible, to supply the places of the unborn and the deceased. It is said of Xerxes, that when he stood upon a hill, and saw the whole country round him covered with his army, he burst out in tears, to think that not one of that multitude would be alive an hundred years after. For my part when I take a survey of this populous city, I can scarce forbear weeping, to see how few of its inhabitants are now living. It was with this thought that I drew up my last bill of mortality, and endeavoured to set out in it the great number of persons who have perished by a distemper commonly known by the name of idleness, which has long raged in the world, and destroys more in every great town than the plague has done at Dantzick. To repair the mischief it has done, and stock the world with a better race of mortals, I have more hopes of bringing to life

those that are young, than of reviving those that are old. For which reason, I shall here set down that noble allegory which was written by an old author called Prodicus, but recommended and embellished by Socrates. It is the description of Virtue and Pleasure, making their court to Hercules under the appearances of two beautiful women.

When Hercules, says the divine moralist, was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress that she thought were most proper to show her complexion to an advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular composed carriage, and, running up to him, accosted him after the following manner:

'My dear Hercules,' says she, 'I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts, upon the way of life that you ought to choose. Be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be, to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratification. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, *consorts* of music, crowds of beauties, are all in a readiness to a receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business.'

Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered, 'My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness: but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure.'

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner.

'Hercules,' says she, 'I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourself and me an immortal reputation. But, before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay this down as an established truth, That there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchased without pains and labour. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the

friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness.' The Goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse. 'You see,' said she, 'Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy,'—'Alas!' said the other lady, whose visage glowed with a passion made up of scorn and pity, 'what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are a-thirst, sleep before you are tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse for old age.

'As for me, I am the friend of the gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artizan, an household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their

acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and, after the close of their labours, honoured by posterity.'

We know by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe every one who reads this will do him the justice to approve his choice.

I very much admire the speeches of these ladies, as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of virtue or a life of pleasure, that could enter into the thoughts of an heathen; but am particularly pleased with the different figures he gives the two goddesses. Our modern authors have represented Pleasure or Vice with an alluring face, but ending in snakes and monsters. Here she appears in all the charms of beauty, though they are all false and borrowed; and by that means composes a vision entirely natural and pleasing.

I have translated this allegory for the benefit of the youth of Great Britain; and particularly of those who are still in the deplorable state of non-existence, and whom I most earnestly entreat to come into the world. Let my embryos show the least inclination to any single virtue, and I shall allow it to be a struggling towards birth. I do not expect of them that, like the hero in the foregoing story, they should go about as soon as they are born, with a club in their hands, and a lion's skin on their shoulders, to root out monsters, and destroy tyrants; but, as the finest author of all antiquity has said upon this very occasion, though a man has not the abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate.

No. 98. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOVEMBER 23.

I READ the following letter, which was left for me this evening, with very much concern for the lady's condition who sent it, who expresses the state of her mind with great frankness, as all people ought who talk to their physicians.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"Though you are stricken in years, and have had great experience in the world, I believe you will say, there are not frequently such difficult occasions to act in with decency, as those wherein I am entangled. I am a woman in love, and that you will allow to be the most unhappy of all circumstances in human life. Nature has formed us with a strong reluctance against owning such a passion, and custom has made it criminal in us to make advances. A gentleman, whom I will call Fabio, has the entire possession of my heart. I am so intimately acquainted with him, that he makes no scruple of communicating to me an ardent affection he has for Cleora, a friend of mine, who also makes me her confidant. Most part of my life I am in company with the one or the other, and am always entertained with his passion, or her triumph. Cleora is one of those ladies, who think they are virtuous, if they are not guilty; and, without any delicacy of choice, resolves to take the best offer which shall be made to her. With this prospect she puts off declaring herself in favour of Fabio, till she sees what lovers will fall into her snares, which she lays

in all public places, with all the art of gesture and glances. This resolution she has herself told me. Though I love him better than life, I would not gain him by betraying Cleora, or committing such a trespass against modesty, as letting him know myself that I love him. You are an astrologer, what shall I do?

"DIANA DOUBTFUL."

This lady has said very justly, that the condition of a woman in love is of all others the most miserable. Poor Diana! how must she be racked with jealousy, when Fabio talks of Cleora! how with indignation, when Cleora makes a property of Fabio! A female lover is in the condition of a ghost, that wanders about its beloved treasure, without power to speak, till it is spoken to. I desire Diana to continue in this circumstance; for I see an eye of comfort in her case, and will take all proper measures to extricate her out of this unhappy game of cross-purposes. Since Cleora is upon the catch with her charms, and has no particular regard for Fabio, I shall place a couple of special fellows in her way, who shall both address to her, and have each a better estate than Fabio. They are both already taken with her, and are preparing for being of her retinue the ensuing winter.

To women of this worldly turn, as I apprehend Cleora to be, we must reckon backward in our computation of merit; and when a fair lady thinks only of making her spouse a convenient domestic, the notion of worth and value is altered, and the lover is the more acceptable, the less he is considerable. The two I shall throw into the way of Cleora are Orson Thicket and Mr. Walter Wisdom. Orson is a huntsman, whose father's death and some

woods to town last November. He was at that time one of those country savages, who despise the softness they meet in town and court, and professedly show their strength and roughness in every motion and gesture, in scorn of our bowing and cringing. He was, at his first appearance, very remarkable for that piece of good breeding peculiar to natural Britons, to wit, defiance, and showed every one he met he was as good a man as he. But, in the midst of all this fierceness, he would sometimes attend the discourse of a man of sense, and look at the charms of a beauty, with his eyes and mouth open. He was in this posture when, in the beginning of last December, he was shot by Cleora from a side-box. From that moment he softened into humanity, forgot his dogs and horses, and now moves and speaks with civility and address.

Wat. Wisdom, by the death of an elder brother, came to a great estate, when he had proceeded just far enough in his studies to be very impertinent, and at the years when the law gives him possession of his fortune, and his own constitution is too warm for the management of it. Orson is learning to fence and dance, to please and fight for his mistress; and Walter preparing fine horses, and a jingling chariot to enchant her. All persons concerned will appear at the next opera, where will begin the wild-goose chase; and I doubt Fabio will see himself so overlooked for Orson or Walter, as to turn his eyes on the modest passion and becoming languor in the countenance of Diana; it being my design to supply with the art of love, all those who preserve the sincere passion of it.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOVEMBER 23.

An ingenious and worthy gentleman, my ancient friend, fell into discourse with me this evening

upon the force and efficacy which the writings of good poets have on the minds of their intelligent readers, and recommended to me his sense of the matter, thrown together in the following manner, which he desired me to communicate to the youth of Great Britain in my Essays; which I choose to do in his own words:

'I have always been of opinion,' says he, 'that virtue sinks deepest into the heart of man, when it comes recommended by the powerful charms of poetry. The most active principle in our mind is the imagination: to it a good poet makes his court perpetually, and by this faculty takes care to gain it first. Our passions and inclinations come over next; and our reason surrenders itself with pleasure in the end. Thus the whole soul is insensibly betrayed into morality, by bribing the fancy with beautiful and agreeable images of those very things that in the books of the philosophers appear austere, and have at the best but a kind of forbidden aspect. In a word, the poets do, as it were, strew the rough paths of virtue so full of flowers, that we are not sensible of the uneasiness of them, and imagine ourselves in the midst of pleasures, and the most bewitching allurements, at the time we are making progress in the severest duties of life.

'All men agree, that licentious poems do, of all writings, soonest corrupt the heart. And why should we not be as universally persuaded, that the grave and serious performances of such as write in the most engaging manner, by a kind of divine impulse, must be the most effectual persuasives to goodness? If, therefore, I were blessed with a son, in order to the forming of his manners, which is making him truly my son, I should be continually putting into his hand some fine poet. The graceful sentences, and the manly sentiments, so frequently

to be met with in every great and sublime writer, are, in my judgement, the most ornamental and valuable furniture that can be for a young gentleman's head; methinks they show like so much rich embroidery upon the brain. Let me add to this, that humanity and tenderness, without which there can be no true greatness in the mind, are inspired by the Muses in such pathetical language, that all we find in prose authors towards the raising and improving of these passions is, in comparison, but cold or lukewarm at the best. There is besides a certain elevation of soul, a sedate magnanimity, and a noble turn of virtue, that distinguishes the hero from the plain honest man, to which verse can only raise us. The bold metaphors, and sounding numbers, peculiar to the poets, rouse up all our sleeping faculties and alarm the whole powers of the soul, much like that excellent trumpeter mentioned by Virgil:

—Quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu.

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 164.

—None so renown'd
With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms.

DRYDEN.

'I fell into this train of thinking this evening, upon reading a passage in a masque writ by Milton, where two brothers are introduced seeking after their sister, whom they had lost in a dark night and thick wood. One of the brothers is apprehensive lest the wandering virgin should be overpowered with fears, through the darkness and loneliness of the time and place. This gives the other occasion to make the following reflections, which, as I read them, made me forget my age, and renewed in me

the warm desires after virtue, so natural to uncorrupted youth:

I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
Not being in danger, as I trust she is not,
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would,
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd:
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

No. 99. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1709.

—*Spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet.*

HOR. EPIST. ii. 1. 166.

He, fortunately bold, breathes true sublime.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOVEMBER 25.

I have been this evening recollecting what passages, since I could first think, have left the strongest impressions upon my mind; and, after strict inquiry, I am convinced that the impulses I

have received from theatrical representations have had a greater effect than otherwise would have been wrought in me by the little occurrences of my private life! My old friends, Hart and Mohun, the one by his natural and proper force, the other by his great skill and art, never failed to send me home full of such ideas as affected my behaviour, and made me insensibly more courteous and humane to my friends and acquaintances. It is not the business of a good play to make every man a hero; but it certainly gives him a livelier sense of virtue and merit, than he had when he entered the theatre.

This rational pleasure, as I always call it, has for many years been very little tasted; but I am glad to find that the true spirit of it is reviving again amongst us, by a due regard to what is presented, and by supporting only one playhouse. It has been within the observation of the youngest amongst us, that while there were two houses, they did not outvie each other by such representations as tended to the instruction and ornament of life, but by introducing mimical dances, and fulsome buffooneries. For when an excellent tragedy was to be acted in one house, the ladder-dancer carried the whole town to the other: and indeed such an evil as this must be the natural consequence of two theatres, as certainly as that there are more who can see than can think. Every one is sensible of the danger of the fellow on the ladder, and can see his activity in coming down safe; but very few are judges of the distress of a hero in a play, or of his manner of behaviour in those circumstances. Thus, to please the people, two houses must entertain them with what they can understand, and not with things which are designed to improve their understanding: and the readiest way to gain good audiences must be, to offer such things as are most relished by the crowd; that is to

say, immodest action, empty show, or impertinent activity. In short, two houses cannot hope to subsist, but by means which are contradictory to the very institution of a theatre in a well-governed kingdom.

I have ever had this sense of the thing, and for that reason have rejoiced that my ancient coëval friend of Drury-lane, though he had sold off most of his moveables, still kept possession of his palace, and trembled for him, when he had lately like to *have been taken by a stratagem. There have, for* many ages, been a certain learned sort of unlearned men in this nation called attorneys, who have taken upon them to solve all difficulties by increasing them, and are called upon to the assistance of all who are lazy, or weak of understanding. The insolence of a ruler of this palace made him resign the possession of it to the management of my above-mentioned friend Divito *. Divito was too modest to know when to resign it, till he had the opinion and sentence of the law for his removal. Both these in length of time were obtained against him; but as the great Archimedes defended Syracuse with so powerful engines, that if he threw a rope or piece of wood over the wall, the enemy fled; so Divito had wounded all adversaries with so much skill, that men feared even to be in the right against him. For this reason the lawful ruler sets up an attorney

* This and the following paragraph refer to a transaction between William Collier, Esq. and Christopher Rich, Esq. two lawyers, of which there is here given a very ludicrous account.

Rich was the patentee of Drury-lane Theatre, when Collier, having first obtained a licence to head a company of players, procured next a lease of Drury-lane playhouse, from the landlords of it, and under this authority, by the help of a hired rabble, he forcibly expelled Rich, and got possession.

to expel an attorney, and chose a name dreadful to the stage, who only seemed able to beat Divito out of his intrenchments.

On the twenty-second instant, a night of public rejoicing, the enemies of Divito made a largess to the people of faggots, tubs, and other combustible matter, which was erected into a bonfire before the palace. Plentiful cans were at the same time distributed among the dependencies of that principality; and the artful rival of Divito, observing them prepared for enterprize, presented the lawful owner of the neighbouring edifice, and showed his deputation under him. War immediately ensued upon the peaceful empire of Wit and the Muses; the Goths and Vandals sacking Rome did not threaten a more barbarous devastation of arts and sciences. But when they had forced their entrance, the experienced Divito had detached all his subjects, and evacuated all his stores. The neighbouring inhabitants report, that the refuse of Divito's followers marched off the night before, disguised in magnificence; door-keepers came out clad like cardinals, and scene-drawers like heathen gods. Divito himself was wrapped up in one of his black clouds, and left to the enemy nothing but an empty stage, full of trap doors, known only to himself and his adherents.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOVEMBER 25.

I have already taken great pains to inspire notions of honour and virtue into the people of this kingdom, and used all gentle methods imaginable, to bring those who are dead in idleness, folly, and pleasure, into life, by applying themselves to learning, wisdom, and industry. But, since fair means are ineffectual, I must proceed to extremities, and shall give my good friends, the company of up-

holders, full power to bury all such dead as they meet with, who are within my former descriptions of deceased persons. In the mean time the following remonstrance of that corporation I take to be very just.

"WORTHY SIR,

"Upon reading your Tatler of Saturday last, by which we received the agreeable news of so many deaths, we immediately ordered in a considerable quantity of blacks; and our servants have wrought night and day ever since, to furnish out the necessaries for these deceased. But so it is, Sir, that of this vast number of dead bodies, that go putrifying up and down the streets, not one of them has come to us to be buried. Though we should be loth to be any hindrance to our good friends the physicians, yet we cannot but take notice what infection her Majesty's subjects are liable to from the horrible stench of so many corpses. Sir, we will not detain you; our case in short is this: here are we embarked in this undertaking for the public good: now, if people should be suffered to go on unburied at this rate, there is an end of the usefullest manufactures and handicrafts of the kingdom: for where will be your sextons, coffin-makers, and plumbers? what will become of your embalmers, epitaph-mongers, and chief mourners? We are loth to drive this matter any further, though we tremble at the consequences of it; for if it shall be left to every dead man's discretion not to be buried till he sees his time, no man can say where that will end; but thus much we will take upon us to affirm, that such a toleration will be intolerable.

"What would make us easy in this matter is no more, but that your worship would be pleased to issue out your orders to ditto Dead to repair forth-

with to our office, in order to their interment, where constant attendance shall be given to treat with all persons according to their quality, and the poor to be buried for nothing: and, for the convenience of such persons as are willing enough to be dead, but that they are afraid their friends and relations should know it, we have a back-door into Warwick-street, from whence they may be interred with all secrecy imaginable, and without loss of time or hindrance of business. But in case of obstinacy, for we would gladly make a thorough riddance, we desire a further power from your worship, to take up such deceased as shall not have complied with your first orders, wherever we meet them: and if after that there shall be complaints of any person so offending, let them lie at our doors. We are your worship's till death,

"The master and company of UPHOLDERS.

"P. S. We are ready to give in our printed proposals at large; and if your worship approves of our undertaking, we desire the following advertisement may be inserted in your next paper:

"Whereas a commission of interment has been awarded against doctor John Partridge, *philomath*, professor of physic and astrology; and whereas the said Partridge hath not surrendered himself, nor shown cause to the contrary; these are to certify, that the company of Upholders will proceed to bury him from Cordwainers'-hall, on Tuesday the twenty-ninth instant, where any six of his surviving friends, who still believe him to be alive, are desired to come prepared to hold up the pall.

"Note; we shall light away at six in the evening, there being to be a sermon."

"From our Office near the Hay-market, Nov. 28.

No. 100. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1709.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

VIRG. ECL. iv. 6.

Returning justice brings a golden age. R. WYNNE.

SHEER-LANE, NOVEMBER 28.

I was last week taking a solitary walk in the garden of Lincoln's-Inn, a favour that is indulged me by several of the benchers, who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me in this neighbourhood, when, according to the nature of men in years, who have made but little progress in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the sudden rise of many persons who are my juniors, and indeed at the unequal distribution of wealth, honour, and all other blessings of life. I was lost in this thought, when the night came upon me, and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contemplation. The heaven above me appeared in all its glories, and presented me with such a hemisphere of stars, as made the most agreeable prospect imaginable to one who delights in the study of nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into such a bright transparent æther, as made every constellation visible; and at the same time gave such a particular glowing to the stars, that I thought it the richest sky I had ever seen. I could not behold a scene so wonderfully adorned and lighted up, if I may be allowed that expression, without suitable meditations on the Author of such illustrious and amazing objects:

for on these occasions, philosophy suggests motives to religion, and religion adds pleasure to philosophy.

As soon as I had recovered my usual temper and serenity of soul, I retired to my lodgings with the satisfaction of having passed away a few hours in the proper employments of a reasonable creature; and promising myself that my slumbers would be sweet, I no sooner fell into them, but I dreamed a dream, or saw a vision, for I know not which to call it, that seemed to rise out of my evening meditation, and had something in it so solemn and serious, that I cannot forbear communicating it: though, I must confess, the wildness of imagination, which in a dream is always loose and irregular, discovers itself too much in several parts of it.

Methoughts I saw the same azure sky diversified with the same glorious luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell asleep. I was looking very attentively on that sign in the heavens which is called by the name of the Balance, when, on a sudden, there appeared in it an extraordinary light, as if the sun should rise at midnight. By its increasing in breadth and lustre, I soon found that it approached towards the earth; and at length could discern something like a shadow hovering in the midst of a great glory, which in a little time after I distinctly perceived to be the figure of a woman. I fancied at first it might have been the angel or intelligence that guided the constellation from which it descended; but, upon a nearer view, I saw about her all the emblems with which the Goddess of Justice is usually described. Her countenance was unspeakably awful and majestic, but exquisitely beautiful to those whose eyes were strong enough to behold it: her smiles transported

held in her hand a mirror, endowed with the same qualities as that which the painters put into the hand of Truth.

There streamed from it a light, which distinguished itself from all the splendors that surrounded her, more than a flash of lightning shines in the midst of day-light. As she moved it in her hand, it brightened the heavens, the air, or the earth. When she had descended so low as to be seen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance more supportable, she threw darkness and clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thousand beautiful shades and colours, and multiplied that lustre, which was before too strong and dazzling, into a variety of milder glories.

In the mean time, the world was in an alarm, and all the inhabitants of it gathered together upon a spacious plain; so that I seemed to have all the species before my eyes. A voice was heard from the clouds, declaring the intention of this visit, which was to restore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The fear and hope, joy and sorrow, which appeared in that great assembly, after this solemn declaration, are not to be expressed. The first edict was then pronounced, 'That all titles and claims to riches and estates, or to any part of them, should be immediately vested in the rightful owner.' Upon this, the inhabitants of the earth held up the instruments of their tenure, whether in parchment, paper, wax, or any other form of conveyance; and as the goddess moved the mirror of truth which she held in her hand, so that the light, which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined the several instruments by the beams of it. The rays of this mirror had a particular quality of setting fire to all forgery and falsehood.

crackling of parchments, made a very odd scene. The fire very often ran through two or three lines only, and then stopped. Though I could not but observe that the flame chiefly broke out among the interlineations and codicils; the light of the mirror as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and recesses of the universe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, chance, or design. This occasioned a wonderful revolution among the people. At the same time the spoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious pile, that almost reached to the clouds, and was called, 'The mount of restitution;' to which all injured persons were invited, to receive what belonged to to them.

One might see crowds of people in tattered garments come up and change clothes with others that were dressed with lace and embroidery. Several who were Plums, or very near it became men of moderate fortunes; and many others who were overgrown in wealth and possessions, had no more left than what they usually spent. What moved my concern most was, to see a certain street of the greatest credit in Europe from one end to the other become bankrupt.

The next command was, for the whole body of mankind to separate themselves into their proper families; which was no sooner done but an edict was issued out, requiring all children 'to repair to their true and natural fathers.' This put a great part of the assembly in motion; for as the mirror was moved over them, it inspired every one with such a natural instinct, as directed them to their real parents. It was a very melancholy spectacle to see

and bachelors undone by a charge of sons and daughters. You might see a presumptive heir of a great estate ask blessing of his coachman and a celebrated toast paying her duty to a valet de chambre. Many, under vows of celibacy, appeared surrounded with a numerous issue. This change of parentage would have caused great lamentation, but that the calamity was pretty common; and that generally those who lost their children, had the satisfaction of seeing them put into the hands of their dearest friends. Men were no sooner settled in their right to their possessions and their progeny, but there was a third order proclaimed, 'That all the posts of dignity and honour in the universe should be conferred on persons of the greatest merit, abilities, and perfection.' The handsome, the strong, and the wealthy, immediately pressed forward; but, not being able to bear the splendor of the mirror, which played upon their faces, they immediately fell back among the crowd: but as the goddess tried the multitude by her glass, as the eagle does its young ones by the lustre of the sun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his face from it, who had not distinguished himself either by virtue, knowledge, or capacity in business, either military or civil. This select assembly was drawn up in the centre of a prodigious multitude, which was diffused on all sides, and stood observing them, as idle people use to gather about a regiment that are exercising their arms. They were drawn up in three bodies: in the first, were the men of virtue; in the second, men of knowledge; and in the third, the men of business. It was impossible to look at the first column without a secret veneration, their aspects were so sweetened with humanity, raised with contemplation, emboldened with resolution, and adorned

that proceed from secret habits of virtue. I could not but take notice, that there were many faces among them which were unknown, not only to the multitude, but even to several of their own body.

In the second column, consisting of the men of knowledge, there had been great disputes before they fell into the ranks, which they did not do at last without the positive command of the goddess who presided over the assembly. She had so ordered it, that men of the greatest genius and strongest sense were placed at the head of the column. Behind these were such as had formed their minds very much on the thoughts and writings of others.

In the rear of the column were men who had more wit than sense, or more learning than understanding. All living authors of any value were ranged in one of these classes; but I must confess, I was very much surprised to see a great body of editors, critics, commentators, and grammarians, meet with so very ill a reception. They had formed themselves into a body, and, with a great deal of arrogance, demanded the first station in the column of knowledge; but the goddess, instead of complying with their request, clapped them all into liveries, and bid them know themselves, for no other but lackeys of the learned.

The third column were men of business, and consisting of persons in military and civil capacities. The former marched out from the rest and placed themselves in the front; at which the others shook their heads at them, but did not think fit to dispute the post with them. I could not but make several observations upon this last column of people; but I have certain private reasons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the public. In order to fill

up all the posts of honour, dignity, and profit, there was a draught made out of each column of men who were masters of all three qualifications in some degree, and were preferred to stations of the first rank. The second draught was made out of such as were possessed of any two of the qualifications, who were disposed of in stations of a second dignity. Those who were left, and were endowed only with one of them, had their suitable posts. When this was over, there remained many places of trust and profit unfilled, for which there were fresh draughts made out of the surrounding multitude, who had any appearance of these excellences, or were recommended by those who possessed them in reality.

All were surprised to see so many new faces in the most eminent dignities; and for my own part, I was very well pleased to see that all my friends either kept their present posts, or were advanced to higher.

Having filled my paper with those particulars of my vision which concern the male part of mankind, I must reserve for another occasion the sequel of it, which relates to the fair sex.

No. 101. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1709.

— Postquam *fregit subsellia versu,*
Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendat Agaven.

JUV. SAT. vii. 87.

But while the common suffrage crown'd his cause,
And broke the benches with their loud applause;
His Muse had starv'd, had not a piece unread,
And by a player bought, supply'd her bread.

DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOVEMBER 30.

THE progress of my intended account of what happened when justice visited mortals, is at present interrupted by the observation and sense of an injustice against which there is no remedy, even in a kingdom more happy in the care taken of the liberty and property of the subject, than any other nation upon earth. This iniquity is committed by a most impregnable set of mortals, men who are rogues within the law, and, in the very commission of what they are guilty of, professedly own that they forbear no injury but from the terror of being punished for it. These miscreants are a set of wretches we authors call pirates, who print any book, poem, or sermon, as soon as it appears in the world, in a smaller volume, and sell it, as all other thieves do stolen goods, at a cheaper rate—I was in my rage calling them rascals, plunderers, robbers, highwaymen.—But they acknowledge all that, and are pleased with those, as well as any other titles; nay, will print them themselves to turn the penny *.

* This paper seems to have been occasioned by a pirated edi-

I am extremely at a loss how to act against such open enemies, who have not shame enough to be touched with our reproaches, and are as well defended against what we can say as what we can do.—Railing, therefore, we must turn into complaint, which I cannot forbear making, when I consider that all the labours of my long life may be disappointed by the first man that pleases to rob me. I had flattered myself, that my stock of learning was worth a hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* which would very handsomely maintain me and my little family, who are so happy, or so wise, as to want only necessaries. Before men had come up to this bare-faced impudence, it was an estate to have a competency of understanding.

An ingenious droll, who is since dead, and indeed it is well for him he is so, for he must have starved had he lived to this day, used to give me an account of his good husbandry in the management of his learning. He was a general dealer, and had his amusements, as well comical as serious. The merry rogue said, 'When he wanted a dinner, he writ a paragraph of Table Talk, and his bookseller upon sight paid the reckoning.' He was a very good judge of what would please the people, and could aptly hit both the genius of his readers, and the season of the year, in his writings. His brain, which was his estate, had as regular and different produce as other men's land. From the beginning of November till the opening of the campaign, he writ pamphlets and letters to members of parliament or friends in the country. But sometimes he would relieve his ordinary readers with a murder, and lived comfortably a week or two upon 'strange and lamentable accidents.' A little before the armies took the field, his way was to open your attention with a prodigy; and a monster, well

writ, was two guineas the lowest price. This prepared his readers for his 'great and bloody news' from Flanders, in June and July. Poor Tom! he is gone——But I observed, he always looked well after a battle, and was apparently fatter in a fighting year. Had this honest careless fellow lived till now, famine had stared him in the face, and interrupted his merriment; as it must be a solid affliction to all those whose pen is their portion.

As for my part, I do not speak wholly for my own sake in this point; for palmistry and astrology will bring me in greater gains than these my papers; so that I am only in the condition of a lawyer, who leaves the bar for chamber-practice. However, I may be allowed to speak in the cause of learning itself, and lament that a liberal education is the only one which a polite nation makes unprofitable. All mechanic artizans are allowed to reap the fruit of their invention and ingenuity without invasion; but he that has separated himself from the rest of mankind, and studied the wonders of the creation, the government of his passions, and the revolutions of the world, and has an ambition to communicate the effect of half his life spent in such noble inquiries, has no property in what he is willing to produce, but is exposed to robbery and want, with this melancholy and just reflection, that he is the only man who is not protected by his country, at the same time that he best deserves it. According to the ordinary rules of computation, the greater the adventure is, the greater ought to be the profit of those who succeed in it; and by this measure, none have pretence of turning their labours to greater advantage than persons brought up to letters. A learned education passing through great schools and universities, is very expensive and consumes a mode-

forms. The purchase of a handsome commission or employment, which would give a man a good figure in another kind of life, is to be made at a much cheaper rate. Now, if we consider this expensive voyage which is undertaken in the search of knowledge, and how few there are who take in any considerable merchandize, how less frequent it is, to be able to turn what men have gained into profit; how hard is it, that the very small number who are distinguished with abilities to know how to vend their wares, and have the good fortune to bring them into port, should suffer being plundered by privateers under the very cannon that should protect them! The most eminent and useful author of the age we live in, after having laid out a princely revenue in works of charity and beneficence, as became the greatness of his mind, and the sanctity of his character, would have left the person in the world who was the dearest to him, in a narrow condition, had not the sale of his immortal writings brought her in a very considerable dowry; though it was impossible for it to be equal to their value. Every one will know, that I here mean the works of the late archbishop of Canterbury*, the copy of which was sold for two thousand five hundred pounds.

I do not speak with relation to any party; but it has happened, and may often so happen, that men of great learning and virtue cannot qualify themselves for being employed in business, or receiving preferments. In this case you cut them off from all support, if you take from them the benefit that may arise from their writings. For my own part, I have brought myself to consider things in so unprejudiced a manner, that I esteem more a man

* Dr. John Tillotson.

who can live by the products of his understanding, than one who does it by the favour of great men.

The zeal of an author has transported me thus far, though I think myself as much concerned in the capacity of a reader. If this practice goes on, we must never expect to see again a beautiful edition of a book in Great Britain.

We have already seen the Memoirs of Sir William Temple, published in the same character and volume with the History of Tom Thumb, and the works of our greatest poets shrunk into penny-books and garlands. For my own part, I expect to see my Lucubrations printed on browner paper than they are at present, and, if the humour continues, must be forced to retrench my expensive way of living, and not smoke above two pipes a day.

* * * Mr. Charles Lillie, perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-Buildings, has informed me, that I am obliged to several of my customers for coming to his shop upon my recommendation; and has also given me further assurances of his upright dealing with all who shall be so kind as to make use of my name to him. I acknowledge this favour, and have, for the service of my friends, who frequent his shop, used the force of magical powers to add value to his wares. By my knowledge in the secret operations of nature, I have made his powders, perfumed and plain, have the same effect as love-powder, to all who are too much enamoured to do more than dress at their mistresses. His amber, orange-flower, musk, and civet-violet, put only into a handkerchief, shall have the same effect toward an honourable lover's wishes, as if he had been wrapped in his mother's smock. Wash-balls perfumed, camphired, and plain, shall restore complexions to that degree, that a country fox-hunter, who uses them,

shall, in a week's time, look with a courtly and affable paleness, without using the bagnio or cupping.

N. B. Mr. Lillie has snuffs, Barcelona, Sevil, Musty, Plain, and Spanish, which may be taken by a young beginner without danger of sneezing.

SHEER-LANE, NOVEMBER 30.

†‡† Whereas several walking dead persons arrived within the bills of mortality, before and since the fifteenth instant, having been informed of my warrant given to the company of Upholders, and being terrified thereat, it not having been advertised that privilege or protection would be allowed, have resolved forthwith to retire to their several and respective abodes in the country, hoping thereby to elude any commission of interment that may issue out against them; and being informed of such their fallacious designs, I do hereby give notice, as well for the good of the public, as for the great veneration I have for the before-mentioned useful society, that a process is gone out against them; and that, in case of contempt, they may be found, or heard of, at most coffee-houses in and about Westminster.

I must desire my readers to help me out from time to time in the correction of these my Essays; for as a shaking hand does not always write legibly, the press sometimes prints one word for another; and when my paper is to be revised, I am perhaps so busy in observing the spots of the moon, that I have not time to find out the *Errata* that are crept into my Lucubrations.

No. 102. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DECEMBER 2.

A CONTINUATION OF THE VISION.

THE male world were dismissed by the Goddess of Justice, and disappeared, when on a sudden the whole plain was covered with women. So charming a multitude filled my heart with unspeakable pleasure; and as the celestial light of the mirror shone upon their faces, several of them seemed rather persons that descended in the train of the goddess, than such who were brought before her to their trial. The clack of tongues, and confusion of voices, in this new assembly, were so very great, that the goddess was forced to command silence several times, and with some severity, before she could make them attentive to her edicts. They were all sensible that the most important affair among woman-kind was then to be settled, which every one knows to be the point of place. This had raised innumerable disputes among them, and put the whole sex into a tumult. Every one produced her claim, and pleaded her pretensions. Birth, beauty, wit, or wealth, were words that rung in my ears from all parts of the plain. Some boasted of the merit of their husbands; others of their own power in governing them. Some pleaded their unspotted virginity; others their numerous issue. Some valued themselves as they were the mothers, and others as they were the daughters, of considerable persons. There was not a single accomplishment unmentioned or unpractised. The whole congre-

gation was full of singing, dancing, tossing, ogling, squeaking, smiling, sighing, fanning, frowning, and all those irresistible arts which women put in practice, to captivate the hearts of reasonable creatures. The goddess, to end this dispute, caused it to be proclaimed, 'that every one should take place according as she was more or less beautiful.' This declaration gave great satisfaction to the whole assembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its beauties. Such as believed themselves graceful in their motion found an occasion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a false step, that they might show their persons in the most becoming air. Such as had fine necks and bosoms were wonderfully curious to look over the heads of the multitude, and observe the most distant parts of the assembly. Several clapt their hands on their foreheads, as helping their sight to look upon the glories that surrounded the goddess, but in reality to show fine hands and arms. The ladies were yet better pleased, when they heard 'that in the decision of this great controversy, each of them should be her own judge, and take her place according to her own opinion of herself, when she consulted her looking-glass.'

The goddess then let down the mirror of truth in a golden chain, which appeared larger in proportion as it descended and approached nearer to the eyes of the beholders. It was the particular property of this looking-glass to banish all false appearances, and show people what they are. The whole woman was represented, without regard to the usual external features, which were made entirely conformable to their real characters. In short, the most accomplished, taking in the whole circle of female perfections, were the most beautiful; and the most de-

the motion of the glass, and placed it in so many different lights, that each had an opportunity of seeing herself in it.

It is impossible to describe the rage, the pleasure, or astonishment, that appeared in each face upon its representation in the mirror: multitudes started at their own form, and would have broke the glass if they could have reached it. Many saw their blooming features wither as they looked upon them, and their self-admiration turned into a loathing and abhorrence. The lady who was thought so agreeable in her anger, and was so often celebrated for a woman of fire and spirit, was frighted at her own image, and fancied she saw a Fury in the glass. The interested mistress beheld a Harpy, and the subtle jilt, a Sphinx. I was very much troubled in my own heart, to see such a destruction of fine faces; but at the same time had the pleasure of seeing several improved, which I had before looked upon as the greatest master-pieces of nature. I observed, that some few were so humble as to be surprised at their own charms, and that many a one who had lived in the retirement and severity of a Vestal, shined forth in all the graces and attractions of a Siren. I was ravished at the sight of a particular image in the mirror, which I think the most beautiful object that my eyes ever beheld. There was something more than human in her countenance: her eyes were so full of light that they seemed to beautify every thing they looked upon. Her face was enlivened with such a florid bloom, as did not so properly seem the mark of health, as of immortality. Her shape, her stature, and her mien, were such as distinguished her even there, where the whole fair sex was assembled.

I was impatient to see the lady represented by so divine an image, whom I found to be the person

of view with myself. This was a little old woman, who in her prime had been about five foot high, though at present shrunk to about three quarters of that measure. Her natural aspect was puckered up with wrinkles, and her head covered with gray hairs. I had observed all along an innocent cheerfulness in her face, which was now heightened into raptures, as she beheld herself in the glass. It was an odd circumstance in my dream, but I cannot forbear relating it, I conceived so great an inclination towards her, that I had thoughts of discoursing her upon the point of marriage when on a sudden she was carried from me; for the word was now given, that all who were pleased with their own images should separate, and place themselves at the head of their sex.

This detachment was afterwards divided into three bodies consisting of maids, wives, and widows; the wives being placed in the middle, with the maids on the right, and widows on the left, though it was with difficulty that these two last bodies were hindered from falling into the centre. This separation of those who liked their real selves not having lessened the number of the main body so considerably at it might have been wished, the goddess, after having drawn up her mirror, thought fit to make new distinctions among those who did not like the figure which they saw in it. She made several wholesome edicts which are slipped out of my mind; but there were two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their kind, and executed with great severity. Their design was to make an example of two extremes in the female world; of those who are very severe on the conduct of others, and of those who are very regardless of their own. The first sentence, therefore, the goddess pronounced was, that all females addicted to censoriousness and detraction should lose the use of speech; a punishment which

would be the most grievous to the offender, and, what should be the end of all punishments, effectual for rooting out the crime. Upon this edict, which was as soon executed as published, the noise of the assembly very considerably abated. It was a melancholy spectacle to see so many who had the reputation of rigid virtue struck dumb. A lady who stood by me, and saw my concern, told me, 'she wondered how I could be concerned for such a pack of ——.' I found, by the shaking of her head, she was going to give me their characters; but, by her saying no more, I perceived she had lost the command of her tongue. This calamity fell very heavy upon that part of women who are distinguished by the name of Prudes, a courtly word for female hypocrites, who have a short way to being virtuous, by showing that others are vicious. The second sentence was then pronounced against the loose part of the sex, that all should immediately be pregnant, who in any part of their lives had ran the hazard of it. This produced a very goodly appearance, and revealed so many misconducts, that made those who were lately struck dumb repine more than ever at their want of utterance, though at the same time, as afflictions seldom come single, many of the mutes were also seized with this new calamity. The ladies were now in such a condition, that they would have wanted room, had not the plain been large enough to let them divide their ground, and extend their lines on all sides. It was a sensible affliction to me, to see such a multitude of fair ones, either dumb or big-bellied. But I was something more at ease, when I found that they agreed upon several regulations to cover such misfortunes. Among others, that it should be an established maxim in all nations, that a woman's first child might come into the world within six months after her acquaintance with her husband;

and that grief might retard the birth of her last till fourteen months after his decease.

This vision lasted till my usual hour of waking, which I did with some surprise, to find myself alone after having been engaged almost a whole night in so prodigious a multitude. I could not but reflect with wonder at the partiality and extravagance of my vision; which, according to my thoughts, has not done justice to the sex. If virtue in men is more venerable, it is in women more lovely; which Milton has very finely expressed in his Paradise Lost, where Adam, speaking of Eve after having asserted his own pre-eminence, as being first in creation and internal faculties, breaks out into the following rapture:

—"Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do, or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shows.
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally. And, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her as a guard angelic placed."

No. 103. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1709.

— *Hæ nugæ seria ducent*
In mala, derisum semel, exceptumque sinistre.

HOR. ARS POET. 451.

These toys will once to serious mischiefs fall,
When he is laugh'd at, when he's jeer'd by all.

CREECH.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DECEMBER 5.

THERE is nothing gives a man greater satisfaction than the sense of having despatched a great deal of business, especially when it turns to the public emolument. I have much pleasure of this kind upon my spirits at present, occasioned by the fatigue of affairs which I went through last Saturday. It is some time since I set apart that day for examining the pretensions of several who had applied to me for canes, perspective-glasses, snuff-boxes, orange-flower-waters, and the like ornaments of life. In order to adjust this matter, I had before directed Charles Lillie of Beaufort-Buildings to prepare a great bundle of blank licences in the following words:

'You are hereby required to permit the bearer of this cane to pass and repass through the streets and suburbs of London, or any place within ten miles of it, without let or molestation, provided that he does not walk with it under his arm, brandish it in the air, or hang it on a button: in which case it shall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited,

to any one who shall think it safe to take it from him.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

The same form differing only in the provisos, will serve for a perspective, snuff-box, or perfumed handkerchief. I had placed myself in my elbow-chair at the upper end of my great parlour, having ordered Charles Lillie to take his place upon a joint-stool, with a writing-desk before him. John Morphew also took his station at the door; I having, for his good and faithful services, appointed him my chamber-keeper upon court-days. He let me know, that there were a great number attending without. Upon which I ordered him to give notice, that I did not intend to sit upon snuff-boxes that day; but that those who appeared for canes might enter. The first presented me with the following petition, which I ordered Mr. Lillie to read.

'TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

'The humble petition of SIMON TRIPPIT,

'Showeth,

'That your petitioner having been bred up to a cane from his youth, it is now become as necessary to him as any other of his limbs.

'That, a great part of his behaviour depending upon it, he should be reduced to the utmost necessities if he should lose the use of it.

'That the knocking of it upon his shoe, leaning one leg upon it, or whistling with it on his mouth, are such great reliefs to him in conversation, that he does not know how to be good company without it.

'That he is at present engaged in an amour, and must despair of success if it be taken from him.

'Your petitioner, therefore, hopes, that, the premises tenderly considered, your worship will not deprive him of so useful and so necessary a support.

'And your petitioner shall ever,' &c.

Upon the hearing of his case, I was touched with some compassion, and the more so, when, upon observing him nearer, I found he was a Prig. I bid him produce his cane in court, which he had left at the door. He did so, and I finding it to be very curiously clouded with a transparent amber head, and a blue riband to hang upon his wrist, I immediately ordered my clerk Lillie to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain joint, headed with walnut; and then, in order to wean him from it by degrees, permitted him to wear it three days in a week, and to abate proportionably till he found himself able to go alone.

The second who appeared came limping into the court: and setting forth in his petition many pretences for the use of a cane, I caused them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different stories, and confronting him with several witnessess who had seen him walk upright, I ordered Mr. Lillie to take in his cane, and rejected his petition as frivolous.

A third made his entry with great difficulty leaning upon a slight stick, and in danger of falling every step he took. I saw the weakness of his hams; and hearing that he had married a young wife about a fortnight before, I bid him leave his cane, and gave him a new pair of crutches, with which he went off in great vigour and alacrity. This gentleman was succeeded by another, who seemed very much pleased while his petition was reading, in which he had represented, That he was extremely afflicted with the gout, and set his foot upon the ground with the

caution and dignity which accompany that distemper. I suspected him for an impostor, and, having ordered him to be searched, I committed him into the hands of doctor Thomas Smith in King-street, my own corn-cutter, who attended in an outward room, and wrought so speedy a cure upon him, that I thought fit to send him also away without his cane.

While I was thus dispensing justice, I heard a noise in my outward room; and inquiring what was the occasion of it, my door-keeper told me, that they had taken one up in the very fact as he was passing by my door. They immediately brought in a lively fresh-coloured young man, who made great resistance with hand and foot, but did not offer to make use of his cane, which hung upon his fifth button. Upon examination, I found him to be an Oxford-scholar, who was just entered at the Temple. He at first disputed the jurisdiction of the court; but, being driven out of his little law and logic, he told me very pertly, 'that he looked upon such a perpendicular creature as man to make a very imperfect figure without a cane in his hand. It is well known,' says he, 'we ought, according to the natural situation of our bodies, to walk upon our hands and feet; and that the wisdom of the ancients had described man to be an animal of four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night; by which they intimated, that a cane might very properly become part of us in some period of life.' Upon which I asked him, 'whether he wore it at his breast to have it in readiness when that period should arrive?' My young lawyer immediately told me, 'he had a property in it, and a right to hang it where he pleased, and to make use of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the peace with it;' and further said, 'that he never took it off his button, unless it were to lift it up at a coachman, hold-

it over the head of a drawer, point out the circumstances of a story, or for other services of the like nature, that are all within the laws of the land.' I did not care for discouraging a young man, who, I saw, would come to good; and, because his heart was set upon his new purchase, I only ordered him to wear it about his neck, instead of hanging it upon his button, and so dismissed him.

There were several appeared in court, whose pretensions I found to be very good, and, therefore, gave them their licences upon paying their fees; as many others had their licences renewed, who required more time for recovery of their lameness than I had before allowed them.

Having despatched this set of my petitioners, there came in a well-dressed man, with a glass tube in one hand, and his petition in the other. Upon his entering the room, he threw back the right side of his wig, put forward his right leg, and advancing the glass to his right eye, aimed it directly at me. In the mean while, to make my observations also, I put on my spectacles; in which posture we surveyed each other for some time. Upon the removal of our glasses, I desired him to read his petiton, which he did very promptly and easily; though at the same time it set forth, 'that he could see nothing distinctly, and was within very few degrees of being utterly blind:' concluding with a prayer, 'that he might be permitted to strengthen and extend his sight by a glass.' In answer to this, I told him, 'he might sometimes extend it to his own destruction. As you are now,' said I, 'you are out of the reach of beauty; the shafts of the finest eyes lose their force before they can come at you; you cannot distinguish a Toast from an orange-wench; you can see a whole circle of beauty without any interruption from an impertinent face to discompose

you.' In short, what are snares for others—' My petitioner would hear no more, but told me very seriously, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, you quite mistake your man; it is the joy, the pleasure, the employment, of my life to frequent public assemblies, and gaze upon the fair.' In a word, I found his use of a glass was occasioned by no other infirmity but his vanity, and was not so much designed to make him see, as to make him be seen and distinguished by others. I therefore refused him a licence for a perspective, but allowed him a pair of spectacles, with full permission to use them in any public assembly as he should think fit. He was followed by so very few of this order of men, that I have reason to hope this sort of cheats are almost at an end.

The orange-flower-men appeared next with petitions, perfumed so strongly with musk, that I was almost overcome with the scent; and for my own sake was obliged forthwith to license their handkerchiefs, especially when I found they had sweetened them at Charles Lillie's, and that some of their persons would not be altogether inoffensive without them. John Morphew, whom I have made the general of my dead men, acquainted me, 'that the petitioners were all of that order, and could produce certificates to prove it if I required it.' I was so pleased well with this way of their embalming themselves that I commanded the abovesaid Morphew to give it in his orders to his whole army, that every one, who did not surrender himself up to be disposed of by the upholders, should use the same method to keep himself sweet during his present state of putrefaction.

I finished my session with great content of mind, reflecting upon the good I had done; for, however slightly men may regard these particularities 'and little follies in dress and behaviour, they lead to

greater evils. The bearing to be laughed at for such singularities, teaches us insensibly an impertinent fortitude, and enables us to bear public censure for things which more substantially deserve it.' By this means they open a gate to folly, and oftentimes render a man so ridiculous, as discredit his virtues and capacities, and unqualify them from doing any good in the world. Besides, the giving into uncommon habits of this nature, is a want of that humble deference which is due to mankind, and, what is worst of all, the certain indication of some secret flaw in the mind of the person that commits them. When I was a young man, I remember a gentleman of great integrity and worth, was very remarkable for wearing a broad belt, and a hanger instead of a fashionable sword, though in all other points a very well-bred man. I suspected him at first sight to have something wrong in him, but was not able for a long while to discover any collateral proofs of it. I watched him narrowly for six-and-thirty years, when at last, to the surprise of every body but myself, who had long expected to see the folly break out, he married his own cook-maid.

No. 104. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1709.

— *Garrit aniles*
Ex re fabellas — HOR. SAT. ii. 6. 77.

He tells an old wife's tale very pertinently.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DECEMBER 7.

My brother Tranquillus being gone out of town for some days, my sister Jenny sent me word she would come and dine with me, and therefore desired me to have no other company. I took care accordingly, and was not a little pleased to see her enter the room with a decent and matron-like behaviour, which I thought very much became her. I saw she had a great deal to say to me, and easily discovered in her eyes, and the air of her countenance, that she had abundance of satisfaction in her heart, which she longed to communicate. However I was resolved to let her break into her discourse her own way, and reduced her to a thousand little devices and intimations to bring me to the mention of her husband. But, finding I was resolved not to name him, she began of her own accord. 'My husband,' said she, 'gives his humble service to you;' to which I only answered, 'I hope he is well;' and without waiting for a reply, fell into other subjects. She at last was out of all patience, and said, with a smile and manner that I thought had more beauty and spirit than I had ever observed before in her, 'I did not think, brother, you had been so ill-natured. You have seen, ever since I came in, that I had a

mind to talk of my husband, and you will not be so kind as to give me an occasion.'—'I did not know,' said I, 'but it might be a disagreeable subject to you. You do not take me for so old-fashioned a fellow as to think of entertaining a young lady with the discourse of her husband. I know, nothing is more acceptable than to speak of one who is to be so; but to speak of one who is so! indeed, Jenny, I am a better bred man than you think me.' She showed a little dislike at my raillery; and by her bridling up, I perceived she expected to be treated hereafter not as Jenny Distaff, but Mrs. Tranquillus. I was very well pleased with this change in her humour; and, upon talking with her on several subjects, I could not but fancy that I saw a great deal of her husband's way and manner in her remarks, her phrases, the tone of her voice, and the very air of her countenance. This gave me an unspeakable satisfaction, not only because I had found her a husband from whom she could learn many things that were laudable, but also because I looked upon her imitation of him as an infallible sign that she entirely loved him. This is an observation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it. The natural shyness of her sex hindered her from telling me the greatness of her own passion; but I easily collected it from the representation she gave me of his. 'I have every thing,' says she, 'in Tranquillus, that I can wish for; and enjoy in him, what indeed you have told me were to be met with in a good husband, the fondness of a lover, the tenderness of a parent, and the intimacy of a friend.' It transported me to see her eyes swimming in tears of affection when she spoke. 'And is there not, dear sister,' said I, 'more pleasure in the possession of such a man, than in all the little impertinences of balls, assemblies, and equipage, which

it cost me so much pains to make you contemn?' She answered, smiling, 'Tranquillus has made me a sincere convert in a few weeks, though I am afraid you could not have done it in your whole life. To tell you truly, I have only one fear hanging upon me, which is apt to give me trouble in the midst of all my satisfactions: I am afraid, you must know, that I shall not always make the same amiable appearance in his eye that I do at present. You know, brother Bickerstaff, that you have the reputation of a conjurer; and if you have any one secret in your art to make your sister always beautiful, I should be happier than if I were mistress of all the worlds you have shown me in a starry night.'—'Jenny,' said I, 'without having recourse to magic, I shall give you one plain rule, that will not fail of making you always amiable to a man who has so great a passion for you, and is of so equal and reasonable a temper as Tranquillus. Endeavour to please, and you must please; be always in the same disposition as you are when you ask for this secret, and you may take my word, you will never want it. An inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.'

We discoursed very long upon this head, which was equally agreeable to us both; for I must confess, as I tenderly love her, I take as much pleasure in giving her instructions for her welfare, as she herself does in receiving them. I proceeded, therefore, to inculcate these sentiments, by relating a very particular passage that happened within my own knowledge.

There were several of us making merry at a friend's house in a country village, when the sexton of the parish-church entered the room in a sort of surprise, and told us 'that, as he was digging a

grave in the chancel, a little blow of his pick-ax opened a decayed coffin, in which there were several written papers.' Our curiosity was immediately raised, so that we went to the place where the sexton had been at work, and found a great concourse of people about the grave. Among the rest, there was an old woman, who told us, the person buried there was a lady whose name I do not think fit to mention, though there is nothing in the story but what tends very much to her honour*. This lady lived several years an exemplary partern of conjugal love, and, dying soon after her husband, who every way answered her character in virtue and affection, made it her death-bed request, 'that all the letters which she had received from him both before and after her marriage should be buried in the coffin with her. These I found, upon examination, were the papers before us. Several of them had suffered so much by time, that I could only pick out a few words; as my soul! lilies! roses! dearest angel! and the like. One of them, which was legible throughout, ran thus.

"MADAM,

"If you would know the greatness of my love, consider that of your own beauty. That blooming countenance, that snowy bosom, that graceful person, return every moment to my imagination: the brightness of your eyes hath hindered me from closing mine since I last saw you. You may still add to your beauties by a smile. A frown will make me the most wretched of men, as I am the most passionate of lovers."

* A son of Sir Thomas Chicheley, one of king William's admirals, assured the very respectable person, who communicated it to the Editor, that the lady here alluded to was his mother, and that the letters were genuine.

It filled the whole company with a deep melancholy to compare the description of the letter with the person that occasioned it, who was now reduced to a few crumbling bones and a little mouldering heap of earth. With much ado I deciphered another letter, which began with, 'My dear, dear wife.' This gave me a curiosity to see how the style of one written in marriage differed from one written in courtship. To my surprise, I found the fondness rather augmented than lessened, though the panegyric turned upon a different accomplishment. The words were as follow:

"Before this short absence from you, I did not know that I loved you so much as I really do; though, at the same time, I thought I loved you as much as possible. I am under great apprehensions, lest you should have any uneasiness whilst I am defrauded of my share in it, and cannot think of tasting any pleasures that you do not partake with me. Pray, my dear, be carèful of your health, if for no other reason, but because you know I could not outlive you. It is natural in absence to make professions of an inviolable constancy; but towards so much merit, it is scarce a virtue, especially when it is but a bare return to that of which you have given me such continued proofs ever since our first acquaintance. I am," &c.

It happened that the daughter of these two excellent persons was by when I was reading this letter. At the sight of the coffin, in which was the body of her mother, near that of her father, she melted into a flood of tears. As I had heard a great character of her virtue, and observed in her this instance of filial piety, I could not resist my natural inclination of giving advice to young people, and therefore addressed myself to her. "Young

lady,' said I, 'you see how short is the possession of that beauty, in which nature has been so liberal to you. You find the melancholy sight before you is a contradiction to the first letter that you heard on that subject; whereas you may observe, the second letter, which celebrates your mother's constancy, is itself, being found in this place, an argument of it. But, Madam, I ought to caution you not to think the bodies that lie before you your father and your mother. Know, their constancy is rewarded by a nobler union than by this mingling of their ashes, in a state where there is no danger or possibility of a second separation.'

No. 105. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1709.

SHEER LANE, DECEMBER 9.

As soon as my midnight studies are finished, I take but a very short repose, and am again up at an exercise of another kind; that is to say, my fencing. Thus my life passes away in a restless pursuit of fame, and a preparation to defend myself against such as attack it. This anxiety in the point of reputation is the peculiar distress of fine spirits, and makes them liable to a thousand inquietudes, from which men of grosser understandings are exempt; so that nothing is more common, than to see one part of mankind live at perfect ease under such circumstances as would make another part of them entirely miserable.

This may serve for a preface to the history of poor Will Rosin, the fidler of Wapping, who is a man as much made for happiness and a quiet life, as any one breathing; but has been lately entangled in so many intricate and unreasonable distresses, as would have made him, had he been a man of too nice honour, the most wretched of all mortals. I came to the knowledge of his affairs by mere accident. Several of the narrow end of our lane having made an appointment to visit some friends beyond Saint Katharine's, where there was to be a merry meeting, they would needs take with them the old gentleman, as they are pleased to call me. I who value my company by their good-will, which naturally has the same effect as good-breeding, was not too stately, or too wise, to accept of the invitation. Our design was to be spectators of a sea-ball; to which I readily consented, provided I might be incognito, being naturally pleased with the survey of human life in all its degrees and circumstances. In order to this merriment, Will Rosin, who is the Corelli of the Wapping side, as Tom Scrape is the Bononcini of Redriffe, was immediately sent for; but, to our utter disappointment, poor Will was under an arrest, and desired the assistance of all his kind masters and mistresses, or he must go to gaol. The whole company received his message with great humanity, and very generously threw in their half-pence a-piece in a great dish, which purchased his redemption out of the hands of the baliffs. During the negociation for his enlargement, I had an opportunity of acquainting myself with his history.

Mr. William Rosin, of the parish of Saint Katharine, is somewhat stricken in years, and married to a young widow, who has very much the ascendant over him: this degenerate age being so

perverted in all things, that, even in the state of matrimony, the young pretend to govern their elders. The musician is extremely fond of her; but is often obliged to lay by his fiddle, to hear louder notes of hers, when she is pleased to be angry with him: for you are to know, Will is not of consequence enough to enjoy her conversation but when she chides him, or makes use of him to carry on her amours; for she is a woman of stratagem; and even in that part of the world, where one would expect but very little gallantry, by the force of natural genius, she can be sullen, sick, out of humour, splenetic, want new clothes, and more money, as well as if she had been bred in Cheapside, or Cornhill. She was lately under a secret discontent, upon account of a lover she was like to lose by his marriage; for her gallant, Mr. Ezekiel Boniface, had been twice asked in the church, in order to be joined in matrimony with Mrs. Winifred Dimple, spinster, of the same parish. Hereupon Mrs. Rosin was far gone in that distemper which well-governed husbands know by the description of, 'I am I know not how;' and Will soon understood that it was his part to inquire into the occasion of her melancholy, or suffer as the cause of it himself. After much importunity, all he could get out of her was, 'that she was the most unhappy and the most wicked of all women, and had no friend in the world to tell her grief to.' Upon this, Will doubled his importunities; but she said, 'that she should break her poor heart, if he did not take a solemn oath upon a book, that he would not be angry; and that he would expose the person who had wronged her to all the world, for the ease of her mind, which was no way else to be quieted.' The fiddler was so melted, that he immediately kissed her, and afterwards the book. When his

oath was taken, she began to lament herself, and revealed to him, 'That, miserable woman as she was, she had been false to his bed.' Will was glad to hear it was no worse; but, before he could reply, 'Nay,' said she, 'I will make you all the atonement I can, and take shame upon me by proclaiming it to all the world, which is the only thing that can remove my present terrors of mind.' This was indeed too true, for her design was to prevent Mr. Boniface's marriage, which was all she apprehended. Will was thoroughly angry, and began to curse and swear, the ordinary expressions of passion in persons of his condition. Upon which his wife—'Ah, William! how well you mind the oath you have taken, and the distress of your poor wife, who, can keep nothing from you! I hope you will not be such a perjured wretch as to forswear yourself.' The fiddler, answered, 'that his oath obliged him only not to be angry at what was passed; but I find you intend to make me laughed at all over Wapping.'—'No, no,' replied Mrs. Rosin, 'I see well enough what you would be at you poor-spirited cuckold! You are afraid to expose Boniface, who has abused your poor wife, and would fain persuade me still to suffer the stings of conscience; but I assure you, sirrah, I will not go to the devil for you.' Poor Will was not made for contention, and, beseeching her to be pacified, desired 'she would consult the good of her soul her own way, for he would not say her nay in any thing.'

Mrs. Rosin was so very loud and public in her invectives against Boniface, that the parents of his mistress forbad the banns, and his match was prevented, which was the whole design of this deep stratagem. The father of Boniface brought his action of defamation, arrested the fiddler and recovered damages. This was the distress from

which he was relieved by the company; and the good husband's air, history, and jollity upon his enlargement, gave occasion to very much mirth; especially when Will, finding he had friends to stand by him, proclaimed himself a cuckold, by way of insult over the family of the Bonifaces. Here is a man of tranquillity without reading Seneca! What work had such an incident made among persons of distinction! The brothers and kindred of each side must have been drawn out, and hereditary hatred entailed on the families as long as their very names remained in the world. Who would believe that Herod, Othello, and Will Rosin, were of the same species?

There are quite different sentiments which reign in the parlour and the kitchen; and it is by the point of honour, when justly regulated, and inviolably observed, that some men are superior to others, as much as mankind in general are to brutes. This puts me in mind of a passage in the admirable poem called 'The Dispensary,' where the nature of true honour is artfully described in an ironical dispraise of it:

> But ere we once engage in honour's cause,
> First know what honour is, and whence it was.
> Scorn'd by the base 'tis courted by the brave,
> The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave.
> Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air;
> And both exists by hope and by despair.
> Angry whene'er a moment's ease we gain,
> And reconciled at our returns of pain.
> It lives when in death's arms the hero lies,
> But when his safety he consults, it dies.
> Bigotted to this idol, we disclaim
> Rest, health, and ease, for nothing but a name.

* * * A very odd fellow visited me to-day at my lodgings, and desired encouragement and recom-

mendation from me for a new invention of knockers to doors, which he told me he had made, and professed to teach rustic servants the use of them. I desired him to show me an experiment of this invention; upon which he fixed one of his knockers to my parlour-door. He then gave me a complete set of knocks, from the solitary rap of the dun and beggar, to the thunderings of the saucy footman of quality, with several flourishes and rattlings never yet performed. He likewise played over some private notes, distinguishing the familiar friend or relation from the most modest visitor; and directing when the reserve candles are to be lighted. He has several other curiosities in his art. He waits only to receive my approbation of the main design. He is now ready to practise to such as shall apply themselves to him; but I have put off his public licence till next court-day.

N.B. He teaches under ground.

END OF VOL. II.

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